February 1917

Everybody's Magazine

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"The NEXT FOUR YEARS"

AN INTERVIEW
with
The PRESIDENT
by
George Creel

A New Serial Romance
by
MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Confessions of A WAR CORRESPONDENT
by
William G. Shepherd

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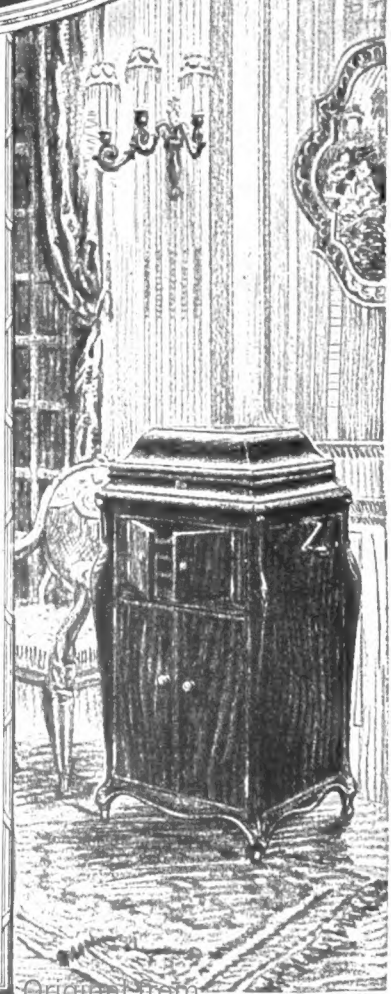

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Everybody's Magazine
NUMBER TWO FEBRUARY 1917 VOLUME XXXVI

THE NEXT FOUR YEARS

An interview with the President

By George Creel

CARTOONS BY ROLLIN KIRBY

"THE people of the United States were not bribed by the promise of a full dinner-pail, nor were they frightened by the fear of war. Their intent, I believe, was to consolidate the ethical gains of the last four years. The vote was an approval of progress, a victory for forward-marching policies."

This is the meaning of November seventh as gathered by the President. It is upon this construction that he will proceed.

It was shortly after election that I talked with him, yet the day was already remote in his thought. Instead of elation there was a certain humbleness, or if not that exactly, a definite, visible consciousness of the greatness of the trust, rather than the greatness of the honor. Four years, packed with problems, heavy with tremendous responsibility, seemed to bow his shoulders, to grave new and deeper lines in his face. Only in his eyes was there the same serenity, the same look of steady, indomitable resolve.

During the campaign the question was raised as to the proper conception of the Presidency. It was urged against Mr. Wilson that he did not look upon the President merely as the administrative head of Government, but as primarily the political leader and lawmaker of the nation. So he *did*. So he *will*. It is a duty laid upon the President by the Constitution to propose "such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient," and not only does Mr. Wilson mean to make such proposals, but he intends to further them by every legitimate force at his command.

"To conceive the Presidency as a mere administrative office is at best to promote irresponsibility and purposelessness," he said, **"and, at worst, to place power in the hands of cliques that may not be held to account."**

Mr. Wilson accepts full responsibility and will surrender no particle of his authority. Even as his message to Congress,

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personally delivered on December fourth, touched upon such problems as pressed for immediate solution, so may future messages be expected to voice the needs and demands of the nation in connection with all future problems.

Compulsory arbitration, the feature of the message, was presented with small hope that the warring forces of industry would join in its support. Behind it was the intense conviction of the President that national interests are superior to class interests, and that the one hundred millions of the United States shall no longer remain exposed to the loss, the hate, and the disaster that industrial strife inevitably visits upon them.

"As a consequence of neglect in the matter of regulative laws," he declared in our interview, **"industry has placed emphasis upon suspicion, not understanding. Employers and employees alike maintain armed camps, operating under sullen truces that regard each other's rights only when they fear each other's power. The public, that great third party to every industrial dispute, is dismissed from consideration. It is this situation that is designed to be cured.**

"Recommendations of a Corrupt Practices Act carries with it no suggestion of partisan attack," he continued. **"If criticism of the Republican Party seems to be implied, it is because the Republican Party, since 1896, has had the largest campaign funds. The purpose of the law is to remove all possibility that the Presidency of the United States may ever be bought. To curb the unlimited expenditure of money in presidential contests by limiting amounts and defining proper uses, is to take much of the poison out of the wells of democracy."**

At the time I talked with the President, the papers were full of the upward leap of prices in connection with the prime necessities of existence. I found him no less alert than concerned. To watch his face as he spoke was to *feel* his deep and even passionate interest in a matter that has to do with the lives and happiness of men, women, and children.

"The problems connected with the high cost of living will be made the subject of vigorous, even drastic, action if necessary," he stated. **"A first step is to determine the part that natural causes play in the upward bound of prices, and to what extent cupidity and extortion are responsible. Every possible agency of government will be used in the investigation.**

"A second step will be the application of existing laws. When facts are ascertained the Department of Justice will take up the work of prosecution, demanding prison sentences for all persons proved to be guilty of combining in greedy interference with the due course of trade in connection with the necessities of life."

A third step, clearly indicated by him, will be along new lines in a new direction. Manifestations of government control in Europe must necessarily revolutionize the American point of view, and neither tradition nor prejudice will be permitted to stand in the way of governmental action that will have for its object the rescue of the general welfare from the manipulation of organized greed.

"Congress will be expected to aid.... the commerce of the United States by creating opportunities for legitimate trade expansion. American firms must be given definite authorization to cooperate for foreign selling operations; in plain words, to organize for foreign trade just as the 'rings' of England and the cartels of Germany are organized."

By every means that is in the power of the administration, the present prosperity will be given stability and permanence. In this connection the President feels some intelligent consideration should be given to facts that were purposely obscured by partisans during the heat of the campaign.

"There are 25,000,000 men under arms in Europe," he said, **"and back of these vast armies, the civil population of the various countries is engaged in the production of munitions and supplies. Every Continental industry and energy has been reorganized and redirected for destructive purpose. Now is it sensible to assume that these sore-pressed nations, straining every nerve in a fight for life, are accumulating great stores of manufactured goods to dump on the United States after the war? Where are the raw materials? Where is the time? Where is the skilled labor?**

"Even upon the return of peace, what instant rivalry is to be feared? It is estimated that the number of killed, wounded and missing has already reached a staggering

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OUT IN THE RAIN.

"WOODROW WILSON STANDS FREE AND UNHAMPERED AS NO PRESIDENT IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES."

total of 18,500,000. The reorganization of industries for commerce must necessarily be attended by confusion and delay, and it stands to reason that a first task will be along the lines of repairing the waste and destruction of war.

"Enormous debts will burden each belligerent. Aside from interest rates on money borrowed to carry on the war, each Government will have to care for millions of cripples, widows, and orphans, and this load of taxation must, as a matter of course, figure in the cost of production."

One of the legends that have grown up about Woodrow Wilson is that he is "cold," a sort of "thinking machine," rather than a real, red-blooded human being. Out of a fairly large acquaintance, however, I can

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"No peace will be imposed upon Mexico that will suppress permanently a people's struggle to freedom and self-government. . . . Mexico can never become a peaceful, law-abiding neighbor until she has been permitted to achieve a permanent and basic settlement of her troubles without outside interference."

not think of a single person who is more instant in response to the emotions of life, more sensitive as to feeling, more instinct with warm humanity. As he pictured the sorrow and the suffering of the Old World, every tone of his voice, every line in his face and grip of his hands, evinced depths of pity and sympathy.

"Europe should appeal to all that is generous in our sympathies, not to all that is ignoble in our fears," he exclaimed. **"God speed the day when our cargoes to European ports shall consist of raw materials and finished products for the normal business of life, instead of munitions for the destruction of life."**

It is the case, however, that precautions have been taken to guard the unexpected and the unforeseen. The Tariff Commission will be put to work in a thoroughly scientific, open-minded spirit, and it is upon *facts* that the tariff schedules of the future will be adjusted.

Never while Woodrow Wilson is President will the tariff be permitted to be the plaything of partisan politics. It must be realized as a matter of expediency, something to be shaped and reshaped according to changing conditions, and that without prejudice in favor of either the principle of protection or the principle for revenue only.

"What reason, then, to doubt the right of the United States to expect a continuance of prosperity?" asked the President. **"Not only is there the part we shall be called upon to play in the reconstruction of shattered Europe, but the great markets of South America and the Orient are calling to us. With a studious observance of the rights of the Latin-American nations, and with a friendly cultivation of the natural tendency of those countries to draw close to us, our trade relations with Central and South America should take on a preferred character. To hasten these developments, the Ship Purchase Act will be driven through to speedy operation.**

"Congress will be expected also to aid the commerce of the United States by creating opportunities for legitimate trade expansion. American firms must be given definite authorization to cooperate for foreign selling operations; in plain words, to organize for foreign trade just as the 'rings' of England and the cartels of Germany are organized."

In these, and in every other way that may suggest itself, business will be made the concern of the administration during the next four years. This does not mean that business is going to be "left alone." Far from it. *Good* business will be helped actively, and *bad* business will be crushed out as far as lies in the power of governmental agencies.

Back in January, 1912, Mr. Wilson, then Governor of New Jersey, made a certain speech. He asked that I find the following paragraph, and quote it, as a statement of *present position and policy:*

"If the prudent surgeon wants to save the patient, he has got absolutely to know the naked anatomy of the man. He has got to know what is under his skin and in his intestines; he has got to be absolutely indecent in his scrutiny. And then he has got to say to himself: 'I know where the seat of life is; I know where my knife should penetrate; I dare not go too far for fear it should touch the fountain of vitality. In order to save this beautiful thing I must cut deep but I must cut carefully; I must cut out the things that are decayed and rotten, the things that manifest disease, and I must leave every honest, wholesome tissue absolutely untouched.' A capital operation may be radical, but it is also conservative. There can not be life without the cutting out of the dead and decayed tissue."

Four years have strengthened him in this point of view. No President in history was ever less a believer in the doctrine of *laissez-faire* than Woodrow Wilson.

"Government by suspicion is not implied," he explained. **"Mere bigness in business is not a crime. Efficiency is the only check that may be put upon natural growth. Nor is it right to look with antagonism upon wealth when that wealth has been actually earned by business energy and sagacity.**

"But while government can do many things, and will do them, real remedies wait

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upon the development of a more honest, discriminating public opinion; upon the moral and mental and spiritual reorganization of business itself.

"In the first place, it must work toward democratization. One of the things that has been the matter with American business is that it has been under the control of too small a body of men. Realization must come that an aristocracy is just as bad for business as it is for government. The Federal Reserve Act, by releasing credit, by breaking Wall Street's grip upon the throat of enterprise, points the way.

"In the second place, American business must recover its creative energy in order that it may take full advantage of freedom. As a matter of fact, business has not wanted to be free—*it has wanted to be taken care of.* Initiative, instead of pushing ahead, has wasted time begging for crutches."

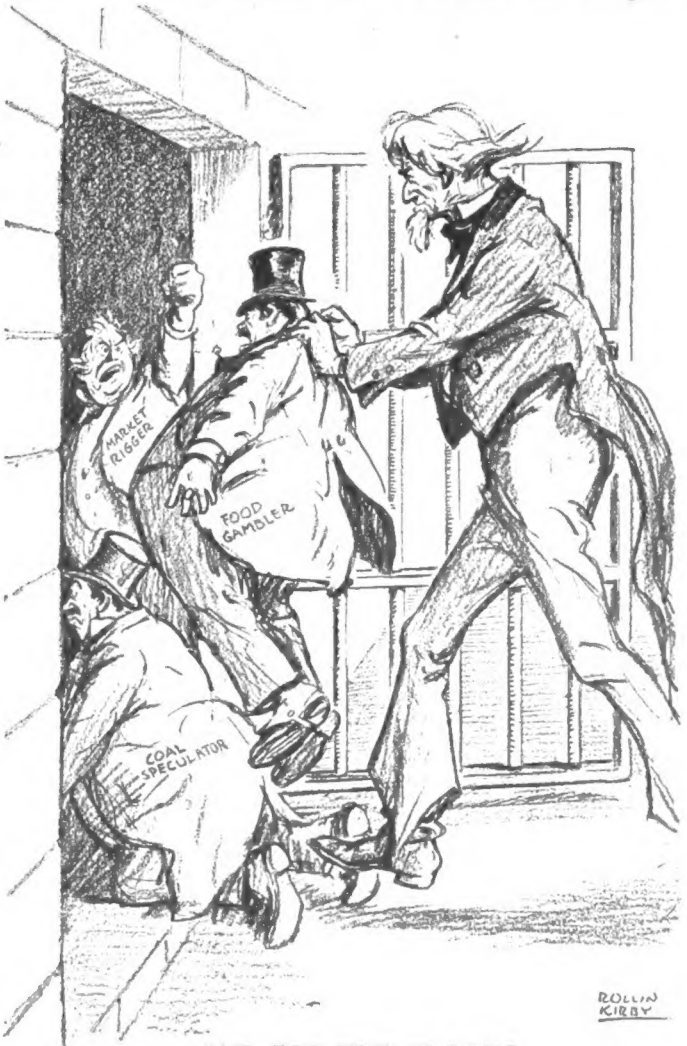
It is also the belief of the President that business must forego its opposition to change, leavening its inertia with some intelligent conception of the demands of progress. Canute, who ordered back the incoming tide, must cease to be its patron saint. It must open its eyes to the great truth that change is bound to come.

"Progressive action is a constant adjustment of the conditions of government and of society to the welfare of mankind," he said. **"The business men of the country are called upon to see that it is vastly better that this adjustment should go forward continuously, equally, and gradually than that it should be checked, and the forces of change banked up against some unstable dam that presently will break, overrunning and destroying society."**

Most important of all, the President feels, business must come to recognition of the fact that the human equation in industry may no longer be disregarded. At the bottom of the industrial unrest that shakes the country is a conviction that the cards of American life have been stacked against labor, and that justice for labor is a matter of favor or of force.

The great fallacy of modern industry is the theory that effective competition can proceed from underpay and overwork. All history proves that the low-wage country can not keep pace with the high-wage country, for, when all is said and done, the real measure of competition is the productive power of the individual.

Progress itself, and the permanence of free institutions, rest upon new conceptions that will give prosperity a wider, more honest spread, promoting the equal and exact justice that will take the hate and sordidness out of American life. To quote



JAIL FOR THE CROOKS.

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the President's own succinct phrase:

"A man can not worship God and love his neighbor on an empty stomach."

An end must be brought to anarchy-breeding inequalities, and class consciousness must give way to mass unity.

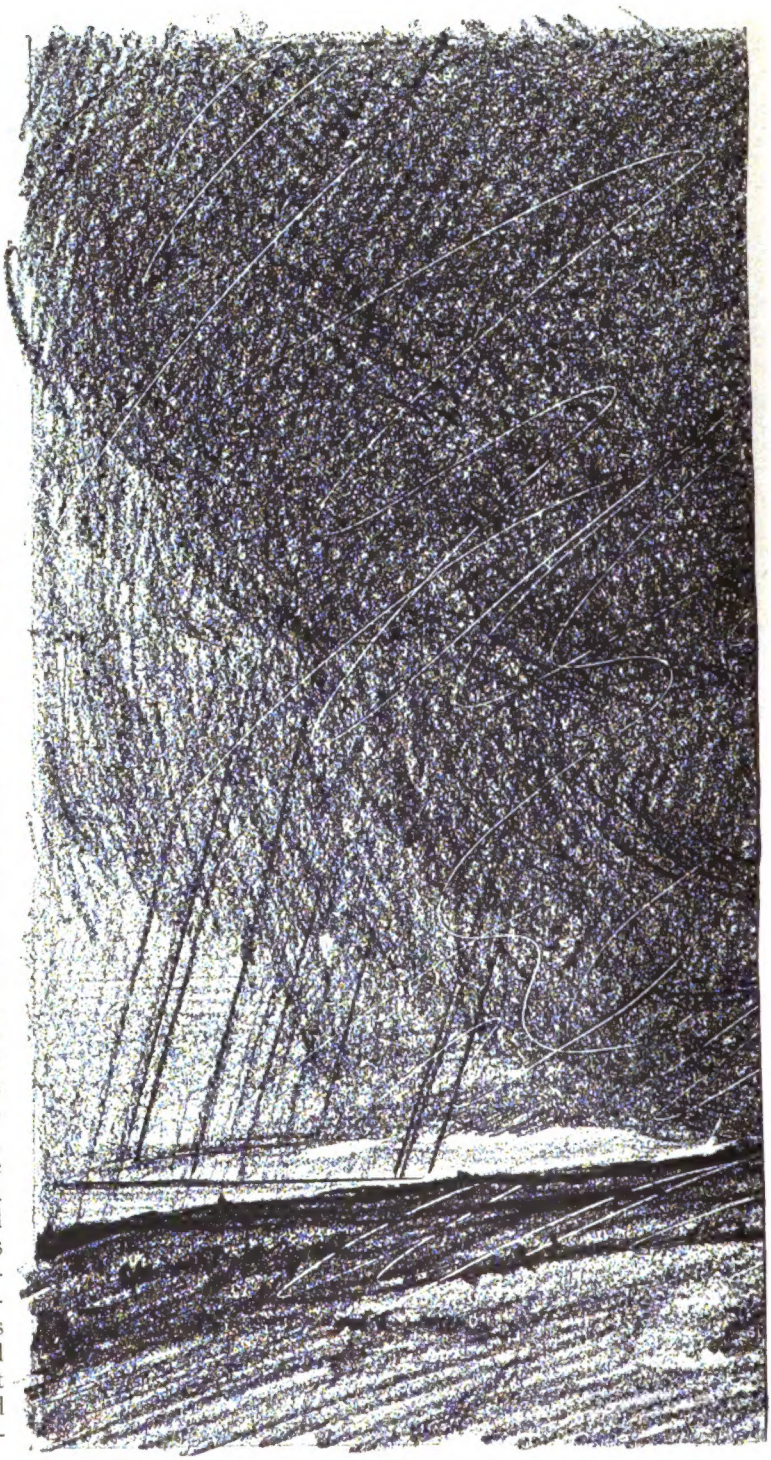
"These things are less a matter of law than of the mind, the heart, and the soul of man."

The President is a man of few gestures, nor does he ever lift his voice, but with his most even tones he has a trick of giving tremendous emphasis.

"Legislation will be a vain thing until the antagonisms of industry give way to generous rivalries in the pursuit of *fair play*. Labor and capital, with angry insistence upon rights, have entirely overlooked obligations."

Woodrow Wilson has been much sneered at as an "idealist." Doubtless he would be the last man to deny the charge, for, as he himself expresses it, "Ideals, not ideas, are the pushing force in the world." And while his theories as to business and industry may be ridiculed by some as "idealistic," it should be remembered that he has rarely failed to get his ideals expressed in *action*.

"It is to be hoped that these obvious



AGAINST THE MURK OF

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truths will come to more general acceptance," he continued, **"that honest business will quit thinking that it is attacked when loaded-dice business is attacked; that the mutuality of interest between employer and employee will receive ungrudging admission; and, finally, that men of affairs will lend themselves more patriotically to the work of making democracy an efficient instrument for the promotion of human welfare.**

things possess no such hold upon his thought as do the international relations of the United States. This without reference to disputes with belligerent nations, either those now in process of settlement or such as may arise. *Policies have been declared, and persistent insistence upon the rights of neutrals will in no wise be abated.*

"New springs of democracy must be tapped as precaution against stagnancy. The votes of forward-looking men must be recruited by the votes of women, so that we may have fresh insight in all matters of social reform, and move more certainly and more promptly in the solution of the many problems of society with which government must henceforth deal."

"It can not be said that they have done so in the past. They have been brakes, not motors, selfish instead of selfless, and at all times their intent has been opposition, not cooperation. As a consequence, many necessary things have been done less perfectly without their assistance that could have been done more perfectly with their expert aid.

"In these processes of adjustment," he continued, talking along in closely reasoned sequences that make him such a delightful contrast to the scatterbrains of public life, **"much depends upon the just and swift administration of the law. As it is to-day, the procedure of our courts is antiquated and a hindrance, not a help, in the matter of speedy and even-handed justice. Fundamental and far-reaching reforms must be undertaken to make courts of justice out of courts of law.**

"New springs of democracy must be tapped as precaution against stagnancy. The votes of forward-looking men must be recruited by the votes of women, so that we may have fresh insight in all matters of social reform, and move more certainly and more promptly in the solution of the many problems of society with which government must henceforth deal."

Equal suffrage has a firm friend in the White House.

The Democratic platform favored "a return by the House of Representatives to its former practise of initiating and preparing all appropriation bills through a single committee, in order that responsibility may be centered, expenditures standardized and made uniform, as a practicable first step toward a budget system." *This promise of a crusade against "pork" may be regarded as a pledge.*

Important as are our domestic concerns, however, and effectively as the President means to deal with domestic needs, these

What dominates his mind is the problem of how to make the United States a positive force in the settlement of the conflict now tearing at the heart of the world. Peace is the great hope that possesses him, mind and soul. It is his opinion that the struggle has degenerated into a war of attrition, with the possibility of continuance for several years to come, and at the end the deadlock of exhaustion or else the harsh tyrannies of a victor.

Never at any time has the foreign policy of the President been dictated by a sordid prudence, a mean intent to "keep out of trouble." His effort has been to preserve the foundation upon which peace can be rebuilt, his opinion that the test of real friendship was not sympathy with one side or the other, but readiness to help both sides at the end of struggle. The map of Europe is to be remade, new governments are going to be founded on the consent of the governed, and it is the high duty of the United States to play a great part in the drama of reconstruction. It is this tremendous opportunity which he has refused to hazard.

The propositions that have come to be convictions with the President, and that he set down for me, are these:

(1) That the small states of the world have the same right as great and powerful nations to enjoy respect for their sovereignty and territorial integrity.

(2) That the world has a right to be free from every disturbance of peace that has its origin in aggression and disregard of the rights of people and nations.

(3) That the nations of the world must unite in joint guarantees that whatever is

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done to disturb the whole world's life must first be tested in the court of the whole world's opinion before it is attempted. In plainer words, a universal association of the nations that will do away with hostile rivalries, and that will exalt unity, promote co-operation, and safeguard peace.

Enthusiastically enough, and in fine, stirring words, the belligerent nations approve these propositions, France and England no less cordially than Germany and Austria. But each takes it for granted that the idea should apply only after the present war has been fought to a finish.

Until one nation or another is willing to ask and to accept our services in good faith, the hands of the President are tied as far as positive action is concerned. Any move on his part would lead inevitably to the quick suspicion that the United States was seeking to interfere to the advantage of one side or the other, and the influence of the United States, as a consequence, would be so weakened that it would destroy the strength of the government in the day of final settlement.

It was this very evident danger that moved him to choose words so carefully in framing his peace note. No request was embodied, but only the suggestion conveyed that "an early occasion be sought to call out from all the nations now at war such an avowal of their respective views as to the terms upon which the war might be concluded, and the arrangements which would be deemed satisfactory as a guaranty against its renewal or the kindling of any similar conflict in the future as would make it possible frankly to compare them."

Sincere purpose can have no quarrel with the suggestion. Such avowals, with the "frank comparisons" thus made possible, are within the rightful expectation of neutral nations.

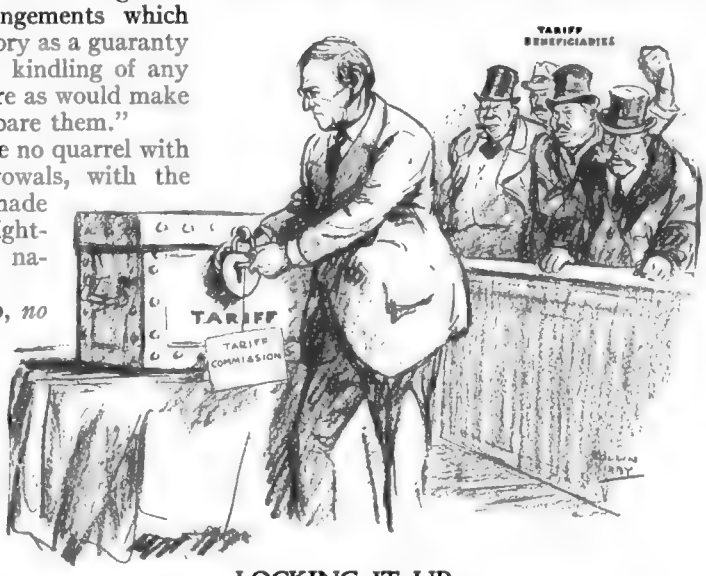
With respect to Mexico, *no change in policy may be expected.* In speaking of this matter, the whole manner of the President betrayed a fixed and indomitable resolution.

"No peace will be imposed upon Mexico that will suppress permanently a people's struggle to freedom and self-government," he said. **"No aid will be given to the restoration of a dictatorship. The safety of the border must be secured, and no activity will be spared to protect American lives and property, but this course is in no wise incompatible with the firm conviction that Mexico can never become a peaceful, law-abiding neighbor until she has been permitted to achieve a permanent and basic settlement of her troubles without outside interference. Lack of appreciation of the patience and forbearance of the United States may irritate and anger, but in no wise does it change the fundamental issues."**

Two distinct considerations move the President in this regard. First, there is the fact that he gives his deepest devotion to those principles of democracy enunciated in the Bill of Rights that was attached to the First Constitution of Virginia. Even more clearly than the Declaration of Independence, this document set forth the doctrine that every people has the right to choose its own form of government, not once, but as often as it pleases, and to accommodate these forms of government to existing interests and circumstances. In plain, the man *believes* in *democracy*, not only for ourselves, but for all other people with courage enough to entertain the aspiration.

Second, there is the fact that Mexico does not stand as an unrelated problem.

"This is what has not been understood," the President declared. **"The Mexican question is so closely interwoven with our**



LOCKING IT UP.

"NEVER AGAIN WILL THE TARIFF BE PERMITTED TO BE THE PLAYTHING OF PARTISAN POLITICS."

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relations with all of the Latin-American republics that it is impossible to view one without the other."

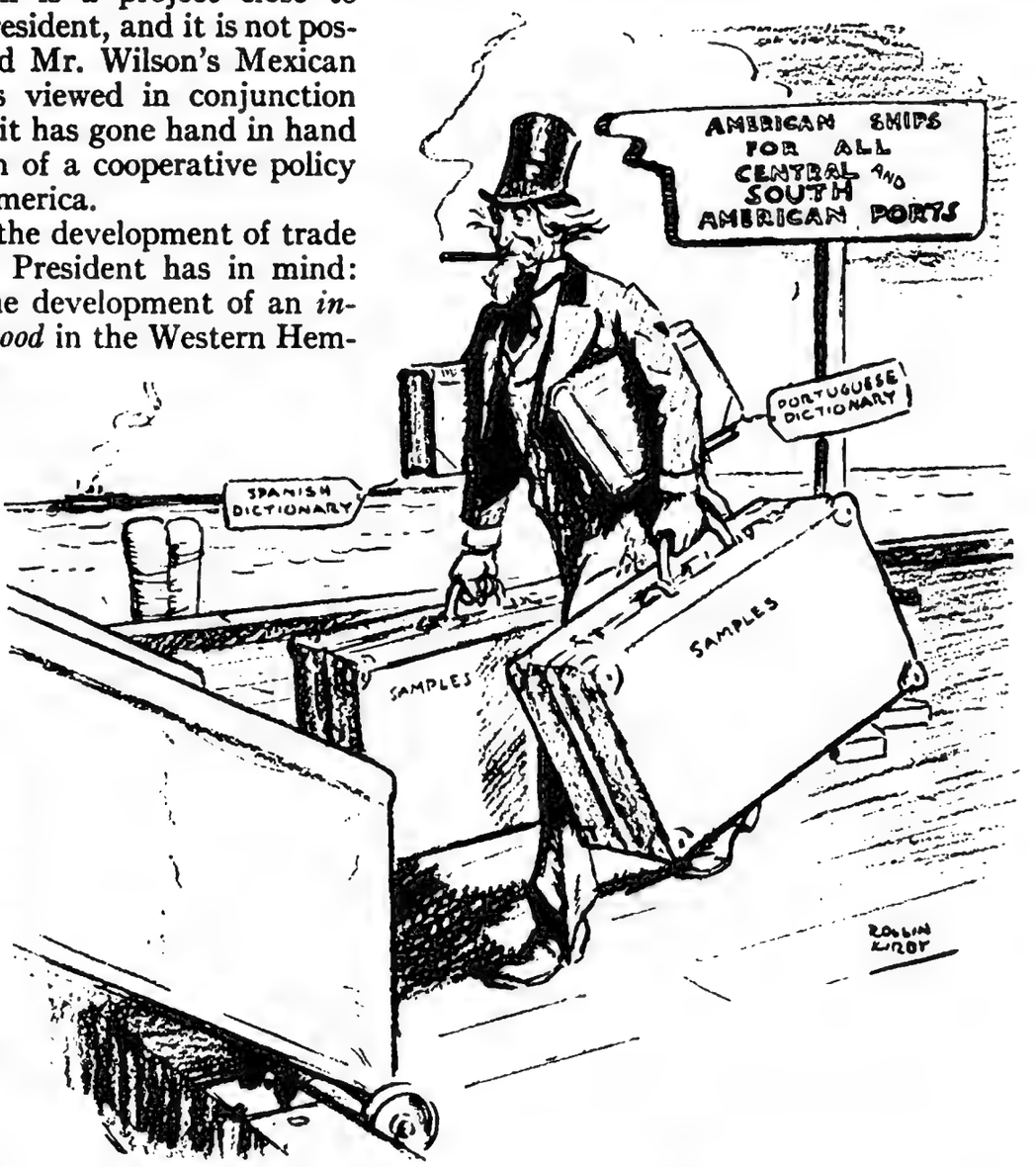
Pan-Americanism is a project close to the heart of the President, and it is not possible to understand Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy unless it is viewed in conjunction with the fact that it has gone hand in hand with the formation of a cooperative policy for the whole of America.

It is more than the development of trade relations that the President has in mind: the big thing is the development of an *international brotherhood* in the Western Hemisphere that will serve as an example to the world.

"What we are after, what we are hoping and working for," he said, **"is a union of the States of America that will guarantee absolute political independence and territorial integrity, each to the other, permitting America to speak as one, to act as one, and to present a united front when it is necessary to do so in the interests of mankind."**

Certainly enough, whether in matters foreign or domestic, no occupant of the White House ever had a clearer right to make his own interpretations or to decide upon policies of administrative action. Other than his oath of office and his contract with the people, not a feather's weight of obligation rests upon Woodrow Wilson. The verdict of November seventh was less the indorsement of the Democratic Party than the full-voiced approval of a President in whom the great mass of Americans placed implicit trust. Nor was this decision influenced in any degree by the drama or emotionalism that clever politicians are in the habit of introducing into campaigns in order that the electorate may be beguiled into *feeling* rather than *thinking*.

From the opening of the campaign to its close, Mr. Wilson could not be induced to adopt the usual and approved methods.



"CONGRESS WILL BE EXPECTED TO AID THE COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES."

He insisted that a record had been made, that this record had stood clear, and that the people must pass judgment upon it unbiased by a President hawking himself and his wares about the country. What speeches he made were absolutely non-partisan. He held out no olive-branch of patronage or public approval to a single party boss. His telegram to Jeremiah O'Leary, while tremendous in its sheer courage and passionate Americanism, transgressed every rule of the political game, and threw consternation into the hearts of such supporters as worked along traditional lines of secret dicker.

As a consequence of these things, then, the people laid aside partisanship, discarded

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"The problems connected with the high cost of living will be made the subject of vigorous, even drastic, action if necessary. A first step is to determine the part that natural causes play in the upward bound of prices, and to what extent cupidity and extortion are responsible. Every possible agency of government will be used in the investigation."

sectional prejudices, and voted with an independence that has no parallel in political history. If there is quarrel with the outcome, it is a quarrel that must be directed against America, for it was the voice of America that spoke on November seventh.

The President was reelected without the votes of the polyglot East, without the aid of the bosses, without the help of the colossal fortunes, and, as an analysis of the returns proves plainly, without reference to party. Woodrow Wilson stands free and unhampered as no other President in the history of the United States.

These facts have direct bearing upon the next four years. It can not be said in fairness that the President has ever been a partisan in the mean political sense of the word. He was born a Democrat, but he *stayed* a Democrat out of his conviction that the Democratic organization offered the best chance for the translation of progressivist energy into action. To use his own words, his "one interest in parties is as an instrument of achievement."

As plainly indicated in his opening statement, Woodrow Wilson does not make the mistake of writing down the result of the election as a Democratic victory. Neither does he believe that campaign slogans played any large or decisive part. And as far as the power of the President is able to have weight, partisanship will not be permitted to cloud the shining simplicity of the popular command.

"As in the past," he said to me, "the Democratic organization will be asked to make itself the accepted and acceptable agent for the doing of the sanely progressive thing. More than in the past, effort will be made to recruit the Democratic party with those who have not been Democrats, and to strengthen the progressivism of the organization by the recognition of independent men and women in search of an alliance that will allow service without loss of independence or self-rèspect."

Were 1920 to-morrow, the Republican Party would find its trouble in the embarrassment of "logical candidates." Not alone is there Mr. Roosevelt already crooning an "If Only You Had Taken Me" refrain, but in the Middle West stands Senator La Follette, returned by the largest majority ever given any candidate in Wisconsin, while out on the Pacific coast Hiram Johnson looms large by reason of 200,000 majority in the state that Mr. Hughes failed to carry.

Not so with the Democratic Party. There is to-day, as a consequence of the team-work that Mr. Wilson has been able to evolve, not a man in the organization who may be said to stand out above the rest. It is a condition that will not be changed by White House meddling. *No heir apparent will be designated.* There will be every effort to commend the Democratic Party to the people as an honest and efficient instrument of progressive achievement, and it is devotion to this principle of action that will develop the candidate.

The administration faces the next four years in confidence and courage. It is the feeling of the President that hyphenism has been repudiated, and that the United States has declared its indivisibility. Progress stands as the popular command. It is in this faith that the forward march will be continued.

There may be changes in method; in fact, this is more than likely. Woodrow Wilson takes no pride in stubbornness.

"When I fail to change my mind with the changing conditions of the world, I shall have ceased to be in harmony with the world,"

is the way he expresses it. *But there will be no change in either aim or purpose.*

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THE PARSON WHO BELIEVED IN PICTURES

By Carlyle Ellis

THIS is a small-town story. To get it first-hand you take the Erie and leave it twelve miles west of Hornell, in western New York. The station is Canaseraga; population, 1,000; shipping point for beans and potatoes; has a grist-mill, a school or two, many old elms and maples, and five churches.

Canaseraga slept unchanged and undisturbed for twenty years. It shipped its beans and went to bed at eight. Occasionally the young people had a party. They did not dance because they did not know how, and dancing was frowned upon anyway. Besides, there was no music. So they played kissing games and followed this up with much surreptitious spooning along the unlighted streets on the way home. This was natural enough, for it was about the only form of entertainment known to them. So the percentage of illegitimacy, for one thing, in that town was high.

But two years ago something very disturbing happened to Canaseraga. It was chosen as the subject of an experiment in socialization. The chooser was Reverend Harry E. Robbins, an Episcopal parson. He was called to Trinity Parish, Canaseraga, and he gave up larger fields because he saw that the town was a perfect type-example of a thousand American communities that might be benefited if his plan made good.

The Reverend Mr. Robbins is exactly the sort of man who would be called (and would sign himself) Harry instead of Henry. He is tall and lean and rugged and unafraid. Also he wears a black derby and smokes a bulldog briar. He is a Connecticut Yankee, was rector of St. James Parish, New Bedford, Massachusetts, for several years and began there his experiments in social service. He continued them among the coal-miners of Carbondale, Pennsylvania, and has besides been a particularly active secretary of the Connecticut Social Service Commission, and similar organizations.

Thus he has been face to face with the social problems of mill-workers and coal-miners, and of the farmers in declining rural districts, and knows that they are problems.

Also he worked out a solution. He satisfied himself that most of the evils the commissions were surveying, reporting on and attacking would disappear if people were given a lot more and better recreation—recreation that would wake them up and make them stretch their mental extremities (their bodily ones too, if possible) and feel something of the romance of being alive. He went further than that. He decided that the organization best fitted to supply this missing element was the Church, and that it was not only the Church's big obligation but its big opportunity.

The theory that most people need more recreation is not altogether new, of course. But it is not the idea we are interested in so much as the fact that Mr. Robbins went out on his own hook, applied it, and made it work. He did not go away with a pocketful of endowments and official appointments. He simply took the small "living"

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offered him and without a word of his plan or a spare dollar took off his coat and went to work.

He was welcomed in Canaseraga, and his chief parishioner said to him:

"Now, Mr. Robbins, you'll find your duties very moderate indeed. We are old-fashioned and prefer to live quietly. The parish is small and well established. The two Sunday services and a little necessary visiting are really all that we ask of you."

It sounded like soft-pedal stuff, but the new rector smilingly thanked him and went out to get Canaseraga's number. Being very much alive and very much in earnest he soon had it.

His first step was the organization of a Men's Club. Sixty men came in, and with the money provided by memberships the parson went to New York and bought a billiard and a pool table. Then they took the second floor of the fire-house and installed the tables, a big wood-burning heater, and such other comforts as they could afford.

The club succeeded from the start, and the pool-playing parson quickly made himself solid with his male adherents. He was indeed a regular parson.

But that was only a beginning. What interested the parson most was a perfectly good, red-brick opera-house that stood shrouded in clammy gloom through all four seasons.

Not to overdo the suspense thing—what he had in mind was motion-pictures. That indeed was what he had had in mind for many years. He had seen the photoplay come into being and rise from its lowly, not to say ill-born estate, by sheer lusty force, to something strangely resembling dignity. He had watched it and thought about it a lot and experimented with it a little. And the time came when he said of it:

"This is the greatest socializing force the world has ever known, and it is here to stay. All the preaching in the half-million churches of the country can not stem the tide of its popularity. Fighting it is useless; ignoring it will accomplish nothing, but *using* it will do much good, and I propose to make the most of it."

So that really is why Reverend Harry Robbins went to Canaseraga. It had never had a picture-show and there was none nearer than twelve miles. In consequence about half the population had never seen a motion-picture. Even those who went over to Hornell for pictures seldom got farther than the nickel "movie" with its cheap, flashy, machine-made offerings.

That was just where Mr. Robbins made his fundamental distinction. It was a question of the *kind* of picture to show. There were, he had observed, good pictures and bad pictures. By getting the good ones you made the picture theatre a good place to visit.

But there, too, was the heart of the difficulty. "The names of the bad pictures"—to quote this untraditional parson again—"were legion, and they were bad artistically, dramatically, socially *and* morally. I have gone into this matter thoroughly and I know that the cheap exchange program to-day is not safe if one must have clean pictures. Some of the material is sure either to make its appeal with so-called daring situations and sex problems or to be blood-and-thunder dime-novel thrillers or just cheap if harmless 'junk.' These latter, if they do nothing else, develop low standards of taste and offend the artistic sense latent in us all. I have no use for 'goody-goody' pictures, but clean pictures can be just as attractive and popular as the other kind and—*they can be had*, with superb artistry, compelling human drama, and real educational value besides. Such plays, available in a regular program and costing little more than the poor ones, solved the problem. It was when I discovered that, that I was ready to try my experiment."

So this is what happened in Canaseraga:

Mr. Robbins laid before his Men's Club a plan to rent the idle opera-house and put in a picture service. They believed in him and they liked the idea. Also they were willing to raise the small but necessary working capital.

Mr. Robbins explained that this was to be a community affair and that he would ask all the other churches and every one else to come in. He did. The result was worth stating. The Roman Catholic father gave his hearty sympathy and became a loyal fan. Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian ministers would have none of it. At least one of them preached against it. And what opposition developed was bitter.

But the Reverend Harry had the thinking and doing business men with him, and they gave him his way and the job of

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manager—without pay. He rented the house, overhauled it, helped with his own hands to build the screen; went to New York and himself bought the equipment; installed it, learned to run it, trained an operator; contracted for the best service then in the market; did his own bill-posting, and opened the Kingston to a full but turbulent house.

"The only shows the town had had till then," said Mr. Robbins, "were given by cheap burlesque companies that wandered in about once in six months. It was the regular and recognized custom of the young fellows to fill their pockets with ripe tomatoes and break up the show. It may have been all the attractions were worth, but it left me a bad precedent as a legacy. However, I knew what was coming and was ready for it. In fact, I anticipated it with a straight talk and met it with an example or two of firm action. In a fortnight the greatest punishment you could give a Canaseraga boy was to order him excluded from our theatre, and the shows were as orderly as in a first-class metropolitan house.

"Of course the pictures themselves helped, for they were a stunning revelation to every one. They opened a whole new world of thought and feeling and provided a new and engaging subject for conversation. The screen brought new and arrestingly different acquaintances into their lives and—it kept them up and out together after eight o'clock."

The Kingston is not run primarily to make money, but for service. It is run, however, with its profit-yielding capacity as a test of its efficiency—strictly as a business enterprise. And it pays. Profits go into a fund for further extensions of the experiment. All services, including Mr. Robbins's and excepting the operator's and the pianist's, are contributed without pay.

Following the opening of the picture-theatre a special church problem appeared for solving: The attendance at Canaseraga's Sunday-schools was far below what it could be. To remedy this Mr. Robbins promised every boy and girl who went to Sunday-school a free ticket to the Tuesday-night show. He said *any* Sunday-school, but from the others there was no response, while his own school attendance jumped about 300 per cent. And the Sunday-school attendance in Canaseraga has stayed almost up to the day-school attendance ever since.

Mr. Robbins had also discovered that Canaseraga had no choir. In fact any such thing as ensemble singing (except a rather terrible droning that took the place of congregational singing) or any other musical entertainment was virtually unknown. It was about as unmusical a community as one would find. And I repeat, the Reverend Harry wanted a choir.

Simple! He promised every one who attended choir practise a ticket to the Saturday-night show. The choir came magically into being and left nothing but the problem of leadership and training. That, too, was solved with the theatre. It was still idle several days and nights a week. A music-teacher was offered the hall for classes in exchange for an hour's drilling in choral work each week. To-day Trinity Parish has an excellent vested choir which is amazingly regular in attendance.

A singing organization led naturally to recitals and the bringing in of outside musical talent. Plays given by home talent followed. A regular church dance came into being. A series of lectures in practical problems in agriculture followed, the State College of Agriculture sending the lecturer as part of its extension work. There was something going on for every one, not every night, but three or four nights a week—as much as seemed wise.

The town woke up.

Canaseraga now has a Board of Trade. It may have had one before, but its letter-paper did not carry in red letters at the top: "Excellent Church, School, and Theatre Advantages." And the letter-paper shows that the board has a new secretary. His name is H. E. Robbins.

I called on several members of the Board of Trade to find out from them in what tangible way the theatre had benefited or hurt the town.

Said the leading hotel-keeper: "My friend Mr. Robbins's picture-house has been one of the greatest blessings we've ever had, but [ruefully] it costs me fifty dollars a month in bar profits—profits, mind you, not receipts."

Said a leading merchant: "Well, there's more building going on than we've seen for years; we're paving the principal streets and we're going to have electric street-lights all over the town. This last I know is a

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direct result of Mr. Robbins's work, but maybe the rest is just part of the general waking up. We're after a good manufacturing plant for the town now."

There were dozens to testify to the less visible results. There were mothers to say the children had become easier to manage; that Jenny had stopped hanging around with that fresh Smith boy, thank goodness! There were matrons to say (and they said it to me) that the housework didn't seem quite so hard since they could count on seeing, two evenings a week, Douglas Fairbanks or William Hart or some of the rest of them. Even Mr. Robbins himself felt indebted to his enterprise, apart from the joy he has had in the work.

"The church attendance has steadily increased and the parish income even faster," he said. "We are pulling together as never before. The new and stimulating interests have done a great deal to bring people together, and the theatre is becoming what I meant it to be, a real social center for the community, that reflects its benefits in all other branches of community life."

The three men whose opinions I was most curious to learn at first-hand I did not see. They were the three objecting clergymen, and they were all out of town; two of them, alas! for good, their churches closed indefinitely.

Courtesy of the Triangle Film Corporation.

HE RENTED THE OPERA-HOUSE, CONTRACTED FOR THE BEST SERVICE IN THE MARKET, AND DID HIS OWN BILL-POSTING.

After the visiting, Mr. Robbins and I took our pipes to the big stove in the Men's Club to talk things out and get at fundamentals. Why, for example, had so many Y. M. C. A. and similar experiments with pictures failed and this one succeeded?

"That," said Mr. Robbins, "is because they have subordinated the amusement or entertainment feature to education or something else. In trying to be sure they were harmless they became merely dull. Drama is one of the greatest teachers in the world, and to make it preachy or goody-goody only weakens it and kills its real value.

"Certainly any one can do what I have done if he is willing to do the work, and I believe there is a wonderful opportunity in this thing for the clergy, both in country and city. Anyway, every professional man ought to have some sort of hobby, and what could be a better one for a parson than motion-pictures?"

Canaseraga says there isn't any better.

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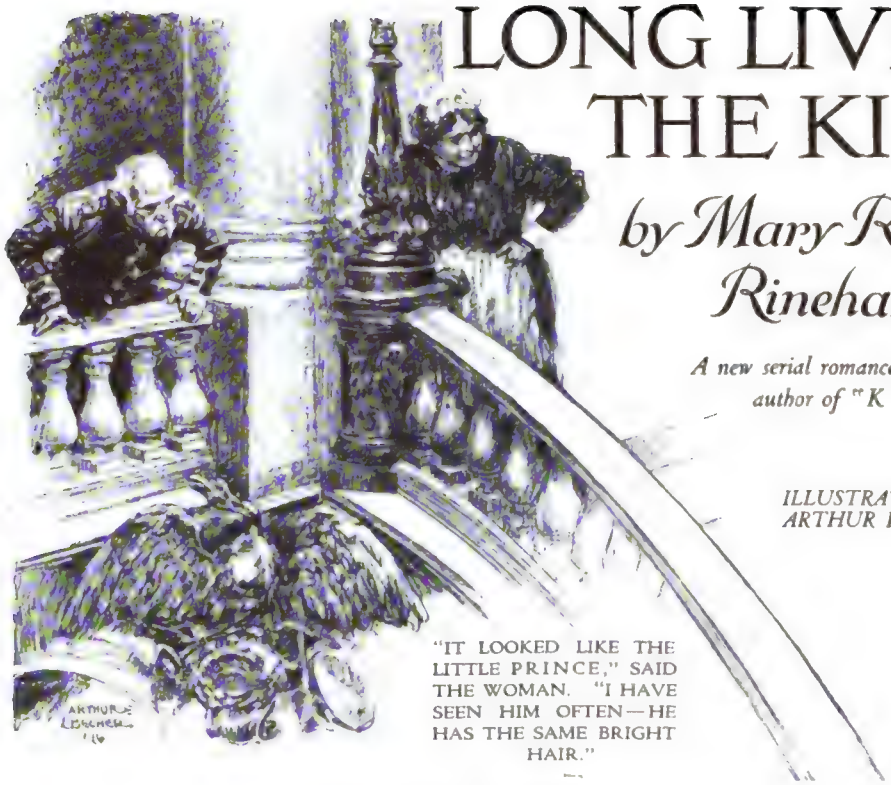

"IT LOOKED LIKE THE LITTLE PRINCE," SAID THE WOMAN. "I HAVE SEEN HIM OFTEN—HE HAS THE SAME BRIGHT HAIR."

LONG LIVE THE KING!

by Mary Roberts Rinehart

A new serial romance by the author of "K"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR E. BECHER

Characters in the First Instalment

THE CROWN PRINCE, FERDINAND WILLIAM OTTO—*heir to the throne of Livonia, around whom plots and intrigues center.*

THE PRINCESS HEDWIG—*second in succession to the throne, and more interested in mere human happiness than in being a princess.*

NICHOLAS LARISCH, known as "NIKKY"—*a young lieutenant whose loyalty to the royal family gets him into constant trouble.*

BOBBY THORPE—*an American boy whom the Crown Prince envies.*

THE KING OF LIVONIA—*very old and frail, but still very much the King.*

GENERAL METTLICH—*Chancellor of Livonia—and for King and Country above all else.*

THE ARCHDUCHESS ANNUNCIATA—*daughter of the King; rather dowdy, and bitter-hearted toward her father.*

CHAPTER ONE

The Crown Prince Runs Away

THE Crown Prince sat in the royal box and swung his legs. This was hardly princely, but the royal legs did not quite reach the floor from the high crimson-velvet seat of his chair.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto was bored. His royal robes, consisting of a pair of blue serge trousers, a short Eton jacket, and a stiff, rolling collar of white linen, irked him.

He had been brought to the opera-house under a misapprehension. His aunt, the Archduchess Annunciata, had strongly advocated "The Flying Dutchman," and his English governess, Miss Braithwaite, had read him some inspiring literature about it. So here he was, and the Flying Dutchman was not ghostly at all, nor did it fly. It was, from the royal box, only too plainly a ship which had length and height, without thickness. And instead of flying, after dreary eons of singing, it was moved off on creaky rollers by men whose shadows were thrown grotesquely on the sea backing.

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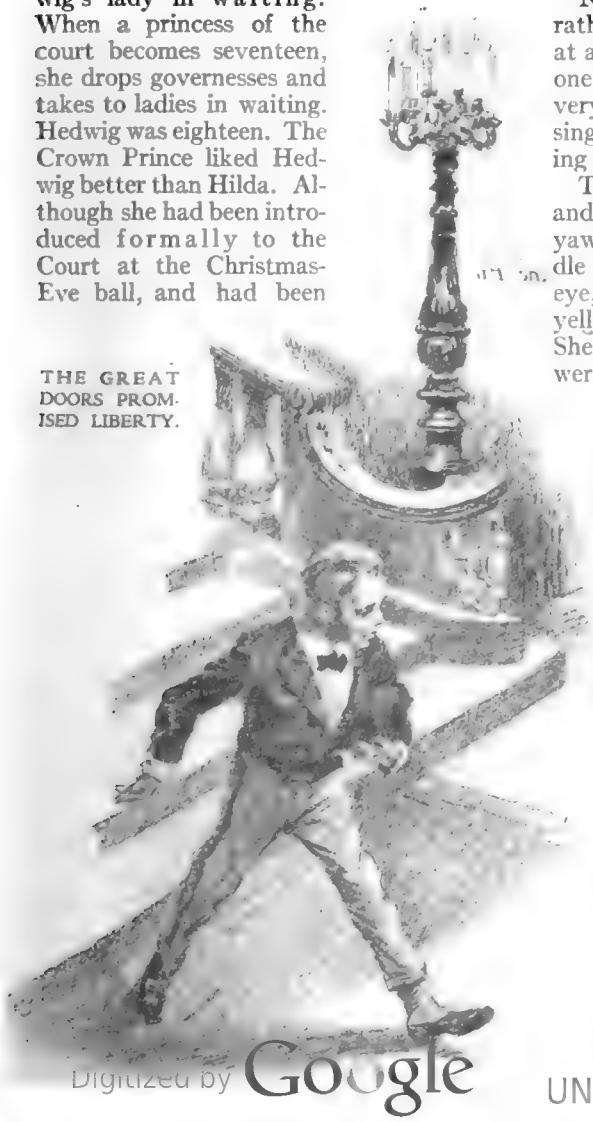
The orchestra, assisted by a bass solo and intermittent thunder in the wings, was making a deafening din. One of the shadows on the sea backing took out its handkerchief and wiped its nose.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto looked across at the other royal box, and caught his cousin Hedwig's eye. She also had seen the handkerchief; she took out her own scrap of linen, and mimicked the shadow. Then, her Royal Highness the Archduchess Annunciata being occupied with the storm, she winked across at Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

In the opposite box were his two cousins, the Princesses Hedwig and Hilda, attended by Hedwig's lady in waiting. When a princess of the court becomes seventeen, she drops governesses and takes to ladies in waiting. Hedwig was eighteen. The Crown Prince liked Hedwig better than Hilda. Although she had been introduced formally to the Court at the Christmas-Eve ball, and had been duly presented by her grandfather, the King, with the usual string of pearls and her own carriage with the spokes of the wheels gilded half-way—only the King and Prince Ferdinand William Otto had all-gold wheels—she still ran off now and then to have tea with the Crown Prince and Miss Braithwaite in the schoolroom at the palace; and she could eat a great deal of bread and butter.



THE GREAT DOORS PROMISED LIBERTY.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto winked back at the Princess Hedwig. And just then—"Listen, Otto," said the Archduchess, leaning forward. "The 'Spinning Song' —is it not exquisite?"

"They are only pretending to spin," remarked Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

Nevertheless he listened obediently. He rather liked it. They had not fooled him at all. They were not really spinning—any one could see that—but they were sticking very closely to their business of each outsinging the other, and collectively of drowning out the orchestra.

The spinning chorus was followed by long and tiresome solos. The Crown Prince yawned again, although it was but the middle of the afternoon. Catching Hedwig's eye, he ran his fingers up through his thick yellow hair and grinned. Hedwig blushed. She had confided to him once, while they were walking in the garden at the summer palace, that she was thinking of being in love with a young lieutenant who was attached to the King's suite. The Prince, who was called Otto, for short, by the family, because he actually had eleven names —the Prince had been much interested. For some time afterward he had bothered Miss Braithwaite to define being in love, but he had had no really satisfactory answer.

In pursuance of his quest for information, he had grown quite friendly with the young officer, whose name was Larisch, and had finally asked to have him ride with him at the royal riding-school. The grim old King had granted the request, but it had been quite fruitless so far after all. Lieutenant Larisch only grew quite red as to the ears when love was mentioned, although he appeared not unwilling to hear Hedwig's name.

The Crown Prince had developed

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a strong liking for the young officer. He assured Hedwig one time when she came to tea that when he was king he would see that she married the lieutenant. But Hedwig was much distressed.

"I don't want him that way," she said. "Anyhow, I shall probably have to marry some wretch with ears that stick out and a bad temper. I dare say he's selected already. As to Lieutenant Larisch, I'm sure he's in love with Hilda. You should see the way he stares at her."

"Pish!" said Prince Ferdinand William Otto over his cup. "Hilda is not as pretty as you are. And Nikky and I talk about you frequently."

"Nikky" was the officer. The Crown Prince was very informal with the people he liked.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the Princess Hedwig, coloring. "And what do you say?"

Miss Braithwaite having left the room, Prince Ferdinand William Otto took another lump of sugar. "Say? Oh, not much, you know. He asks how you are, and I tell him you are well, and that you ate thirteen pieces of bread at tea, or whatever it may have been. The day Miss Braithwaite had the toothache, and you and I ate the fruit-cake her sister had sent from England, he was very anxious. He said we both deserved to be ill."

The Princess Hedwig had been blushing uncomfortably, but now she paled. "He dared to say that?" she stormed. "He dared!" And she had picked up her muff and gone out in a fine temper.

Only—and this was curious—by the next day she had forgiven the lieutenant, and was angry at Ferdinand William Otto. Women are very strange.

So now Ferdinand William Otto ran his fingers through his fair hair, which was a favorite gesture of the lieutenant's, and Hedwig blushed. After that she refused to look across at him, but sat staring fixedly at the stage, where Frau Hugli, in a short skirt, a black velvet bodice, and a white apron, with two yellow braids over her shoulders, was listening with all the coyness of forty years and six children at home to the love-making of a man in a false black beard.

The Archduchess, sitting well back, was nodding. Just outside the royal box, on the red-velvet sofa, General Mettlich, who was the Chancellor, and had come because he had been invited and stayed outside because he said he liked to hear music, not see it, was sound asleep. His martial bosom, with its gold braid, was rising and falling peacefully. Beside him lay the Prince's crown, a small black derby hat.

The Princess Hilda looked across, and smiled and nodded at Ferdinand William Otto. Then she went back to the music; she held the score in her hand and followed it note by note. She was studying music, and her mother, who was the Archduchess, was watching her. But now and then, when her mother's eyes were glued to the stage, Hilda stole a glance at the upper balconies where impecunious young officers leaned over the rail and gazed at her respectfully.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto considered it all very wearisome. If one could only wander around the corridor or buy a sandwich from the stand at the foot of the great staircase—or, better still, if one could only get to the street, alone, and purchase one of the fig women that Miss Braithwaite so despised! The Crown Prince felt in his pocket, where his week's allowance of pocket-money lay comfortably untouched.

The Archduchess, shielded by the velvet hangings with the royal arms on them, was now quite comfortably asleep. From the corridor came sounds indicating that the Chancellor preferred making noises to listening to them. There were signs on the stage that Frau Hugli, braids, six children, and all, was about to go into the arms of the man with the false beard.

The Crown Prince meditated. He could go out quickly, and be back before they knew it. Even if he only wandered about the corridor, it would stretch his short legs. And outside it was a fine day. It looked already like spring.

With the trepidation of a canary who finds his cage door open, and, hopping to the threshold, surveys the world before venturing to explore it, Prince Ferdinand William Otto rose to his feet, tiptoed past the Archduchess Annunciata, who did not move, and looked around him from the doorway.

The Chancellor slept. In the royal dressing-room behind the box a lady in waiting was sitting and crocheting. She did not care for opera. A maid was spreading the royal ladies' wraps before the fire. The princesses had shed their furred carriage

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boots just inside the door. They were in a row, very small and dainty.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto picked up his hat and concealed it by his side. Then nonchalantly, as if to stretch his legs by walking ten feet up the corridor and back, he passed the dressing-room door. Another moment, and he was out of sight around a bend of the passageway, and before him lay liberty.

Not quite! At the top of the private staircase reserved for the royal family a guard commonly stood. He had moved a few feet from his post, however, and was watching the stage through the half-open door of a private loge. His rifle, with its fixed bayonet, leaned against the stair-rail.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto passed behind him with outward calmness. At the top of the public staircase, however, he hesitated. Here, everywhere, were brass-buttoned officials of the opera-house. A *garderobe* woman stared at him curiously. There was a noise from the house, too—a sound of clapping hands and "bravos." The little Prince looked at the woman with appeal in his eyes. Then, with his heart thumping, he ran past her, down the white marble staircase, to where the great doors promised liberty.

Olga, the wardrobe woman, came out from behind her counter, and stood looking down the marble staircase after the small flying figure.

"Blessed Saints!" she said, wondering. "How much that child resembled his Royal Highness!"

The old soldier who rented opera-glasses at the second landing, and who had left a leg in Bosnia, leaned over the railing. "Look at that!" he exclaimed. "He will break a leg, the young rascal! Once I could have—but there, he is safe! The good God watches over fools and children."

"It looked like the little Prince," said the wardrobe woman. "I have seen him often—he has the same bright hair."

But the opera-glass man was not listening. He had drawn a long sausage from one pocket and a roll from the other, and now, retiring to a far window, he stood placidly eating—a bite of sausage, a bite of bread. His mind was in Bosnia, with his leg. And because old Adelbert's mind was in Bosnia, and because one hears with the mind, and not with the ear, he did not hear the sharp question of the sentry who ran down the stairs and paused for a second at the cloak-room. Well for Olga, too, that old Adelbert did not hear her reply.

"He has not passed here," she said, with wide and honest eyes, but with an ear toward old Adelbert. "An old gentleman came a moment ago and got a sandwich, which he had left in his overcoat. Perhaps this is whom you are seeking?"

The sentry cursed, and ran down the staircase, the nails in his shoes striking sharply on the marble.

At the window, old Adelbert cut off another slice of sausage with his pocket-knife and sauntered back to his table of opera-glasses at the angle of the balustrade. The hurrying figure of the sentry below caught his eye. "Another fool!" he grumbled, looking down. "One would think new legs grew in place of old ones, like the claws of the sea-creatures!"

But Olga of the cloak-room leaned over her checks, with her lips curved up in a smile. "The little one!" she thought. "And such courage! He will make a great king! Let him have his prank like the other children, and—God bless him and keep him!"

CHAPTER TWO

And Sees the World

THE Crown Prince was just a trifle dazzled by the brilliance of his success. He paused for one breathless moment under the porte-cochère of the opera-house; then he took a long breath and turned to the left. For he knew that at the right, just around the corner, were the royal carriages, with his own drawn up before the door, and Beppo and Hans erect on the box, their haughty noses red in the wind, for the early spring air was biting.

So he turned to the left, and was at once swallowed up in the street crowd. It seemed very strange to him. Not that he was unaccustomed to crowds. Had he not, that very Christmas, gone shopping in the city, accompanied only by one of his tutors and Miss Braithwaite, and bought for his grandfather, the King, a burnt-wood box, which might hold either neckties or gloves, and for his cousins silver photograph frames?

But this was different, and for a rather peculiar reason. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had never seen the back of a crowd! The public was always lined up, facing him,

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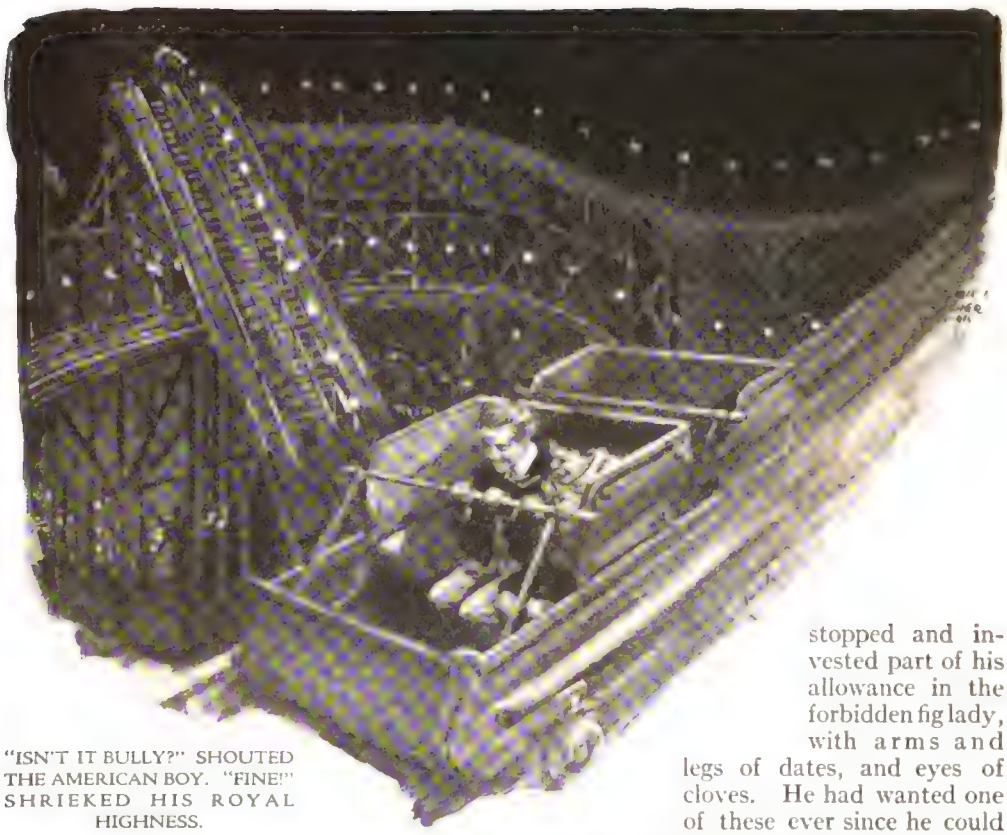

"ISN'T IT BULLY?" SHOUTED THE AMERICAN BOY. "FINE!" SHRIEKED HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS.

smiling and bowing and God-blessing him. Small wonder he thought of most of his future subjects as being much like the ship in the opera, meant only to be viewed from the front. Also, it was surprising to see how stiff and straight their backs were. Prince Ferdinand William Otto had never known that backs could be so rigid. Those with which he was familiar had a way of drooping forward from the middle of the spine up. It was most interesting.

The next hour was full of remarkable things. For one, he dodged behind a street-car and was almost run over by a taxicab. The policeman on the corner came out, and taking Ferdinand William Otto by the shoulder, gave him a talking to and a shaking. Ferdinand William Otto was furious, but policy kept him silent; which proves conclusively that the Crown Prince had not only initiative—witness his flight—but self-control and diplomacy. Lucky country, to have in prospect such a king!

But even royalty has its weaknesses. At the next corner Ferdinand William Otto stopped and invested part of his allowance in the forbidden fig lady, with arms and legs of dates, and eyes of cloves. He had wanted one of these ever since he could remember, but Miss Braithwaite had sternly refused to authorize the purchase. In fact, she had had one of the raisins placed under a microscope, and had shown his Royal Highness a number of interesting and highly active creatures who made their homes therein.

His Royal Highness recalled all this with great distinctness, and, immediately dismissing it from his mind, ate the legs and arms of the fig woman with enjoyment. Which—not the eating of the legs and arms, of course, but to be able to dismiss what is unpleasant—is another highly desirable royal trait.

So far his movements had been swift and entirely objective. But success rather went to his head. He had never been out alone before. Even at the summer palace there were always tutors or Miss Braithwaite, or an aide-de-camp, or something. He hesitated, took out his small handkerchief, dusted his shoes with it, and then wiped his face. Behind was the Opera, looming and gray. Ahead was—the park.

Not the long *allée* between rows of trees

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trimmed to resemble walls of green in summer, and curiously distorted skeletons in winter; not the coffee-houses, where young officers in uniforms sat under the trees reading the papers, and rising to bow with great clanking and much ceremony as a gold-wheeled carriage or a pretty girl went by.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had the fulfilment of a great desire in his small, active mind. This was nothing less than a ride on the American scenic railroad, which had secured a concession in a far corner of the park. Hedwig's lieutenant had described it to him—how one was taken in a small car to a dizzy height, and then turned loose on a track which dropped giddily and rose again, which hurled one through sheet-iron tunnels of incredible blackness, thrust one out over a gorge, whirled one in mad curves around corners of precipitous heights, and finally landed one, panting, breathless, shocked, and reeling, but safe, at the very platform where one had purchased one's ticket three eternities, which were only minutes, before.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto had put this proposition, like the raisins, to Miss Braithwaite. Miss Braithwaite replied with the sad history of an English child who had clutched at its cap during a crucial moment on a similar track at the Crystal Palace in London.

"When they picked him up," she finished, "every bone in his body was broken."

"*Every* bone?"

"Every bone," said Miss Braithwaite solemnly.

"The little ones in his ears, and all?"

"Every one," said Miss Braithwaite, refusing to weaken.

The Crown Prince had pondered. "He must have felt like jelly," he remarked, and Miss Braithwaite had dropped the subject.

So now, with freedom and his week's allowance, except the outlay for the fig woman, in his pocket, Prince Ferdinand William Otto started for the Land of Desire. The *allée* was almost deserted. It was the sacred hour of coffee. The terraces were empty, but from the coffee-houses along the drive there came a cheerful rattle of cups, a hum of conversation.

As the early spring twilight fell, the gas-lamps along the *allée*, always burning, made a twin row of pale stars ahead. At the end, even as the wanderer gazed, he saw myriads of tiny red, white, and blue lights, rising high in the air, outlining the crags and peaks of the sheet-iron mountain which was his destination. The Land of Desire was very near!

There came to his ears, too, the occasional rumble that told of some palpitating soul being at that moment hurled and twisted and joyously thrilled, as per the lieutenant's description.

Now it is a strange thing, but true, that one does not reach the Land of Desire alone; because the half of pleasure is the sharing of it with some one else, and the Land of Desire, alone, is not the Land of Desire at all. Quite suddenly, Prince Ferdinand William Otto discovered that he was lonely. He sat down on the curb under the gas-lamp and ate the fig woman's head, taking out the cloves, because he did not like cloves. At that moment there was a soft whirring off to one side of him, and a yellow bird, rising and falling erratically on the breeze, careened suddenly and fell at his feet.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto bent down and picked it up. It was a small toy aeroplane, with yellow silk planes, guy-ropes of waxed thread, and a wooden rudder, its motive power vested in a tightly twisted rubber. One of the wings was bent. Ferdinand William Otto straightened it, and looked around for the owner.

A small boy was standing under the next gas-lamp. "Gee!" he said in English. "Did you see it go that time?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto eyed the stranger. He was about his own age, and was dressed in a short pair of corduroy trousers, much bloomed at the knee, a pair of yellow Russia-leather shoes that reached well to his calves, and, over all, a shaggy white sweater, rolling almost to his chin. On the very back of his head he had the smallest cap that Prince Ferdinand William Otto had ever seen.

Now, this was exactly the way in which the Crown Prince had always wished to dress. He was suddenly conscious of the long trousers on his own small legs, of the ignominy of his tailless Eton jacket and stiff, rolling collar, of the crowning disgrace of his derby hat. But the lonely feeling had gone from him.

"This is the best time for flying," he said, in his perfect English. "All the exhibition flights are at sundown."

The boy walked slowly over and stood

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looking down at him. "You ought to see it fly from the top of Pike's Peak!" he remarked. He had caught sight of the despised derby, and his eyes widened, but with instinctive good-breeding he ignored it. "That's Pike's Peak up there."

He indicated the very top of the Land of Desire. The Prince stared up.

"How does one get up?" he queried.

"Ladders. My father's the manager. He lets me up sometimes."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto stared with new awe at the boy. He found the fact much more remarkable than if the stranger had stated that his father was the King of England. Kings were, as you may say, directly in Prince Ferdinand William Otto's line, but scenic railroads——

"I had thought of taking a journey on it," he said, after a second's reflection. "Do you think your father will sell me a ticket?"

"Billy Grimm will. I'll go with you."

The Prince rose with alacrity. Then he stopped. He must, of course, ask the strange boy to be his guest. But two tickets! Perhaps his allowance was not sufficient.

"I must see first how much it costs," he said with dignity.

The other boy laughed. "Oh, gee! You come with me. It won't cost anything," he said, and led the way toward the towering lights.

For Bobby Thorpe to bring a small boy to ride with him was an every-day affair. Billy Grimm, at the ticket-window, hardly glanced at the boy who stood, trembling with anticipation, in the shadow of the booth.

The car came, and they climbed in. Perhaps, as they moved off, Prince Ferdinand William Otto had a qualm, occasioned by the remembrance of the English child who had met an untimely end; but if he did, he pluckily hid it.

"Put your lid on the floor of the car," said Bobby Thorpe, depositing his own atom there. "Father says, if you do that, you're perfectly safe."

Prince Ferdinand William Otto divined that this referred to his hat, and drew a small breath of relief. And then they were off, up an endless, clicking roadway, where at the top the car hung for a breathless second over the gulf below; then, fairly launched, out on a trestle, with the city far beneath them, and only the red, white, and blue lights for company; and into a tunnel, filled with roaring noises and swift-moving shadows. Then came the end of all things—a flying leap down, a heart-breaking, delirious thrill, an upward sweep just as the strain was too great for endurance.

"Isn't it bully?" shouted the American boy against the onrush of the wind.

"Fine!" shrieked his Royal Highness, and braced himself for another dip into the gulf.

Above the roaring of the wind in their ears, neither child had heard the flying feet of a dozen horses coming down the *allée*. They never knew that a hatless young lieutenant, white-lipped with fear, had checked his horse to its haunches at the ticket-booth, and demanded to know who was in the Land of Desire.

"Only the son of the manager, and a boy friend of his," replied Billy Grimm, in what he called the lingo of the country. "What's wrong? Lost anybody?"

But Hedwig's lieutenant had wheeled his horse without a word, and, jumping him over the hedge of the *allée*, was off in a despairing search of the outskirts of the park, followed by his cavalrymen.

As the last horse leaped the hedge and disappeared, the car came to a stop at the platform. Quivering, Prince Ferdinand William Otto reached down for the despised hat.

"Would you like to go around again?" asked Bobby, quite casually.

His Highness gasped with joy. "If—if you would be so kind!" he said.

And at the lordly wave of Bobby's hand, the car moved on.

CHAPTER THREE

Disgraced

AT EIGHT o'clock that evening the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto approached the palace through the public square. He approached it slowly, for two reasons. First, he did not want to go back. Second, he was rather frightened. He had an idea that they would be disagreeable.

There seemed to be a great deal going on at the palace. Carriages were rolling in under the stone archway and, having discharged their contents, mostly gentlemen in uniform, were moving off with a thundering of hoofs that reechoed from the vaulted roof of the entrance. All the lights

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were on in the wing where his grandfather, the King, lived alone. As his grandfather hated lights, and went to bed early, Prince Ferdinand William Otto was slightly puzzled.

He stood in the square and waited for a chance to slip in unobserved.

He was very dirty. His august face was streaked with soot, and his august hands likewise. His small derby hat was carefully placed on the very back of his head at the angle of the American boy's cap. As his collar had scratched his neck, he had, at Bobby's suggestion, taken it off and rolled it up. He decided, as he waited in the square, to put it on again. Miss Braithwaite was very peculiar about collars.

Came a lull in the line of carriages. Prince Ferdinand William Otto took a long breath and started forward. As he advanced he stuck his hands in his pockets and swaggered a trifle. It was, as nearly as possible, an exact imitation of Bobby Thorpe's walk. And to keep up his courage, he quoted that young gentleman's farewell speech to himself: "What d'you care? They won't eat you, will they?"

At the entrance to the archway stood two sentries. They stood as if they were carved out of wood. Only their eyes moved. And within, in the court around which the palace was built, were the king's body-guards. Mostly they sat on a long bench and exchanged conversation, while one of them paced back and forth, his gun over his shoulder, in front of them. Prince Ferdinand William Otto knew them all. More than once he had secured cigarets from Lieutenant Larisch and dropped them from one of his windows, which were just overhead. They would look straight ahead and not see them, until the officer's back was turned. Then one would be lighted and passed along the line. Each man would take one puff and pass it on behind his back. It was great fun.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto stood in the shadows and glanced across. The sentries stood like wooden men, but something was wrong in the courtyard inside. The guards were all standing, and there seemed to be a great many of them. And just as he had made up his mind to take the plunge, so to speak, a part of his own regiment of cavalry came out from the courtyard with a thundering of hoofs, wheeled at the street, and clattered off.

Very unusual, all of it.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto felt in his pocket for his handkerchief, and, moistening a corner with his tongue, wiped his face. Then he wiped his shoes. Then, with his hands in his trousers' pockets, he sauntered into the light.

Now sentries are trained to be impassive. The model of a sentry is a wooden soldier. A really good sentry does not sneeze or cough on duty. Did any one ever see a sentry, for instance, wipe his nose? Or twirl his thumbs? Or buy a newspaper? Certainly not.

Therefore the two sentries made no sign when they saw Ferdinand William Otto approaching. But one of them forgot to bring his musket to salute. He crossed himself instead. And something strained around the other sentry's lower jaw suddenly relaxed into a smile as his Royal Highness drew a hand from its refuge and saluted. He glanced first at one, then at the other, rather sheepishly, hesitated between them, clapped his hat on more securely, and marched in.

"The young rascal!" said the second sentry to himself. And by turning his head slightly—for a sentry learns to see all around like a horse, without twisting his neck—he watched the runaway into the palace.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto went up the stone staircase. Here and there he passed guards who stared and saluted. Had he not been obsessed with the vision of Miss Braithwaite, he would have known that relief followed in his wake. Messengers clattered down the staircase to the courtyard. Other messengers, breathless and eager, flew to that lighted wing where the Council sat, and where the old King, propped up in bed, waited and fought terror.

The Archduchess Annunciata was with her father. Across the corridor the Council debated in low tones.

"Tell me again," said the King. "How in God's name could it have happened? In daylight, and with all of you there!"

"I have told you all I know," said the Archduchess impatiently. "One moment he was there. Hedwig and he were making gestures, and I reproved him. The next he was gone. Hedwig saw him get up and go out. She thought——"

"Send for Hedwig."

"She has retired. She was devoted to him, and——"

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"YOU WERE HAPPY!" SAID THE KING. "YOU WERE DISOBEDIENT, YOU WERE CAUSING GRAVE

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ANXIETY—AND YOU WERE HAPPY! THE FIRST DUTY OF A PRINCE IS TO HIS COUNTRY."

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"Send for her," said the King shortly.

The Archduchess Annunciata went out. The old King lay back, and his eyes, weary with many years of ruling, of disappointments and bitterness, roved the room. They came to rest at last on the photograph of a young man, which stood on his bedside table.

He was a very young man, in a uniform. He was boyish, and smiling. There was a dog beside him, and its head was on his knee. Wherever one stood in the room, the eyes of the photograph gazed at one. The King knew this, and because he was quite old, and because there were few people to whom a king dares to speak his inmost thoughts, he frequently spoke to the photograph.

The older he grew, the more he felt, sometimes, as though it knew what he said. He had begun to think that death, after all, is not the end, but only the beginning of things. This rather worried him, too, at times. What he wanted was to lay things down, not to take them up.

"If they've got him," he said to the picture, "it is out of my hands, and into yours, my boy."

Much of his life had been spent in waiting, in waiting for a son, in waiting for that son to grow to be a man, in waiting while that son in his turn loved and married and begot a man-child, in waiting, when that son had died a violent death, for the time when his tired hands could relinquish the scepter to his grandchild.

He folded his old hands and waited. From across the corridor came the low tones of the Council. A silent group of his gentlemen stood in the vestibule outside the door. The King lay on his bed and waited.

Quite suddenly the door opened. The old man turned his head. Just inside stood a very dirty, small boy.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was most terribly frightened. Everything was at sixes and sevens. Miss Braithwaite had been crying her head off, and on seeing him had fallen in a faint. Not that he thought it was a real faint. He had unmistakably seen her eyelids quiver. And when she came to she had ordered him no supper, and four pages of German translation, and to go to bed at seven o'clock instead of seven-thirty for a week. All the time crying, too. And then she had sent him to his grandfather, and taken aromatic ammonia.

His grandfather said nothing, but looked at him.

"Here—here I am, sir," said the Crown Prince from the door.

The King drew a long breath. But the silence persisted. Prince Ferdinand William Otto furtively rubbed a dusty shoe against the back of a trouser-leg.

"I'm afraid I'm not very neat, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, and took a step forward. Until his grandfather commanded him, he could not advance into the room.

"Come here," said the King.

He went to the side of the bed.

"Where have you been?"

"I'm afraid—I ran away, sir."

"Why?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto considered. It was rather an awful moment. "I don't exactly know. I just thought I would."

You see, it was really extremely difficult. To say that he was tired of things as they were would sound ungrateful. Would, indeed, be most impolite. And then, exactly *why had* he run away?

"Suppose," said the King, "you draw up a chair and tell me about it. We'd better talk it over, I think."

His Royal Highness drew up a chair, and sat on it. His feet not reaching the floor, he hooked them around the chair-rung. This was permissible because, first, the King could not see them from his bed. Second, it kept his knees from shaking.

"Probably you are aware," said the King, "that you have alarmed a great many people."

"I'm sorry, sir. I didn't think——"

"A prince's duty is to think."

"Although," observed his Royal Highness, "I don't really believe Miss Braithwaite fainted. She may have *thought* she fainted, but her eyelids moved."

"Where did you go?"

"To the park, sir. I—I thought I'd like to see the park by myself."

"Go on."

"It's very hard to enjoy things with Miss Braithwaite, sir. She does not really enjoy the things I like. Nikky and I——"

"By 'Nikky' you mean Lieutenant Larisch?"

"Yes, sir."

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"Go on."

"We like the same things, sir—the Pike's-Peak-or-Bust, and all that."

The King raised himself on his elbow. "What was that?" he demanded.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto blushed, and explained. It was Bobby's name for the peak at the top of the scenic railway. He had been on the railway. He had been —his enthusiasm carried him away. His cheeks flushed. He sat forward on the edge of his chair, and gesticulated. He had never had such a good time in his life.

"I was awfully happy, sir," he ended. "It feels like flying, only safer. And the lights are pretty. It's like fairyland. There were two or three times when it seemed as if we'd turn over, or leap the track. But we didn't."

The King lay back and thought. More than anything in the world he loved this boy. But the occasion demanded a strong hand. "You were happy," he said. "You were disobedient, you were causing grave anxiety and distress—and you were happy! The first duty of a prince is to his country. His first lesson is to obey laws. He must always obey certain laws. A king is but the servant of his people."

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto.

The old King's voice was stern. "Some day you will be the King. You are being trained for that high office now. And yet you would set the example of insubordination, disobedience, and reckless disregard of the feelings of others."

"Yes, sir," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, feeling very small and ashamed.

"Not only that. You slipped away. You did not go openly. You sneaked off, like a thief. Are you proud of it?"

"No, sir."

"I shall," said the King, "require no promise from you. Promises are poor things to hold to. I leave this matter in your own hands, Otto. You will be punished by Miss Braithwaite, and for the next ten days you will not visit me. You may go now."

Otto got off his chair. He was feeling exceedingly crushed. "Good night, sir," he said. And waited for his grandfather to extend his hand. But the old King lay looking straight ahead, with his mouth set in grim lines, and his hands folded over his breast.

At the door the Crown Prince turned and bowed. His grandfather's eyes were fixed on the two gold eagles over the door, but the photograph on the table appeared to be smiling at him.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Terror

UNTIL late that night General Mettlich and the King talked together. The King had been lifted from his bed and sat propped in a great chair. Above his shabby dressing-gown his face showed gaunt and old. In a straight chair facing him sat his old friend and Chancellor.

"What it has shown is not entirely bad," said the King, after a pause. "The boy has initiative. And he made no attempt at evasion. He is essentially truthful."

"What it has also shown, sire, is that no protection is enough. When I, who love the lad, and would—when I could sleep, and let him get away, as I did——"

"The truth is," said the King, "we are both of us getting old." He tapped with his gnarled fingers on the blanket that lay over his knees. "The truth is also," he observed a moment later, "that the boy has very few pleasures. He is alone a great deal."

General Mettlich raised his shaggy head. Many years of wearing a soldier's cap had not injured his heavy gray hair. He had bristling eyebrows, white now, and a short, fighting mustache. When he was irritated, or disagreed with any one, his eyebrows came down and the mustache went up.

Many years of association with his king had given him the right to talk to him as man to man. They even quarreled now and then. It was a brave man who would quarrel with old Ferdinand II.

So now his eyebrows came down and his mustache went up. "How—alone, sire?"

"You do not regard that bigoted Englishwoman as a companion, do you?"

"He is attached to her."

"I'm damned if I know why," observed the old King. "She doesn't appear to have a single human quality."

Human quality! General Mettlich eyed his king with concern. Since when had the reigning family demanded human qualities in their governesses? "She is a thoughtful and conscientious woman, sire," he said stiffly. It happened that he had selected her. "She does her duty. And as to the

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boy being lonely, he has no time to be lonely. His tutors——"

"How old is he?"

"Ten next month."

The King said nothing for a time. Then —"It is hard," he said at last, "for seventy-four to see with the eyes of ten. As for this afternoon—why in the name of a thousand devils did they take him to see the 'Flying Dutchman'? I detest it."

"Her Royal Highness——"

"Annunciata is a fool," said his Majesty. Then, dismissing his daughter with a gesture, "We don't know how to raise our children here," he said impatiently. "The English do better. And even the Germans——"

It is not etiquette to lower one's eyebrows at a king, and glare. But General Mettlich did it. He was rather a poor subject. "The Germans have not our problem, sire," he said, and stuck up his mustache.

"I'm not going to raise the boy a prisoner," insisted the King stubbornly. Kings have to be very stubborn about things. So many people disapprove of the things they want to do.

Suddenly General Mettlich bent forward and placed a hand on the old man's knee. "We shall do well, sire," he said gravely, "to raise the boy at all."

There was a short silence, which the King broke. "What is new?"

"We have broken up the University meetings, but I fancy they go on, in small groups. I was gratified, however, to observe that a group of students cheered his Royal Highness yesterday as he rode past the University buildings."

"Socialism at twenty," said the King, "is only a symptom of the unrest of early adolescence. Even Hubert—" he glanced at the picture—"was touched with it. He accused me, I recall, of being merely an accident, a sort of stumbling-block in the way of advanced thought!"

He smiled faintly. Then he sighed. "And the others?" he asked.

"The outlying districts are quiet. So too is the city. Too quiet, sire."

"They are waiting, of course, for my death," said the King quietly. "If only you were twenty years younger than I am, it would be better." He fixed the General with shrewd eyes. "What do those asses of doctors say about me?"

"With care, sire——"

"Come, now. This is no time for evasion."

"Even at the best, sire—" He looked very ferocious, and cleared his throat. He was terribly ashamed that his voice was breaking. "Even at the best, but of course they can only give an opinion——"

"Six months?"

"A year, sire."

"And at the worst!" said the King, with a grim smile. Then, following his own line of thought: "But the people love the boy, I think."

"They do. It is for that reason, sire, that I advise particular caution." He hesitated. Then: "Sire," he said earnestly, "there is something of which I must speak. The Committee of Ten has organized again."

Involuntarily the King glanced at the photograph on the table.

"Forgive me, sire, if I waken bitter memories. But I fear——"

"You *fear!*" said the King. "Since when have you taken to fearing?"

"Nevertheless," maintained General Mettlich doggedly, "I fear. This quiet of the last few months alarms me. Dangerous dogs do not bark. I trust no one. The very air is full of sedition."

The King twisted his blue-veined old hands together, but his voice was quiet. "But why?" he demanded, almost fretfully. "If the people are fond of the boy, and I think they are, to—to carry him off, or injure him, would hurt the cause. Even the Terrorists, in the name of a republic, can do nothing without the people."

"The mob is a curious thing, sire. You have ruled with a strong hand. Our people know nothing but to obey the dominant voice. The boy out of the way, the prospect of the Princess Hedwig on the throne, a few demagogues in the public squares—it would be the end."

The King leaned back and closed his eyes. His thin, arched nose looked pinched. His face was gray.

"All this," he said, "means what? To make the boy a prisoner, to cut off his few pleasures, and even then, at any time——"

"Yes, sire," said Mettlich doggedly. "At any time."

Outside in the anteroom Lieutenant "Nikky" Larisch roused himself, yawned, and looked at his watch. It was after twelve, and he had had a hard day. He put a velvet cushion behind his head, and

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"CATCH ME!"
SAID HEDWIG. THE CROWN PRINCE
CLIMBED INTO HIS SADDLE. THEY WERE OFF.

resolutely composed himself to slumber, a slumber in which were various rosy dreams, all centered about the Princess Hedwig. Dreams are beyond our control. Therefore a young lieutenant running into debt on his pay may without presumption dream of a princess.

All through the palace people were sleeping. Prince Ferdinand William Otto was asleep, and riding again the little car in the Land of Delight. So that, turning a corner sharply, he almost fell out of bed.

On the other side of the city the little American boy was asleep also. At that exact time he was being tucked up by an entirely efficient and placid-eyed American mother, who felt under his head to see that his ear was not turned forward. She liked close-fitting ears.

Nobody, naturally, was tucking up Prince Ferdinand William Otto. Or attending to his ears. But, of course, there were sentries outside his door, and a *valet de chambre* to be rung for, and a number of embroidered eagles scattered about on the curtains and things, and a country surrounding him which would one day be his, unless——

"At any time," said General Mettlich, and was grimly silent.

It was really no time for such a speech. But there is never a good time for bad news.

"Well?" inquired the King, after a time.

"You have something to suggest, I take it."

The old soldier cleared his throat. "Sire," he began, "it is said that a chancellor should have but one passion: his King. I have two: my King and my country."

The King nodded gravely. He knew both passions, relied on both. And found them both a bit troublesome at times!

"Once, some years ago, sire, I came to you with a plan. The Princess Hedwig was a child then, and his late Royal Highness was—still with us. For that, and for other reasons, your Majesty refused to listen. But things have changed. Between us and revolution there stand only the frail life of a boy and an army none too large, and already, perhaps, affected. There is much discontent, and the offspring of discontent is anarchy."

The King snarled. But Mettlich had taken his courage in his hands, and went on. Their neighbor and hereditary foe was Karnia. Could they any longer afford the enmity of Karnia? One cause of discontent was the expense of the army, and of the fortifications along the Karnian border. If Karnia were allied with them, there would be no need of so great an army. They had the mineral wealth, and Karnia the seaports. The old dream of the Empire, of a railway to the sea, would be realized.

He plead well. The idea was not new. To place the little King Otto IX on the

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the throne and keep him there in the face of opposition would require support from outside. Karnia would furnish this support. For a price.

The price was the Princess Hedwig.

Outside, Nikky Larisch rose, stretched, and fell to pacing the floor. It was one o'clock, and the palace slept. He lighted a cigaret, and stepping out into a small balcony which overlooked the Square, faced the quiet night.

"That is my plea, sire," Mettlich finished. "Karl of Karnia is anxious to marry, and looks this way. To allay discontent and growing insurrection, to insure the boy's safety and his throne, to beat our swords into plowshares—" here he caught the King's scowl, and added—"to a certain extent, and to make us a commercial as well as a military nation, surely, sire, it gains much for us, and loses us nothing."

"But our independence!" said the King sourly.

However, he did not dismiss the idea. The fright of the afternoon had weakened him, and if Mettlich were right—he had what the King considered a perfectly damnable habit of being right—the Royalist party would need outside help to maintain the throne.

"Karnia!" he said. "The lion and the lamb, with the lamb inside the lion! And in the meantime the boy——"

"He should be watched always."

"The old she-dragon, the governess—I suppose she is trustworthy?"

"Perfectly. But she is a woman."

"He has Lussin." Count Lussin was the Crown Prince's aide-de-camp.

"He needs a *man*, sire," observed the Chancellor rather tartly.

The King cleared his throat. "This youngster he is so fond of, young Larisch, would he please you better?" he asked, with ironic deference.

"A good boy, sire. You may recall that his mother—" He stopped.

Perhaps the old King's memory was good. Perhaps there was a change in Mettlich's voice.

"A good boy?"

"None better, sire. He is devoted to his Royal Highness. He is still much of a lad himself. I have listened to them talking. It is a question which is the older! He is outside now."

"Bring him in. I'll have a look at him."

Nikky, summoned by a chamberlain, stopped inside the doorway and bowed deeply.

"Come here," said the King.

He advanced.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three, sire."

"In the Grenadiers, I believe."

Nikky bowed.

"Like horses?" said the King suddenly.

"Very much, sire."

"And boys?"

"I—some boys, sire."

"Humph! Quite right, too. Little devils, most of them." He drew himself up in his chair. "Lieutenant Larisch," he said, "his Royal Highness the Crown Prince has taken a liking to you. I believe it is to you that our fright to-day is due."

Nikky's heart thumped. He went rather pale.

"It is my intention, Lieutenant Larisch, to place the Crown Prince in your personal charge. For reasons I need not go into, it is imperative that he take no more excursions alone. These are strange times, when sedition struts in court garments, and kings may trust neither their armies nor their subjects. I want," he said, his tone losing its bitterness, "a real friend for the little Crown Prince. One who is both brave and loyal."

Afterward, in his small room, Nikky composed a very neat and well-rounded speech, in which he expressed his loyalty, his gratitude, and his undying devotion to the Crown Prince.

It was a very elegant little speech. Unluckily, the occasion for it had gone by two hours and more.

"I—I am grateful, sire," was what he said. "I—" And there he stopped and choked up. It was rather dreadful.

"I depend on you, Captain Larisch," said the King gravely, and nodded his head in a gesture of dismissal. Nikky backed toward the door, struck a hassock, all but went down, bowed again at the door, and fled.

"A fine lad," said General Mettlich, "but no talker."

"All the better," replied his Majesty. "I am tired of men who talk well. And—" he smiled faintly—"I am tired of you. You talk too well. You make me think. I don't want to think. I've been thinking all my life. It is time to rest, my friend."

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CHAPTER FIVE

At the Riding-School

HIS Royal Highness the Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto was in disgrace.

He had risen at six, bathed, dressed and gone to Mass, in disgrace. He had breakfasted at seven-thirty on fruit, cereal, and one egg, in disgrace. He had gone to his study at eight o'clock for lessons, in disgrace. A long line of tutors came and went all morning, and he worked diligently, but he was still in disgrace. All morning long and in the intervals between tutors he had tried to catch Miss Braithwaite's eye.

Except for the most ordinary civilities, she had refused to look in his direction. She was correcting an essay in English on Mr. Gladstone, with a blue pencil, and putting in blue commas every here and there. The Crown Prince was amazingly weak in commas. When she was all through she piled the sheets together and wrote a word on the first page. It might have been "good." On the other hand, it could easily have been "poor." The motions of the hand are similar.

At last, in desperation, the Crown Prince deliberately broke off the point of his pencil, and went to the desk where Miss Braithwaite sat, monarch of the American pencil-sharpener which was the beloved of his heart.

"Again!" said Miss Braithwaite shortly. And raised her eyebrows.

"It's a very soft pencil," explained the Crown Prince. "When I press down on it, it—it busts."

"It what?"

"It busts—breaks." Evidently the English people were not familiar with this new and fascinating American word.

He cast a casual glance toward Mr. Gladstone. The word was certainly "poor." Suddenly a sense of injustice began to rise in him. He had worked rather hard over Mr. Gladstone. He had done so because he knew that Miss Braithwaite considered him the greatest man since Jesus Christ, and even the Christ had not written "The Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion."

The injustice went to his eyes and made him blink. He had apologized for yesterday, and explained fully. It was not fair. As to commas, anybody could put in *enough* commas.

The French tutor was standing near a photograph of Hedwig, and pretending not to look at it. Prince Ferdinand William

"MANY A KING HAS THIS CARRIED," SAID THE MAN.

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Otto had a suspicion that the tutor was in love with Hedwig. On one occasion, when she had entered unexpectedly, he had certainly given out the sentence:

"*Ce dragon était le vieux serpent, la princesse,*" instead of

"*Ce dragon était le vieux serpent, le roi.*"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto did not like the French tutor. His being silly about Hedwig was not the reason. Even Nikky had that trouble, and once, when they were all riding together, had said, "Canter on the snaffle, trot on the curb," when he meant exactly the opposite. It was not that. Part of it was because of his legs, which were inclined to knock at the knees. Mostly it was his eyes, which protruded. "When he reads my French exercises," he complained once to Hedwig, "he waves them around like an ant's."

He and Hedwig usually spoke English together. Like most royalties, they had been raised on languages. It was as much as one's brains were worth, sometimes, to try to follow them as they leaped from grammar to grammar.

"Like an aunt's?" inquired Hedwig, mystified.

"An ant's. They have eyes on the ends of their feelers, you know."

But Miss Braithwaite, overhearing, had said that ants have no eyes at all. She had no imagination.

His taste of liberty had spoiled the Crown Prince for work. Instead of conjugating a French verb, he made a sketch of the scenic railway. He drew the little car, and two heads looking over the edge, with a sort of porcupine effect of hairs standing straight up.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite sternly.

Miss Braithwaite did not say "sir" to him or "Your Royal Highness," like the tutors. She had taken him from the arms of his mother when he was a baby, and had taught a succession of nurses how to fix his bottles, and made them raise the windows when he slept, which was heresy in that country, and was brought up for discussion in the Parliament. When it came time for his first tooth, and he was wickedly fretful, and the doctors had a consultation over him, it was Miss Braithwaite who had ignored everything they said, and rubbed the tooth through with her silver thimble. Boiled first, of course.

And when one has cut a Royal Highness's first tooth, and broken him of sucking his thumb, and held a cold buttered knife against his bruises to prevent their discoloring, one does get out of the way of being very formal with him.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite sternly.

So he went to work in earnest. He worked at a big desk, which had been his father's. As a matter of fact, everything in the room was too big for him. It had not occurred to any one to make any concessions to his size. He went through life, one may say, with his legs dangling, or standing on tiptoe to see things.

The suite had been his father's before him. Even the heavy old rug had been worn shabby by the scuffing of his father's feet. On the wall there hung a picture his father had drawn. It was of a yacht in full sail. Prince Hubert had been fifteen when he drew it, and was contemplating abandoning his princely career and running away to be a pirate. As a matter of fact, the yacht boasted the black flag, as Otto knew quite well. Nikky had discovered it. But none of the grown-ups had recognized the damning fact. Nikky was not, strictly speaking, a grown-up.

The sun came through the deep embrasures of the window and set Prince Ferdinand William Otto's feet to wriggling. It penetrated the gloomy fastnesses of the old room and showed its dingy furniture, its great desk, its dark velvet portières, and the old cabinet in which the Crown Prince kept his toys on the top shelf. He had arranged them there himself, the ones he was fondest of in the front row, so he could look up and see them; a drum which he still dearly loved, but which made Miss Braithwaite's head ache; a locomotive with a broken spring; a steam-engine which Hedwig had given him, but which the King considered dangerous, and which had never, therefore, had its baptism of fire; and a dilapidated and lop-eared cloth dog.

He was exceedingly fond of the dog. For quite a long time he had taken it to bed with him at night, and put its head on his pillow. It was the most comforting thing, when the lights were all out. Until he was seven he had been allowed a bit of glimmer, a tiny wick floating in a silver dish of lard-oil, for a night-light. But after his eighth birthday that had been done away with, Miss Braithwaite considering it babyish.

The sun shone in on the substantial but

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cheerless room; on the picture of the Duchess Hedwig, untouched by tragedy or grief; on the heavy, paneled old doors through which, once on a time, Prince Hubert had made his joyous exits into a world that had so early cast him out; on his swords, crossed over the fireplace; his light rapier, his heavy cavalry saber; on the bright head of his little son, around whom already so many plots and counterplots were centering.

The Crown Prince Ferdinand William Otto found the sun unsettling. Besides, he hated verbs. Nouns were different. One could do something with nouns, although even they had a way of having genders. Into his head popped a recollection of a delightful pastime of the day before—nothing more nor less than flipping paper wads at the guard on the scenic railway as the car went past him.

Prince Ferdinand William Otto tore off the corner of a piece of paper, chewed it deliberately, rounded and hardened it with his royal fingers, and aimed it at M. Puaux. It struck him in the eye.

Instantly things happened. M. Puaux yelled, and clapped a hand to his eye. Miss Braithwaite rose. His Royal Highness wrote a rather shaky French verb, with the wrong termination. And on to this scene came Nikky for the riding-lesson. Nikky, smiling and tidy, and very shiny as to riding-boots and things, and wearing white kid gloves. Every one about a palace wears white kid gloves, except the royalties themselves. It is extremely expensive.

Nikky surveyed the scene. He had, of course, bowed inside the door, and all that sort of thing. But Nikky was an informal person, and was quite apt to bow deeply before his future sovereign, and then poke him in the chest.

"Well!" said Nikky.

"Good morning," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, in a small and nervous voice.

"Nothing wrong, is there?" demanded Nikky.

M. Puaux got out his handkerchief and said nothing violently.

"Otto!" said Miss Braithwaite. "What did you do?"

"Nothing." He looked about. He was quite convinced that M. Puaux was what Bobby would have termed a poor sport, and had not played the game fairly. The guard at the railway, he felt, would not have yelled and wept. "Oh, well, I threw a piece of paper. That's all. I didn't think it would hurt."

Miss Braithwaite rose and glanced at the carpet. But Nikky was quick. Quick and understanding. He put his shiny foot over the paper wad.

"Paper!" said Miss Braithwaite. "Why did you throw paper? And at M. Puaux?"

"I—just felt like throwing something," explained his Royal Highness. "I guess it's the sun, or something."

Nikky dropped his glove, and miraculously, when he had picked it up the little wad was gone.

"For throwing paper, five marks," said Miss Braithwaite, and put it down in the book she carried in her pocket. It was rather an awful book. On Saturdays the King looked it over, and demanded explanations: "For untidy nails, five marks! A gentleman never has untidy nails, Otto. For objecting to winter flannels, two marks. Humph! For pocketing sugar from the tea-tray, ten marks! Humph! For lack of attention during religious instruction, five marks. Ten off for the sugar, and only five for inattention to religious instruction! What have you to say, sir?"

Prince Ferdinand William Otto looked at Nikky and Nikky looked back. Then Ferdinand William Otto's left eyelid drooped. Nikky was astounded. How was he to know the treasury of strange things that the Crown Prince had tapped the previous afternoon? But, after a glance around the room, Nikky's eyelid drooped also. He slid the paper wad into his pocket.

"I am afraid his Royal Highness has hurt your eye, M. Puaux," said Miss Braithwaite. Not with sympathy. She hated tutors.

"Not at all," said the unhappy young man, testing the eye to discover if he could see through it. "I am sure his Royal Highness meant no harm." M. Puaux went out, with his handkerchief to his eye. He turned at the door and bowed, but as no one was paying any attention to him, he made two bows. One was to Hedwig's picture.

While Oskar, his valet, put the Crown Prince into riding-clothes, Nikky and Miss Braithwaite had a talk. Nikky was the only person to whom Miss Braithwaite really unbent. Once he had written to a friend of his in China, and secured for her a large box of the best China tea. Miss

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Braithwaite only brewed it when the Archduchess made one of her rare visits to the Crown Prince's apartment.

But just now their talk was very serious. It began by Nikky's stating that she was likely to see him a great deal now, and he hoped she would not find him in the way. He had been made aide-de-camp to the Crown Prince, *vice* Count Lussin, who had resigned on account of illness, having been roused at daybreak out of a healthy sleep to do it.

Not that Nikky said just that. What he really observed was: "The King sent for me last night, Miss Braithwaite, and—and asked me to hang around."

Thus Nikky, of his sacred trust! None the less sacred to him, either, that he spoke lightly. He glanced up at the crossed swords, and his eyes were hard.

And Miss Braithwaite knew. She reached over and put a hand on his arm. "You and I," she said. "Out of all the people in this palace, only you and I! The Archduchess hates him. I see it in her eyes. She can never forgive him for keeping the throne from Hedwig. The Court? Do they ever think of the boy, except to dread his minority, with Mettlich in control? A long period of mourning, a regency, no balls, no gaiety—that is all they think of. And whom can we trust? The very guards down below, the sentries at our doors, how do we know they are loyal?"

"The people love him," said Nikky doggedly.

"The people! Sheep. I do not trust the people. I do not trust any one. I watch, but what can I do? The very food we eat——"

"He is coming," said Nikky softly. And fell to whistling under his breath.

Together Nikky and Prince Ferdinand William Otto went out and down the great marble staircase. Sentries saluted. Two flunkies in scarlet and gold threw open the doors. A stray dog that had wandered into the courtyard watched them gravely.

"I wish," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, "that I might have a dog."

"A dog! Why?"

"Well, it would be company. Dogs are very friendly. Yesterday I met a boy who has a dog. It sleeps on his bed at night."

"You have a good many things, you know," Nikky argued. "You've got a dozen horses, for one thing."

"But a dog's different." He felt the difference, but he could not put it into words. "And I'd rather have only one horse. I'd get better acquainted with it."

Nikky looked back. Although it had been the boast of the royal family for a century that it could go about unattended, that its only danger was from the over-zeal of the people in showing their loyalty, not since the death of Prince Hubert had this been true in fact. No guards or soldiers accompanied them, but the secret police were always near at hand. So Nikky looked, made sure that a man in civilian clothing was close at their heels, and led the way across the square to the riding-school.

A small crowd lined up and watched the passing of the little prince. As he passed, men lifted their hats and women bowed. He smiled right and left, and took two short steps to one of Nikky's long ones.

"I have a great many friends," he said with a sigh of content, as they neared the riding-school. "I suppose I don't really need a dog."

"Look here," said Nikky, after a pause. He was not very quick in thinking things out. He placed, as a fact, more reliance on his right arm than on his brain. But once he had thought a thing out, it stuck. "Look here, Highness, you didn't treat your friends very well yesterday."

"I know," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto meekly. But Prince Ferdinand William Otto had thought out a defense. "I got back all right, didn't I?" He considered. "It was worth it. A policeman shook me!"

"Which policeman?" demanded Nikky in a terrible tone, and quite forgot the ragging he had prepared for Otto in his fury.

"I think I'll not tell you, if you don't mind. And I bought a fig lady. I've saved the legs for you."

Fortune smiled on Nikky that day. Had, indeed, been smiling daily for some three weeks. Singularly enough, the Princess Hedwig, who had been placed on a pony at the early age of two, and who had been wont to boast that she could ride any horse in her grandfather's stables, was taking riding-lessons. From twelve to one—which was, also singularly, the time Prince Ferdinand William Otto and Nikky rode in the ring—the Princess Hedwig rode also. Rode divinely. Rode saucily. Rode, when Nikky was ahead, tenderly.

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To tell the truth, Prince Ferdinand William Otto rather hoped, this morning, that Hedwig would not be there. There was a difference in Nikky when Hedwig was around. When she was not there he would do all sorts of things, like jumping on his horse while it was going, and riding backward in the saddle, and so on. He had even once tried jumping on his horse as it galloped past him, and missed, and been awfully ashamed about it. But when Hedwig was there, there was no skylarking. They rode around, and the riding-master put up jumps and they took them. And finally Hedwig would get tired, and ask Nikky please to be amusing while she rested. And he would not be amusing at all. The Crown Prince felt that she never really saw Nikky at his best.

Hedwig was there. She had on a new habit, and a gardenia in her buttonhole, and she gave Nikky her hand to kiss, but only nodded to the Crown Prince.

"Hello, Otto!" she said. "I thought you'd have a ball and chain on your leg today."

"There's nothing wrong with *my* legs," said Prince Ferdinand William Otto, staring at the new habit. "But yours look rather queer."

Hedwig flushed. The truth was that she was wearing, for the first time, a cross-saddle habit of coat and trousers. And coat and trousers were forbidden to the royal women. She eyed Otto with defiance, and turned an appealing glance to Nikky. But her voice was very dignified.

"I bought them myself," she said. "I consider it a perfectly modest costume, and much safer than the other."

"It is quite lovely—on you, Highness," said Nikky.

In a stiff chair at the edge of the ring Hedwig's lady in waiting sat resignedly. She was an elderly woman, and did not ride. Just now she was absorbed in wondering what would happen to her when the Archduchess discovered this new freak of Hedwig's. Perhaps she would better ask permission to go into retreat for a time. The Archduchess, who had no religion herself, approved of it in others. She took a soft rubber from her pocket, and tried to erase a spot from her white-kid gloves.

The discovery that Hedwig had two perfectly good legs rather astounded Prince Ferdinand William Otto. He felt something like consternation. "I've never seen any one else dressed like that," he observed, as the horses were brought up.

Hedwig colored again. She looked like an absurdly pretty boy. "Don't be a silly," she replied, rather sharply. "Every one does it, except here, where old fossils refuse to think that anything new can be proper. If you're going to be that sort of a king when you grow up, I'll go somewhere else to live."

Nikky looked gloomy. The prospect, although remote, was dreary. But, as the horses were led out, and he helped Hedwig to her saddle, he brightened. After all, the future was the future, and now was now.

"Catch me!" said Hedwig, and dug her royal heels into her horse's flanks. The Crown Prince climbed into his saddle and followed. They were off.

The riding-school had been built for officers of the army, but was now used by the Court only. Here the King had ridden as a lad with young Mettlich, his close friend even then. The favorite mare of his later years, now old and almost blind, still had a stall in the adjacent royal stables. One of the King's last excursions abroad had been to visit her.

Overhead, up a great runway, were the state chariots, gilt coaches of inconceivable weight, traveling carriages of the post-chaise periods, sleighs in which four horses drove abreast, their panels painted by the great artists of the time; and one plain little vehicle, very shabby, in which the royal children of long ago had fled from a Karnian invasion.

In one corner, black and gold and forbidding, was the imposing hearse in which the dead sovereigns of the country were taken to their long sleep in the vaults under the cathedral. Good, bad, and indifferent, one after the other, as their hour came, they had taken this last journey in the old catafalque, and had joined their forebears. Many they had been: men of iron, men of blood, men of flesh, men of water. And now they lay in stone crypts, and of all the line only two remained.

One and all, the royal vehicles were shrouded in sheets, except on one day of each month when the sheets were removed and the public admitted. But on that morning the great hearse was uncovered, and two men were working, one at the upholstery, which he was brushing. The other was carefully oiling the wood of the

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body. Save for them, the wide and dusky loft was empty.

One was a boy, newly come from the country. The other was an elderly man. It was he who oiled.

"Many a king has this carried," said the man. "My father, who was here before me, oiled it for the last one."

"May it be long before it carries another!" commented the boy fervently.

"It will not be long. The old King fails hourly. And this happening of yesterday——"

"What happened yesterday?" queried the boy.

"It was a matter of the Crown Prince."

"Was he ill?"

"He ran away," said the man shortly.

"Ran away?" The boy stopped his dusting, and stared, open-mouthed.

"Aye, ran away. Grew weary of back-bending, perhaps. I do not know. I do not believe in kings."

"Not believe in kings?" The boy stopped his brushing.

"You do, of course," sneered the man. "Because a thing is, it is right. But I think. I use my brains. I reason. And I do not believe in kings."

Up the runway came sounds from the ring, the thudding of hoofs, followed by a child's shrill, joyous laughter. The man scowled.

"Listen!" he said. "We labor and they play."

"It has always been so. I do not begrudge happiness."

But the man was not listening.

"I do not believe in kings," he said sullenly.

CHAPTER SIX

The Chancellor Pays a Visit

THE Archduchess was having tea. Her boudoir was a crowded little room. Nikky had once observed confidentially to Miss Braithwaite that it was exactly like her, all hung and furnished with things that were not needed. The Archduchess liked it because it was warm. The palace rooms were mostly large and chilly. She had a fire there on the warmest days in spring, and liked to put the coals on, herself. She wrapped them in pieces of paper so she would not soil her hands.

This afternoon she was not alone. Lounging at a window was the lady who was in waiting at the time, the Countess Loschek. Just now she was getting rather a wigging, but she was remarkably calm.

"The last three times," the Archduchess said, stirring her tea, "you have had a sore throat."

"It is such a dull book," explained the Countess.

"Not at all. It is an improving book. If you would put your mind on it when you are reading, Olga, you would enjoy it. And you would learn something, besides. In my opinion," went on the Archduchess, tasting her tea, "you smoke too many cigarets."

The Countess yawned, but silently, at her window. Then she consulted a thermometer. "Eighty!" she said briefly, and, coming over, sat down by the tea-table.

The Countess Loschek was thirty, and very handsome, in an insolent way. She was supposed to be the best-dressed woman at the Court, and to rule Annunciata with an iron hand, although it was known that they quarreled a great deal over small things, especially over the coal fire.

Some said that the real thing that held them together was resentment that the little Crown Prince stood between the Princess Hedwig and the throne. Annunciata was not young, but she was younger than her dead brother, Hubert. And others said it was because the Countess gathered up and brought in the news of the Court—the small intrigues and the scandals that constitute life in the restricted walls of a palace. There is a great deal of gossip in a palace where the king is old and everything rather stupid and dull.

The Countess yawned again.

"Where is Hedwig?" demanded the Archduchess.

"Her Royal Highness is in the nursery, probably."

"Why probably?"

"She goes there a great deal."

The Archduchess eyed her. "Well, out with it," she said. "There is something seething in hat wicked brain of yours."

The Countess shrugged her shoulders. Not that she resented having a wicked brain. She rather fancied the idea. "She and young Lieutenant Larisch have tea quite frequently with his Royal Highness."

"How frequently?"

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"Three times this last week, madame."

"Little fool!" said Annunciata. But she frowned, and sat tapping her teacup with her spoon. She was just a trifle afraid of Hedwig, and she was more anxious than she would have cared to acknowledge. "It is being talked about, of course?"

The Countess shrugged her shoulders.

"Don't do that!" commanded the Archduchess sharply. "How far do you think the thing has gone?"

"He is quite mad about her."

"And Hedwig—but she is silly enough for anything. Do they meet anywhere else?'

"At the riding-school, I believe. At least, I——"

Here a maid entered and stood waiting at the end of the screen. The Archduchess Annunciata would have none of the palace flunkies about her when she could help it. She had had enough of men, she maintained, in the person of her late husband, whom she had detested. So except at dinner she was attended by tidy little maids, in gray Quaker costumes, who could carry tea-trays into her crowded boudoir without breaking things.

"His Excellency, General Mettlich," said the maid.

The Archduchess nodded her august head, and the maid retired. "Go away, Olga," said the Archduchess. "And you might," she suggested grimly, "gargle your throat."

The Chancellor had passed a troubled night. Being old, like the King, he required little sleep. And for most of the time between one o'clock and his rising hour of five he had lain in his narrow camp-bed and thought. He had not confided all his worries to the King.

Evidences of renewed activity on the part of the Terrorists were many. In the past month two of his best secret agents had disappeared. One had been found the day before, stabbed in the back. The Chancellor had seen the body—an unpleasant sight. But it was not of the dead man that General Mettlich thought. It was of the other. The dead tell nothing. But the living, under torture, tell many things. And this man Haeckel, young as he was, knew much that was vital. Knew the working of the Secret Service, the names of the outer circle of twelve, knew the codes and passwords, knew, too, the ways of the palace, the hidden room always ready for emergency, even the passage that led by devious ways, underground, to a distant part of the great park.

At five General Mettlich had risen, exercised before an open window with an old pair of iron dumb-bells, had followed this with a cold bath and hot coffee, and had gone to early mass at the Cathedral. And there, on his knees, he had prayed for a little help. He was, he said, getting old and infirm, and he had been too apt all his life to rely on his own right arm. But things were getting rather difficult. He prayed to Our Lady for intercession for the little Prince. He felt, in his old heart, that the Mother would understand the situation, and how he felt about it. And he asked in a general supplication, and very humbly, for a few years more of life. Not that life meant anything to him personally. He had outlived most of those he loved. But that he might serve the King, and after him the boy who would be Otto IX. He added, for fear they might not understand, having a great deal to look after, that he had earned all this by many years of loyalty, and besides, that he knew the situation better than any one else.

He felt much better after that. Especially as, at the moment he rose from his knees, the Cathedral clock had chimed and then struck seven. He had found seven a very lucky number. So now he entered the boudoir of the Archduchess Annunciata, and the Countess went out another door, and closed it behind her, immediately opening it about an inch.

The Chancellor strode around the screen, scratching two tables with his sword as he advanced, and kissed the hand of the Princess Annunciata. They were old enemies and therefore always very polite to each other. The Archduchess offered him a cup of tea, which he took, although she always made very bad tea. And for a few moments they discussed things. Thus: the King's condition; the replanting of the Place with trees; and the date of bringing out the Princess Hilda, who was still in the schoolroom.

But the Archduchess suddenly came to business. She was an abrupt person. "And now, General," she said, "what is it?"

"I am in trouble, Highness," replied the Chancellor simply.

"We are most of us in that condition at all times. I suppose you mean this absurd affair of yesterday. Why such a turmoil

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about it? The boy ran away. When he was ready he returned. It was absurd, and I dare say you and I both are being held for our sins. But he is here now, and safe."

"I am afraid he is not as safe as you think, madame."

"Why?"

He sat forward on the edge of his chair, and told her of the students at the University, who were being fired by some powerful voice; of the disappearance of the two spies; of the evidence that the Committee of Ten was meeting again, and the failure to discover their meeting-place; of disaffection among the people, according to the reports of his agents. And then to the real purpose of his visit. Karl of Karnia had, unofficially, proposed for the Princess Hedwig. He had himself broached the matter to the King, who had at least taken it under advisement. The Archduchess listened, rather pale. There was no mistaking the urgency in the Chancellor's voice.

"Madame, after centuries of independence we now face a crisis which we can not meet alone. Believe me, I know of what I speak. United, we could stand against the world. But a divided kingdom, a disloyal and discontented people, spells the end."

And at last he convinced her. But, because she was built of a contrary mold, she voiced an objection, not to the scheme, but to Karl himself. "I dislike him. He is arrogant and stupid."

"But powerful, madame. And—what else is there to do?"

There was nothing else, and she knew it. But she refused to broach the matter to Hedwig.

She stated, and perhaps not without reason, that such a move was to damn the whole thing at once. She did not use exactly these words, but their royal equivalent. And it ended with the Chancellor, looking most ferocious but inwardly uneasy, undertaking to put, as one may say, a flea into the Princess Hedwig's small ear.

As he strode out the door into the next room closed quietly.

The next instalment of Mrs. Rinehart's serial, ***"Long Live the King!"*** *will appear in the March number.*

O. HENRY—APOTHECARY

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Where once he measured camphor, glycerin,
  Cloves, aloes, potash, peppermint in bars,
And all the oils and essences so keen
  That druggists keep in rows of stoppered jars—
Now, blender of strange drugs more volatile,
  The master pharmacist of joy and pain
Dispenses sadness tinctured with a smile
  And laughter that dissolves in tears again.

O brave apothecary! You who knew
  What dark and acid doses life prefers,
And yet with smiling face resolved to brew
  These sparkling potions for your customers—
Glowing with globes of red and purple glass
Your window gladdens travelers who pass.

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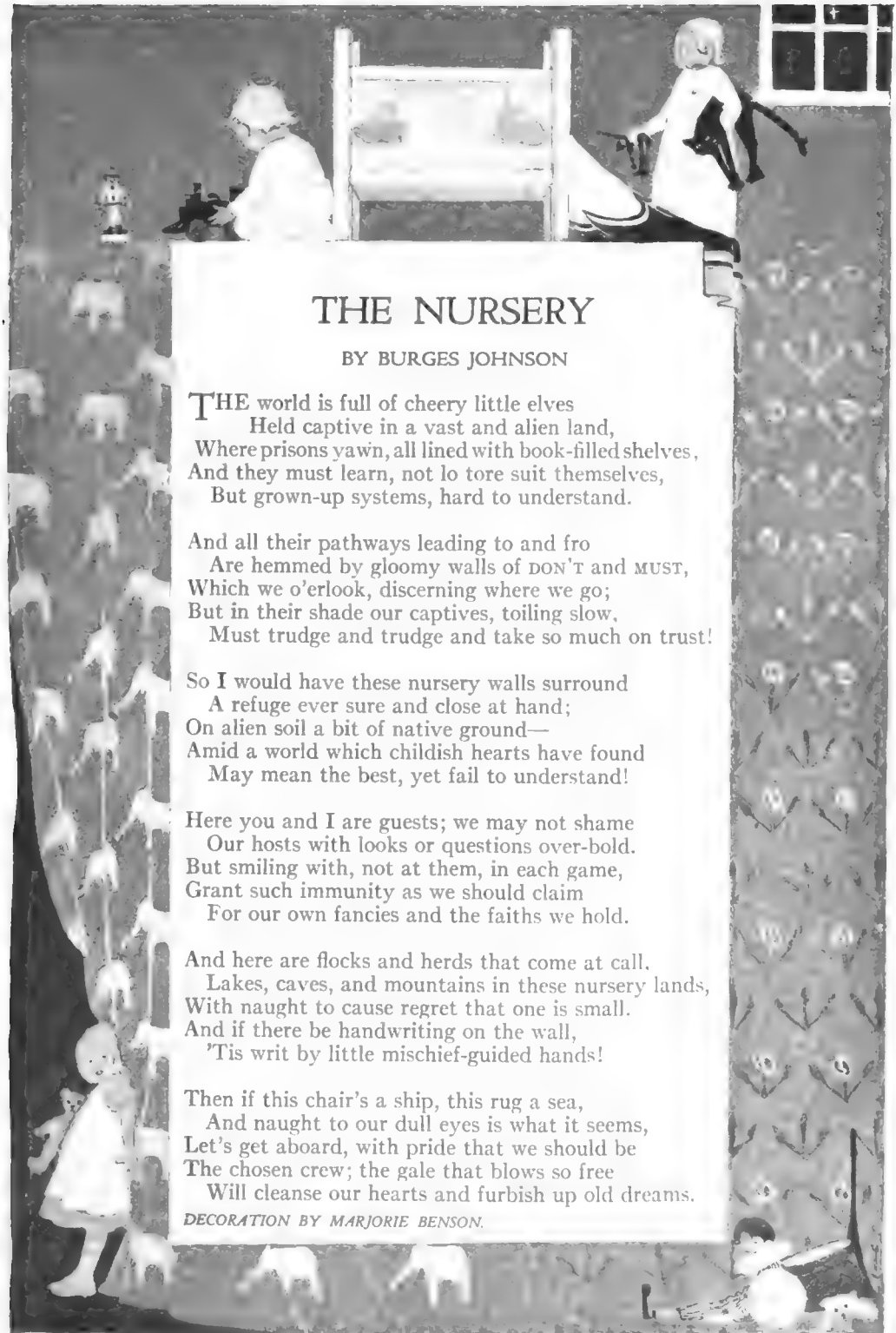

THE NURSERY

BY BURGES JOHNSON

THE world is full of cheery little elves
Held captive in a vast and alien land,
Where prisons yawn, all lined with book-filled shelves,
And they must learn, not lo tore suit themselves,
But grown-up systems, hard to understand.

And all their pathways leading to and fro
Are hemmed by gloomy walls of DON'T and MUST,
Which we o'erlook, discerning where we go;
But in their shade our captives, toiling slow,
Must trudge and trudge and take so much on trust!

So I would have these nursery walls surround
A refuge ever sure and close at hand;
On alien soil a bit of native ground—
Amid a world which childish hearts have found
May mean the best, yet fail to understand!

Here you and I are guests; we may not shame
Our hosts with looks or questions over-bold.
But smiling with, not at them, in each game,
Grant such immunity as we should claim
For our own fancies and the faiths we hold.

And here are flocks and herds that come at call,
Lakes, caves, and mountains in these nursery lands,
With naught to cause regret that one is small.
And if there be handwriting on the wall,
'Tis writ by little mischief-guided hands!

Then if this chair's a ship, this rug a sea,
And naught to our dull eyes is what it seems,
Let's get aboard, with pride that we should be
The chosen crew; the gale that blows so free
Will cleanse our hearts and furbish up old dreams.

DECORATION BY MARJORIE BENSON.

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Confessions of a

by William G. Shepherd

Here is the first frank, full answer to the questions that we constantly ask as we read reports from the front: How much do war correspondents really see? Do they tell the truth? Does the censorship warp news? Do the reporters get into danger?

Mr. Shepherd has had a remarkably varied experience. He has reported the war from every important battle-front in Europe. As correspondent of the United Press, he covered the destruction of Belgium; he was the only newspaper man who saw the second battle of Ypres; he was the first American reporter permitted at the British front in France. He has been at the German front, with the Austrians at Przemysl; with the Italians in the Trieste district; he reported four of the greatest retreats of the war, including the retreat of the Austrians, and later that of the Servians, from Servia.

His confessions—this article and two more to come—are a real sensation. The photographs were taken by the author, and have never before been published.—The Editor.

IT IS Sunday, September 5, 1914. With another American correspondent, earlier in the day, I have stood in the middle of the Avenue de l'Opéra and looked about at the Avenue, the side streets, and the doors and windows of the buildings. Not a human being is in sight except ourselves. The prairies of Texas were never more silent.

The fate of Paris is hanging by a thread, with the outside world looking on. The Germans have been coming toward us daily. Ten, fifteen, twenty miles they have come nearer to us each twenty-four hours. We, with a half-dozen others, are the only correspondents, of any nationality, in the French capital; the others have all followed the French Government down to Bordeaux. Between us, we represent all the newspapers in the United States with their millions of

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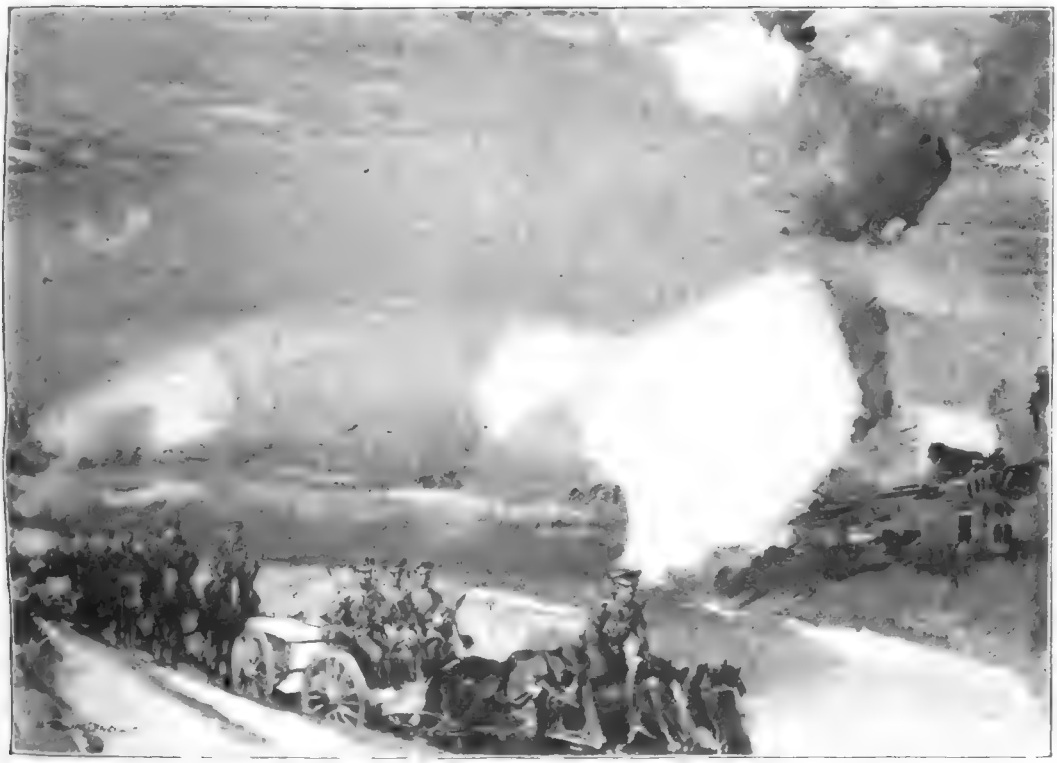

War Correspondent

Photographs by the Author
Drawing by Harry Townsend

readers. They are looking to us to give them, first hand, the news of the first round of this world's championship fight which they, with the rest of the civilized world, believe may end in a knockout.

And all we can do is to walk aimlessly about the deserted streets and listen to the rumble of distant guns. We do not know whether these guns are French or German; we do not know how near the Germans really are; we do not know how long Paris can hold out. There is no one to go to for information. We can not leave the city and make a try for the front, because we have no military passes. We know nothing about what is going on around us, and the United States must go without news so far as we are concerned.

That night a few of us sat in the lobby of a hotel under the beams of one little electric light which the porter was operating for our benefit, and listened to an American magazine editor tell how his magazine had grown from small beginnings to a great position in the magazine world. The Germans might be in Paris the next day, but we had tired of talking about things we knew nothing of.

Our talk was interrupted at one stage by a correspondent who had spent the evening with a French censor in a restaurant near the War Office in the hope of getting news.

"Nothing to report," said Dawson. "He doesn't know anything more about what's going on than we do."

When our party broke up, tired with much talking and smoking, at two o'clock on Monday morning, we expected to see German soldiers in the French capital within twenty-four hours.

The next day, at three in the afternoon, the French *communique*, which had been issued in Bordeaux and telegraphed to Paris for distribution among the few correspondents who had remained there, reached our hands. I have a copy of that *communique*,

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which I am saving as one of the relics of the Great War. (See facsimile on page 178.) It says in effect—this *communique* of the afternoon of Monday, September 6, 1914:

Our advance troops defending Paris have come in contact with forces of the right wing of the Germans. The small engagement has resulted to our advantage.

That was all. "The small engagement"; "our advantage." And yet every schoolboy in future years will know that on that Sunday evening and the following day, by a mighty conflict, Paris was being saved.

THE Gallieni taxicabs, which will take their place in history with the geese that saved Rome, were gathering near Napoleon's tomb to carry the army of Paris out to the front at Meaux. Manoury's army was swinging past Paris to the north of us and was crashing into the German flank. Things were happening within a few miles of us to make glad the hearts of Frenchmen for a thousand years. An adventure of an entire twentieth-century nation was coming to a good and thrilling close. The crisis of the world's greatest war was being decided.

And we war correspondents, in the midst of it, did not know what was going on! The only news we had discovered in those two great days was that little forty-four-word *communique* with its "little engagement" and "our advantage."

"It will take more than a 'little engagement' resulting to 'our advantage' to save this town," we decided. But in due time, which means several days, we learned that there was a world of news we did not know in that forty-four-word message.

A new determination grew up in our hearts in Paris. We decided that it was an unendurable humiliation to be in the midst of great affairs and not see them or even know that they were going on. It was a spur, that humiliation. It spurred seventeen of us into trouble. Each man for himself decided that he must get out and see things. We did not confer, for after the saving of Paris, competition between the correspondents became bitterly keen. It was an individual but unanimous determination.

How it was that all of us decided upon the same geographical point for carrying out our resolve to see things remains a mystery; but ten days after the salvation of Paris had been effected, the French army commander at Villers-Cotterets, on the afternoon of September 18th, began to receive reports from various parts of his line that certain mysterious male persons, who bore the credentials of American war correspondents, were being arrested, without passes, in considerable numbers. Such persons were as unwelcome to a French army commander at that time—and they have been ever since, more or less—as a plague of grasshoppers to a Kansas farmer. Before midnight the French and British had arrested seventeen of us, who, taking our destinies into our own hands, had come to the front "for to see and for to admire."

The few of us who were arrested by the British were lucky: we were permitted to remain in the town after giving our parole not to attempt to pass beyond the town limits. The correspondents who were arrested by the French were sent back to Paris without delay.

For five days I looked on while the town's buildings shook like jelly-molds under the pulse and throb of thousands of auto-busses; while armies of men on horseback, afoot, in autos, passed through the streets. Senegalese in bright robes; Arabs on horse-show horses; French Zouaves in red and yellow; French soldiers in bright blue and violent crimson—they passed back and forth, an unending tide, a super-circus parade.

I did not know what it all meant. I did not know what was going on. I saw the village priest march before six men who were being led out to be shot as spies, but I did not follow to see the execution. I saw a dozen German spies who had been arrested, one after another, somewhat as we correspondents had been arrested on that fateful September 18th, and I heard a French officer say: "There is some particular thing the Germans are trying to find out over here, and they will send over man after man until one of them gets back to them alive." But I was in as great ignorance as the Germans of what all the great to-do really signified.

In five days I got three feature stories, which I sent back to the United States. One told of the brave little priest and his work among the wounded and suffering; another of how unconcerned were the German spies whom I had seen awaiting death; and the third described a French chef who was cooking a meal in a grape-arbor with

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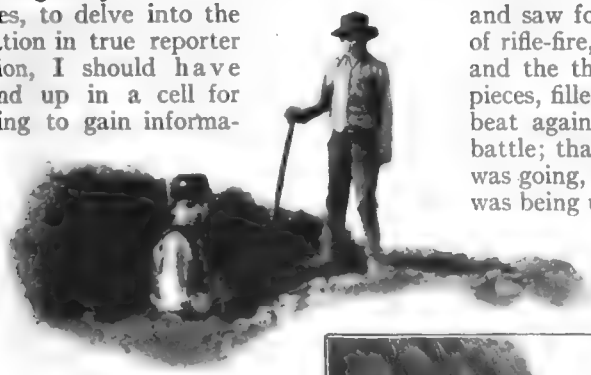
the steam from the coffee-tank settling in bead moisture on the cool white grapes above his head.

Those were all the stories I got out of seeing things first hand at Villers-Cotterets.

And I was glad to get them. If I had tried to get any more exact stories, to delve into the situation in true reporter fashion, I should have wound up in a cell for seeking to gain information in regard to military secrets.



I discovered, some days later in Paris, from an official *communique*, that Villers-Cotterets, while I had been held there, was the pivot of a turning movement in the battle along the Aisne. Also, I decided no matter how great the humiliation might have been of remaining in Paris in those great days without seeing anything at first hand, there might be even greater disappointment and humiliation in seeing things and not knowing what they meant.

To see or not to see became an important question with every correspondent at this early stage of the war, and it hasn't yet lost its importance. "How much do you fellows really know of what is going on around you? How much do you really see?" are questions which are flung at returning war correspondents both by their lecture audiences and by their friends who seek to get behind the scenes in the war correspondent's life and work.

Only too often, I admit, we do not see big events at first hand; but seeing them, being present in person, does not always assist a correspondent to get at the inwardness of what is going on.

I stood on a hill at Scherpenberg, Belgium, a few miles south of Ypres, during the second battle of Ypres, in April of 1915, and saw forty miles of battle. The rattle of rifle-fire, the pounding of machine guns, and the thunder of thousands of artillery pieces, filled the air with sound-waves that beat against my very insides. It was a battle; that was all I knew of it. How it was going, who was winning, what strategy was being used, and what tactics, I did not know. Neither did the officers about me know these things. Two American

A MILITARY PRIEST RECEIVED THE CONFESSIONS OF CHOLERA-STRICKEN AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS.

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military attachés who were present seemed to be in equal doubt.

A little man, white-haired and white-mustached, rode up to the foot of the steep slope, dismounted from his horse, and climbed the hill to watch the fighting. He was General Sir John French, commander-in-chief of the British army, creator of the battle we were beholding. He was as calm and cool as any man who viewed the battle that day.

And I have always doubted whether he could tell from what he saw from the hill how his forty-mile battle was going. Back in his headquarters, thirty miles away, trusted men bending over maps in a room that was lined with busy telephones were watching the battle and knew exactly what was happening. Couriers came occasionally to the general with dispatches that told him what was going on; but I have always felt sure that General French came to the front that day merely to hear the noise and see the physical manifestation of his own handiwork. He was scalloping the line of the forty-mile horizon with shell smoke as a housekeeper with her tiny shears scallops the edge of a table-cover.

THERE HAVE BEEN TIMES WHEN CORRESPONDENTS WERE FORCED TO LIVE THE SOLDIER'S LIFE.

It was a sight for any man to see, especially for the men who had created it. Napoleon, Cæsar, Alexander—none of them ever saw such a sight as this. In all the landscape before us men were dying like mere germs; human life was at the lowest quotation it has ever been in civilization's history. Somewhere down there poison gas was being used for the first time, so the telephone said. At some point before our gaze ten thousand Canadians, caught in a German trap, were being slaughtered, and at another point ten thousand Germans were being wiped out. Looking through our glasses we could see in distant trenches the backs of British soldiers, men who were to die in a charge that night.

Give Cæsar this mass of machinery; these massive guns that shoot as far as his cavalry could have moved in half a day; these aeroplanes; these clouds of deadly gas; this network of telephone wires; these wireless towers that talk with the aeroplanes in the sky; these rubber-tired horseless chariots that can move fifty thousand men ten miles in one hour; this system of railroads that run back a hundred miles behind the front line, and the system of transport ships that run back to England; this hospital system by which a man when wounded is tenderly carried back to safety and nursed like a baby instead of being left to die or being kindly killed as were the legionaries of Rome; give Cæsar this battle-line, forty miles wide and ten miles thick, with fighting so intense that most of it must be done underground—and how would the great Cæsar have finished this afternoon's battle?

But seeing it gave only meager understanding of it. Our ears, our eyes, and, to a certain extent, our noses, helped us to sense what was going on, but it was too gigantic to be taken in by the senses alone. The

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imagination of man, working through the centuries, had produced this machinery of war, and it was by imagination alone, founded on a mass of small facts, that one was able to understand what this machinery now in full and ponderously terrible operation, was accomplishing. In the story which I cabled to America that night—the first story that had been sent from a battle-field in the course of the war—I made no pretense at telling the military purposes of what I had seen; I avoided the fashion of the old-time war correspondents who criticized and analyzed as dramatic critics do at a first night. I could only tell what I had seen, heard, and smelled that day. To tell what the battle meant and how it was going was beyond me, as it was beyond every one else, except the men bending over the maps at headquarters. From these men, two days later, I got something of the real story; they were just beginning then to get the facts together.

THERE are times when it is impossible for a correspondent to see his story; when to see it would mean to lose it.

A young man of the vague nationality of the Levant came into my room one winter day in Salonica, wild-eyed and covered with mud and the marks of Macedonian travel.

"The Bulgars have got Monastir," he said, "but I broke through their lines, and I have been traveling on foot five days to reach Salonica. When they came into town they broke into the American Red Cross store-room, tore down the American flag, and drew a sword on the American Red Cross men in charge, and made them turn over a lot of Red Cross flour to them."

The story was a long and exciting one, but I had known him in Monastir, and knew that I could believe him. Therefore I put the story of the attack on the cable, and Americans were reading it within a few hours. I introduced my story by saying: "A report which reached Salonica to-day indicates that the American flag has been torn down and insulted at Monastir by Bulgarian soldiers." Later events proved that the story as I sent it was true in every detail, but some weeks later I received, in my usual batch of anonymous correspondence, a letter from the United States signed "A Bulgar Girl," in which I was severely criticized for having sent such a story without having myself witnessed the incident.

"You war correspondents are always telling us what somebody else has seen and told you. Why don't you go out and see things yourselves?" wrote "A Bulgar Girl."

Her question was a fair one. But in the instance to which she referred, no correspondent would have tried to break through the strong line of her Bulgarian brothers' advance to attempt to witness an incident that had already happened.

THERE was a little coffee-house at Monastir, where a few of us spent our evenings in those days of November, 1915, when the Bulgars were just about to pounce on that quaint and ancient city and we were just about to leave it. The door opened late one night, and when the blast of fresh air had blown away the fog of Servian tobacco-smoke, we saw a group of travel-stained men and women file in through the entrance, their faces strained but smiling.

"We come from Ushkub," one of the travelers explained. "We have come by horse and on foot. The roads are lined with horrors, and it is only by God's grace that we are here. All the folk in Servia are fleeing from the Bulgars."

Up to the north of us, a hundred miles, say, we learned men, women, and children were dying from exposure and hunger, and such horrors were occurring as the world had not known for many centuries. Up there somewhere in the ruck we knew there was an American newspaperman who had been seeing it all. Would he scoop us? Ought we to go and see the thing with our own eyes? I telegraphed the story of the travelers to Athens, where it was put on the cables for the United States. This was the first story that reached the outside world of the Gethsemane through which the Servian nation was passing. Then I went to bed to think it out.

The next morning we went out of the city along the road to see if more refugees from Servia were coming. We met them, a small group, tired almost to exhaustion, hungry, dirty, and sleepy, after twenty days of hardship. They were too worried or too happy at reaching safety to talk intelligently about what they had seen, so we helped them to stir up the dust on the road back to Monastir, and, an hour later, we got their story in the coffee-house, after they had intoxicated themselves with hot coffee and food, and put the story on the wire. The London evening newspapers

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carried seven-column heads on these stories of the Servian hegira—an unheard-of display of headlines in England.

I decided not to go into the mountains. The coffee-house at Monastir was the place for me. There I could get a new story daily with all the latest developments. Monastir, besides, was the end of the telegraph lines.

"Always stick to the end of the cable," was one of Richard Harding Davis's maxims. "Somebody will always come along to you with a story."

But to see things is the main effort of all the correspondents in Europe. To get to the front is the correspondent's chief object in life, and to attain this object it is often necessary to pass through a sea of social activities, including teas, calls, and conferences, in which stormy journey the correspondent lays aside his knee breeches and belted coat, and appears, most of the time, in afternoon clothes or his claw-hammer. That's the way things are done in Europe.

A TEMPORARY CAMP OF THE AUSTRIAN ARMY IN GALICIA, DURING THE RETREAT FROM PRZEMYSL. MR. SHEPHERD IS STANDING DIRECTLY BEHIND THE BROWSING PORKER.

I have been to teas in Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, and Budapest, and at every function I felt—nay, knew—that I and my fellow correspondents were being looked over and measured as to our individual intelligence, our appearance, our leaning, our appetites, and all other points in which we might appear to good or ill advantage. Many a war correspondent's fate in Europe has been settled at some afternoon tea. And the teas are still going on.

In London there is a certain weekly tea in a little old hotel in Pall Mall where reliable correspondents from America are always welcome and where, from time to time, they meet some of the leading British statesmen and, in an informal way, are put in the way of getting proper information and are also measured up by the officials who have to do with newspaper correspondents. This London tea has been of inestimable benefit to the American newspaper correspondents. Whatever is said at these teas is secret. I have heard some of the chief statesmen of England chatting at these affairs, dropping remarks that might electrify the world; but never has an American correspondent taken advantage of anything he has heard on these occasions.

It was at a weekly tea given by the wife of a government official that the American correspondents now in good standing in Berlin first proved themselves worthy of trust. I notice that the American writers who are now most greatly favored by the German military authorities are the same chaps who, when these teas were started in the fall of 1914, attended them most religiously, even if attendance did mean going home and getting into your one-button frock coat and high hat. New York editors laughed at the "society game," as some of them called it; but, in the main, it was the society game that turned the trick. In time New York editors recognized this fact; after losing my evening clothes in a trunk which the Italian railroads lost sight of, I put a new evening layout on my expense account, and got away with it.

Yet all this social and diplomatic struggle to win the favor of going to the front results, if it is successful, more in *kudos* for the correspondent than in real news for his papers. The war is so vast and the things which a correspondent can see with his own eyes are, proportionately, so small that when he has seized an incident out of the cyclone of incidents that is going on around him he often finds that it is too small to make a showing with.

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I went with Frederick Villiers, the oldest war correspondent alive, once an associate of Archibald Forbes, the father of war correspondents, to the British trenches near Plœgsteert one afternoon.

"Why in the devil do those German machine guns keep banging away to-day? They hardly ever use machine guns over there in the daytime. I don't like the looks of it." I heard a captain make this remark to the British officer who was acting as our escort.

ning along the trench and a sentry at the trench entrance shouted it into the Plœgsteert wood where the ambulance men were stationed.

"Thirty-four Seaforths hit by a German shell," said the entrance sentry.

Villiers and I had missed it, for it was among the Seaforths that we had spent the afternoon.

And yet, when it came to writing the story of the afternoon's experience, the incident seemed hopelessly small as an illus-

A ROW OF AUSTRIAN RIFLE-PITS USED PRINCIPALLY DURING THE EARLY PART OF THE WAR, BEFORE TRENCHES CAME INTO GENERAL USE. THEY WERE ESPECIALLY HELPFUL TO THE AUSTRIANS IN REAR-GUARD ACTION.

"I'll have to get these two correspondents out of here if there's going to be any trouble," said our guide. "Can't have them in a charge, you know."

English shells from guns some miles behind us sang over our heads and dropped on the German trench three hundred feet distant. Three times we saw shells fall directly on the German line. Blasts of material would mushroom into the air, and out of the blast we would see pieces of timber, parts of rifles, objects that looked gruesomely like human arms and legs, float to the earth, moving downward very slowly, as compared with their upward rush. We heard our British friends jubilate over the marksmanship of their distant artillery—and then our guide took us away to safety. Within a few minutes after we had left the trench and returned to the shelter of the grove the cry of "Ambulance!" came run-

tration of the unpleasant side of war. It was too slight to be mentioned in the *communiques* on either side. What are thirty-four dead men among thousands?

Passing along a country road in Galicia, near Przemysl, I saw a score of Austrian soldiers lying on the ground in a farmyard. It was the beauty of the picture that first attracted our attention. Through the bare branches of an apple-orchard the winter sunshine drifted down on to beds of golden straw which served as the background for the blue-gray Austrian uniform of the prostrate men. We learned that these men were dying of cholera; within twenty-four hours most of them would be dead and new victims would be in their places, for this orchard had been set aside as the spot to which every soldier on that part of the line who developed symptoms of cholera must be carried. Across the road, in a plowed

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field, farmer boys were digging a hole—it was their daily task—in which these men would be buried. Cholera was a sure and a quick death in Galicia in those days.

A military priest moved about in the mud of the orchard and when he found men who were strong enough to rise to their knees he bent over toward them, as they did so, received their confession, and granted them extreme unction. There were no doctors for these men. The health of their bodies had gone forever; for the health of their souls the good priest put his own gentle life in jeopardy. I took photographs of the priest and of the men who were doomed to die; I took a photograph of the boys digging the big grave in the field across the way. I was beholding things at first hand, and my only excuse for using my camera on such a scene is that I wanted my readers also to see the horror of war as I had seen it there in the orchard.

And yet all the words that I could write of this small thing which I had seen, and all the photographs I might take, fell short of telling adequately the full horror which the cholera was working among thousands of lives, daily, in the Austrian and Russian lines. Again I had come up against the hard fact that the Great War is too big to be seen.

ONE reassuring fact for American newspaper readers is that, even if we correspondents do not know the latest news, they, the readers, will get it, anyhow.

For instance: It was a winter day at Przemysl. New guns were booming to the north of us where Russian guns had never been before. The Austrian officer who had us in charge would not explain what the sound of the new guns meant. Instead he took us to the suburbs of Przemysl, within the fortifications, and let us look at a church from which the spire had been blown away. All the story I found that day to write was about a fight between an owl that had been driven into the blinding daylight by having his home in the church steeple blown away, and six blackbirds who, perhaps, had never seen an owl. I called the story a battle of monoplanes and mailed it in the military post that night.

But that day, seventeen miles away, Jaroslav had fallen; that was what the new guns meant. Przemysl was doomed. We did not know in Przemysl what had happened, but that same evening in New York, and in every other city in the United States, Americans read in their evening papers the Russian *communique*, telling how the Russians had driven the Austrians out of Jaroslav and how the fall of Przemysl was at hand. And yet two American war reporters in Przemysl and all the millions of men and women in Austria and Germany did not know for several days that Przemysl was doomed.

Again: We were riding in springless wagons in a blizzard in desolate northern Servia in the winter of 1914-1915.

"Never mind the inconvenience," said the Austrian officer who was our chaperon. "The Servians are flying before us. To-morrow Belgrade falls and I am informed that I am to take you to that city. There you shall have comfort and find plenty of news."

But, on the morrow, when we arose from the pile of straw in the ramshackle schoolhouse where we had spent the night, and climbed into our bone-wracking wagons after enjoying a breakfast of goulash, the drivers turned their horses northward, toward the Save and Austria, not eastward toward the Danube and Belgrade. There was no explanation given to us. At last we passed out of Servia into Hungary and, after some days, we arrived in Budapest on a steam train.

Why the change in plans? What had happened? We American war correspondents, on whom, as we felt, some millions of Americans were depending for their news, did not know. We could get no answers to our questions. But that night, while we were sleeping in the bleak schoolhouse some twenty miles behind the Austrian front, Americans, in their comfortable homes, were reading in their evening newspapers that the Servians had come to life and were driving the Austrians out of Servia, in utter rout. Americans got the story from the Servian *communique*, but millions of Austrians and Germans did not know of the rout for many weeks. As for myself, a Hungarian journalist whispered the story to me in the Belvarosi Kavehaz in Budapest some days after the Austrian army and we two American war correspondents had reached safety, on the Hungarian side of the Danube.

"How much danger do you war correspondents get into?" is a question which every correspondent must face when he returns to the United States. This is our

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casualty list, up to the winter of 1915-1916:

Dead: Henry Beach Needham, magazine writer; killed in fall of aeroplane, in suburbs of Paris.

Patrick L. Jones, International News; drowned in sinking of *Lusitania*.

Wounded: Walter C. Whiffen, Associated Press; struck in leg by shrapnel while on the Russian front.

This list tells its own story of the fact that so few of the men who are sending America its war news have been under fire in the field that only one of them has been hit. The British correspondents have taken up this question of who is a war correspondent and who isn't by applying this question as a test: "Have you ever had a gun fired at you in anger?" Little it boots an English correspondent to hang around headquarters in jaunty costume of the field. Sooner or later he must answer this question, put to him by the chaps who *have* had guns so directed at themselves, and if his answer is in the negative, he doesn't belong. Out of the comparatively large number of American correspondents who have been gathering war news in Europe I know perhaps twenty who would qualify as war correspondents under the test of the British journalists.

But the British journalists have not taken into account the large number of correspondents who have been in London during the Zeppelin raids and who have found themselves, together with some seven million other human beings, in as much danger from death by bombs and shells as any war correspondent that ever went onto a battle-field. Any American correspondent in London has won the right to say that he has been under fire.

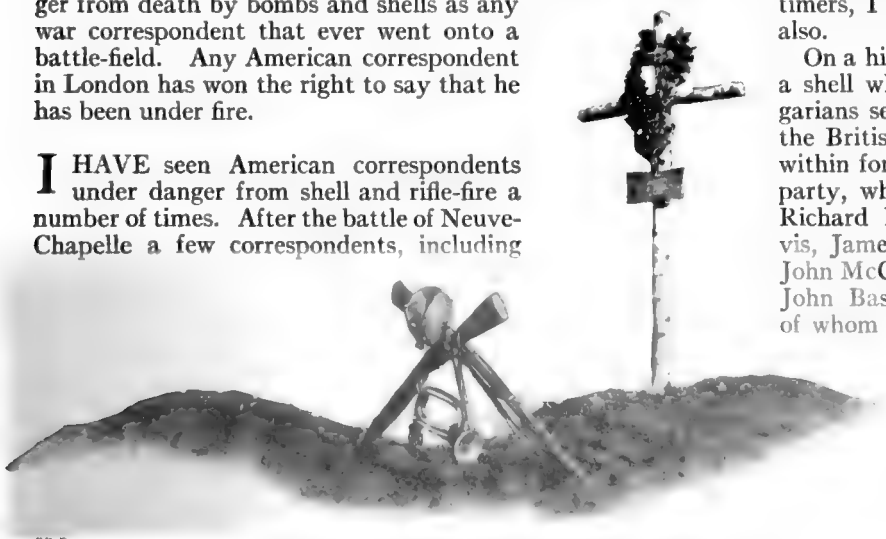
I HAVE seen American correspondents under danger from shell and rifle-fire a number of times. After the battle of Neuve-Chapelle a few correspondents, including Elser, of the Associated Press, and myself, were taken by the British to see the ruins of the town which they had just captured. In our party was Matania, an Italian sketch artist, whose work in the London illustrated weeklies has been considered the best that has appeared during the war. It was a cloudy day, and in the late afternoon a rainbow appeared over the shattered village, framing it like a proscenium arch—a stage setting. Matania, in hot enthusiasm, began to sketch the scene, when a three-inch shell whistled its way to a spot near by and burst. The explosion drenched the party in mud and half covered Matania's drawing.

With an Italian expletive the artist tore up the drawing and began violently to sketch the shell-burst as the fresh memory of it appeared in his mind's eye. A second and a third shell fell near the party, and the British officer ordered us to move on to another part of the line, as the Germans had undoubtedly found our range.

At dinner that night Matania, rumpling his hair with excited hands, suddenly shouted: "Fool that I am! Why didn't I save that mud-covered drawing and have it published to show how near I came to being killed to-day!"

Matania was merely expressing a feeling of elation and pride which all correspondents feel at having been under fire and at having escaped.

This is a feeling that is not confined to cub reporters in the war game. The old-timers, I find, have it also.



On a hill in Bulgaria a shell which the Bulgarians sent over into the British lines fell within forty feet of our party, which included Richard Harding Davis, James H. Hare, John McCutcheon, and John Bass, every one of whom had been under fire in other wars. That night, in talking over the events of the day, I found them

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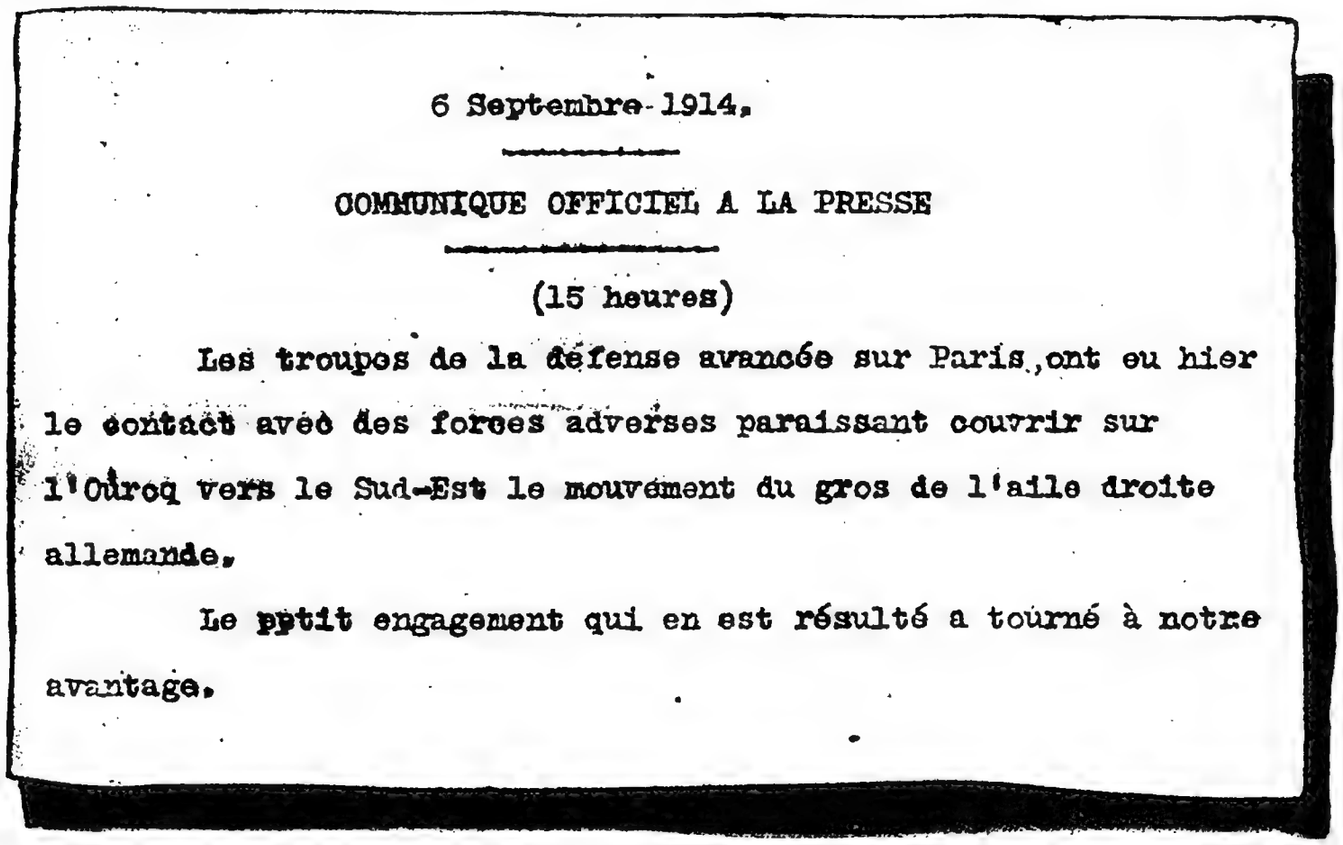
all jubilant over the fact that they had been under fire; I had something of the same feeling but, in a spirit of candor, I said:

"I don't like shell fire." I wasn't lying, either.

Davis, with a contented smile, said: "Well, I've been a war correspondent long enough to have the right to say I like it. There's a thrill about it that's pleasant."

had tried to kill *me* was as vivid as the joy that he had not succeeded. I went to sleep that night thinking about that one bullet, and it was on my mind in the morning.

Habit, apparently, accustoms the average human to all the dangers that war presents, which explains, perhaps, the fact that one day, coming to a gap in a British



6 Septembre 1914.

COMMUNIQUE OFFICIEL A LA PRESSE

(15 heures)

Les troupes de la défense avancée sur Paris,ont eu hier le contact avec des forces adverses paraissant couvrir sur l'Ourcq vers le Sud-Est le mouvement du gros de l'aile droite allemande.

Le pptit engagement qui en est résulté a tourné à notre avantage.

THE WAR BULLETIN, ISSUED SEPTEMBER 6, 1914, IN BORDEAUX AND TELEGRAPHED TO PARIS FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE CORRESPONDENTS MAROONED THERE. IT CALLS THE BATTLE FOUGHT BY THE FRENCH ADVANCE TROOPS AND FORCES OF THE GERMAN RIGHT WING A "SMALL ENGAGEMENT," YET IT WAS DURING THESE TENSE HOURS THAT PARIS WAS SAVED.

Later, I heard him say of another shell: "Well, I'm glad that one didn't get me. This war game is too interesting. I don't want to have to go home in the fifth inning."

Rifle-fire leaves a different impression upon you. There is something impersonal about an exploding shell, but a rifle-bullet sent at you is all your own. The artillerymen who sent the shell were trying to kill anybody, but the rifleman who sent the bullet was trying to kill YOU.

Looking through a periscope from the British trenches in Belgium, I unwittingly disobeyed orders and moved the top of the periscope, which projected, of course, above the trench. Within a fraction of a second a bullet from the German trenches passed directly above my head. The impression that that bullet was *mine*, that somebody

trench where it crossed the La Bassée road, I was casually ordered by an officer, who had become habituated to death, to jump across in haste "because the Germans are always watching this spot." I made the twelve-foot jump in a hurry. Six others did the same and a bullet came from the German rifles about a thousand feet away at each one of us.

Undoubtedly those eager German eyes across the way waited for more of us to jump. If they did they soon met a strange sight. They saw a large gentleman, dressed in golf costume, walk into the road from the direction we had come, take off his golf cap, wipe the perspiration from his forehead—they might have heard him give a sigh of relief if their ears had ranged with their eyes—lean like an exhausted man against

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the pile of sandbags which formed the entrance to the trench, and settle himself contentedly for a rest, within full view of the German trenches.

Their surprise and astonishment is recorded to this day in the living person of A. H. Griffith; his unriddled body is a testament to the fact that the Germans were too puzzled to shoot; that the view of a large plump man in No Man's Land, clad in golf costume, paralyzed their trigger fingers.

Griffith, for many years private secretary to the late Lord Strathcona of Canada, had come to the front as a representative of the Canadian Government and had joined the small party of newspaper correspondents because it gave him an opportunity to get a view of trench life. Half a mile of walking with bended back in the trench had well-nigh exhausted him and caused him to drop behind. The gap in the trench he had taken as an indication of the absence of danger and as a fitting resting-place for a man whose back ached from stooping.

"Good God! Jump! Get out of there!" yelled an officer who came along the trench some minutes later. Griffith, it may be recorded, gathered from the officer's words, without further explanation, that he ought to move, which he did.

I have always felt that the Germans across the way "played cricket," as the English call it, that day. There must have been scores of them who had a chance to kill the man in the golf costume, but some Teutonic phrase ran along the line that gave him his life. He was too obviously not in the war game, but only an onlooker.

Ordinary street clothes are, as a usual thing, however, highly dangerous as trench garb.

"I am not a war correspondent. I am a litterateur and I am going to the front merely to write what I see. I shall wear my ordinary clothes." So said a certain German writer who received word at his home one night that he would be taken with a party on a trip to the front the next day. His wife laid out his big muffler, his rubbers, umbrella, and overcoat, and the next morning, thus accoutered and wearing a derby hat, he went to the War Office and was taken to the front.

From the first appearance of the party in the battle zone they drew Russian fire. The derby hat of the German litterateur served as a moving target on which, throughout the day, the enemy directed his utmost efforts and skill. In the trenches the black archlike profile of the bowler hat skirted the trench-top and drew from time to time a rattle of Russian rifle-fire. The man in the derby hat became an Ishmaelite, a pariah, shunned by all, and that night the military authorities tucked him into an automobile, derby, muffler, rubbers, umbrella, and all, and sent him back home.

"No one knows how many Germans have been killed to-day by fire drawn by that black costume," said an officer. "Any time the enemy sees a man dressed like a civilian it judges that he is some statesman who ought to be put out of the way."

I CONFESS that once I joined in the common popular ribaldry over war correspondents' clothes. But I must admit that, to-day, in my trunks I have five different sets of such garments, not including my afternoon garb and my evening clothes. They are of different colors to suit my work at the British, French, Austrian, Italian, and Servian army headquarters.

Before a correspondent goes to the front he is told what clothes to secure. The Ally armies are not particular as to the exact cut of the war correspondent's garb, but the Germans have devised an official uniform for war correspondents, with the assistance of the correspondents themselves.

The popular idea of how much roughing it a correspondent must undergo in the present war is considerably exaggerated. There have been times, of course, when correspondents were forced to take soldier's fare and live the soldier's life, but such occasions have been few.

Not since the days of the Japanese-Russian War have war correspondents lived in tents, bathed in canvas bathtubs, had their retinues of servants and couriers, chartered despatch boats, bought horses, and otherwise dissipated the funds of their helpless employers and lived up to the popular idea of what a war correspondent ought to be and do. All the wars, since the conflict in Manchuria—with the exception of the mild Villa campaign and the inconsequential Pershing expedition—have been fought in the populous places of the earth. There have been short stretches of time in the Great War when certain clusters of correspondents lived in freight-cars or passenger-cars, but these

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have been rare. I slept in forty different beds in Belgium, France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, and Galicia in a total of sixty consecutive nights, and not one bed was a poor one.

The only real, honest-to-goodness valet that has ever brightened my life and taken care of my clothes, was a man-servant, in soldier's clothes, who was assigned to me while I was at the British front. I think it hurt Fred to discover that I had not brought enough underwear with me to wear a new layout every day, but I had come "traveling light," prepared for war. Every morning at seven o'clock—I insisted on rising at a most plebeian hour—he would tiptoe into the room in the little French hotel, light my oil lamp, untangle my underwear, fold it carefully on a chair, with the shirt on top (I was glad in those days that I did not wear combination underwear. An English valet never serves an Englishman who wears combination suits, for the simple reason that no Englishman ever does), shake out my socks, turn them inside out, and arrange them, as mother used to do on darning days, with the toe folded in so that I could peel them on. I would find my shoes and leggings cleaned of all of yesterday's mud and polished to a fault.

AN AUSTRIAN SENTRY ON DUTY IN A RIFLE-PIT NEAR PRZEMYSL.

This could hardly be called "roughing it," though I have given it as an instance of luxury in the extreme. I have dined with officers at the front, in a French château, within sound of infantry fire, who were served, by waiters from Paris, a dinner prepared by a chef from the Café de Paris. And I have had dinner with a Servian general when our table was a bale of hay and our food a piece of cheese, a chunk of bread, and a bottle of strong Servian wine.

The cost of keeping a correspondent in the field in the Great War varies in accordance with the territory. In Galicia, where "roughing it" extended to sleeping in boxcars and eating what could be found in the small villages, my expense account shows that twenty dollars a week kept me going.

But in Salonica, where British officers abounded, and entertainment and hospitality were the pleasant order, my receipts from the home office which did not include salary ran like this:

November	5, 1915	$500.00
December	6, 1915	300.00
December	24, 1915	300.00
January	8, 1916	500.00
February	16, 1916	500.00

And there were four other American correspondents who were finding Salonica as expensive as I did. Adding our expenses, it may be gathered that the occasional little items and even more occasional feature stories which were sent from Salonica for the casual perusal of American newspaper readers were costly bits for the newspapers when salaries and cable tolls are appended. And Salonica was only one corner of many which were being "covered" by the American news agencies and newspapers.

American newspaper readers, in spite of a certain sort of faking by irresponsible correspondents, with which I intend to deal in a later article, know more about both sides of the war, and get more news than the folks of any other land.

From the very first, the American newspaper correspondents have had the inside track in Europe. This was so markedly true that during the first year of the war the British public received its important news from American newspaper correspondents. For some reason or other, known to British journalists alone, American correspondents were given the best chances at the war news, and the great newspapers of London printed stories by American correspondents until some of these correspondents became better known to the British public than they were to their own countrymen back in the United States. The British censors permitted American correspondents to write and send to the United States stories of news events which the British journalists were not allowed even to *submit* to the censor. Therefore, if a British newspaper could secure from an American correspondent a story which British journalists did not even attempt to delve into, it did so with avidity.

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It was unfair to the British journalist, I confess.

I happened to be the American correspondent on whom the fortune fell of being the only correspondent of any nationality for some weeks at the British front. My stories were carried to London by the King's messenger every morning at seven o'clock, were cabled to the United States, and then after my London office was assured that the stories had reached America, they were turned over to a British news agency which distributed them throughout the British Isles and sent them to India and Australia. Why such an arrangement was ever made I have never been able to comprehend. It grew out of British politics that were too deep for me. But the point is that Americans were getting the news first.

Will Irwin, the American writer, came to London six months after the war began and discovered that the English people did not know—actually were in total ignorance of the fact—that there ever had been such a thing as the battle of Ypres in October of 1914. Lord Northcliffe, the king of British publishers, with almost unlimited influence in British affairs, knew of the battle, as did all the other publishers of England, but, for some mysterious reason working in British affairs, they did not publish the story. Irwin got the story and sent it to the New York *Tribune*. Within a week Irwin became the most famous journalist in England. His picture was published in the British newspapers, together with his story of the battle of Ypres. The story was published in pamphlet form and sold on the news-stands through the British Isles. But the American public took the story as a commonplace, quite in line with their habit of receiving the best war news first.

I can not say that America is getting all the news of the Great War. The iron hand of the censor is on the news. How extensive this censorship is, its nature, and how, at times, it has broken down or has been evaded by American correspondents I expect to tell in a later article.

But this much I know about the news which America has received from Europe:

THE HEADQUARTERS OF MAJOR MERSE, COMMANDER IN CHARGE OF THE RETREAT OF THE FRENCH ARMY OUT OF SERVIA. THE MAJOR STANDS IN THE CENTER, AND MR. SHEPHERD IS ON HIS LEFT.

America, because her people have obtained from the newspapers and magazines, and carefully sifted from the mass of propaganda more uncolored news and information than the people of any other neutral nation, is to-day the logical and unillusioned peacemaker of the earth.

In the March Number there will be more Confessions of a War Correspondent by William G. Shepherd.

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DORMIE ONE

by HOLWORTHY HALL

ILLUSTRATIONS BY C. H. TAFFS

IT WAS five o'clock, and rapidly shading into dusk. The September sun, which earlier had set the air to simmering in tremulous heat-waves, now moved reluctant to ambush behind the hills, and, as though sullen at the exigency of its time, gave warning by its bloodshot eye of pitiless heat to be renewed with to-morrow's dawn. From the curving line of trees—thin elms and maples, bordering upon the hard-packed road, long, soothing shadows edged out into the fresh green of the fairway, measuring with their deeper green the flight of hours, and the peaceful ebbing of the afternoon.

From the distant Sound, a transient breeze, shy as a maiden in the manner of its coming, ventured out from the protection of the ridge, hesitated, wavered, and passed across the sward so fleetingly that almost before it seemed assured a fact, it was a memory.

Then, from the trees at the roadside, and from the trees beyond, and from the little brook dawdling along from east to west, and from the reeded lake far over to the right, a breath of evening crept out upon the lawns, and there was silence.

In a clearing at the southern end of the sinuous line of maples there was a trim plateau, close-shorn of grass, and sharply defined by boundaries of sedge and stubble. From this spot forward an expansive belt of untrimmed land stretched northward for a hundred yards, to merge presently with the more aristocratic turf of the fairway.

Thereafter, between the trees and a long alinement of pits, the wide trail of adventure ran through rolling country, skirted a grove of locusts, dipped down to ford the brook, climbed past a pair of shallow trenches which glistened with coarse sand, and finally found refuge on a terraced green, protected by towering chestnuts and flanked by the arm of a Colonial house which rested comfortably beneath the trees.

From clearing to terrace the crow, flying as crows are popularly supposed to fly, would have accomplished five hundred and forty-five yards. It was the eighteenth hole at Kenilworth.

The trim plateau, which was the eighteenth tee, now marked the apex of a human letter, a V of which a thousand men and women formed each stroke. Converging sharply toward that rectangle in the sedge, two thousand men and women—twin lines of white, slashed here and there with burning color—restrained and held in check by twisted ropes, leaned out and gaped and wondered, breathless; now standing hushed by things already seen, now vibrant to the future, uneasy, murmuring.

And as in recompense for toiling through the humid afternoon two thousand men and women held this privilege: to stand, and wait, and watch until a boy, a sturdy, laughing boy, and then a man, a grayed and quiet man, played, stroke by stroke, the eighteenth hole at Kenilworth.

And silhouetted in the background, nervous on the tee, there stood the man and the boy, the finalists for the Amateur Championship; two wizards of the links whose faces had gone rigid, whose palms were suddenly wet and cold, whose souls were newly strung upon the natural laws which govern flying objects. For of these two, the man—Hargrave, the present champion—was dormie one.

He was fifty-five, this Hargrave; in commercial life he had known bankruptcy at forty. Golf, which had been heretofore diversion, he made the solace of his penury; it had then made itself his religion. Within the decade he had snatched the national title for his keepsake; subsequently he had lost it, struggled for it desperately, regained, and defended it. The gold medal meant infinitely more to him than a mere visible token of success at golf: it was suggestive of success elsewhere. It was the embodiment of conquests he had never made, of victories he never might accomplish. In other years wealth had eluded him, power had been alien to him, social distinction was to be classed among the impossibilities; but when

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THE NIBLICK ROSE, AND DESCENDED, SMASHING DOWN THE HINDER EDGE OF THE BOWL-LIKE CAVITY, AND TEARING THE BALL FREE. A SPRAY OF DUST SPRANG UP, AND BITS OF SOD AND DIRT.

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he stepped morosely out upon the course, he vaunted in his heart that he was high-born to the purple.

Granted that he was poor indeed in purse, he knew no multimillionaire in all the world who could undertake to meet him on equal terms; he could concede six strokes, and still administer a beating, to the finest gentleman and the finest golfer in the Social Register. And so, while golf was his theology and arbitrary par his creed, he played the Scottish game as though it symbolized the life he had proved incapable of mastering—and he mastered the game instead.

To win was the wine of his existence; to surmount obstacles was the evidence of his regeneration; to come from behind, to turn impending downfall into disconcerting triumph, was compensation for the days and months and years when the man in him had cried out for recognition, and the weakling in him had earned his failure. And he was dormie one—and it was Stoddard's honor at the last hole.

THE man stiffened perceptibly as Stoddard, nodding to the referee, took a pinch of sand from the box, and teed for the final drive. Then, in accordance with the grimmest of his grim theories of golf, he squarely turned his back on his opponent, and stared fixedly at the ground. He had trained himself to this practise for two unrelated reasons: the moral effect upon his adversary; and the opportunity to detach himself from the mechanics of his surroundings, and to visualize himself in the act of playing his next stroke.

He conjured up a vision of the ball, the club, himself in the address, the swing, the attack. He compelled his faculties to rivet upon a superb ideal. And it was largely by virtue of this preliminary concentration that he was enabled to bring off his shots with such startling absence of delay: the orders were transmitted to his muscles in advance; his swing was often started when, to the open-mouthed observer, he had hardly reached the ball. And it was by virtue of his utter disregard of his opponent that he was never discouraged, never unnerved, never disheartened. He was neither cheered by the disaster of the enemy, nor cast down by the enemy's good fortune. He was contemptuous not of the personality of the opponent, but of his entity. He played his own game, and his best game, quite ignoring the fact that it was competitive.

But as he formally prepared to shut Stoddard out of his consciousness, and exerted his determination to picture himself in yet another perfect illustration of golfing form, he discovered that his will, though resolute, was curiously weak. It missed of its usual persistence. The ideal came and went, as though reflected on a motion film at lowered speed. There was no continuity; there was no welding of motor impulses. According to his theory, Hargrave should have been purely mechanical. On the contrary, he was thinking.

He entertained no sense of actual antagonism toward Stoddard. Indeed, from the inception of the finals, at ten o'clock this morning, the boy had shown himself considerate and generous, quick of applause and slow of alibi, a dashing, brilliant, dangerous golfer with the fire of an adventurer and the grace of a cavalier. He was confident, yet modest, and he had performed a score of feats for which his modesty was not that inverted conceit of mediocrity in luck, but literal modesty, sheer lack of self-aggrandizement. He was dogged while he smiled; he was still smiling with his lips when his eyes betrayed his chastened mood; and the smile faded and vanished only when he saw that Hargrave was in difficulty.

The gallery, nine-tenths of it, was with him boisterously. The gallery was frankly on the side of youth and spontaneity. The mass, unresponsive to the neutral tints of Hargrave's character, thrilled to the star ascendent.

The gray-haired champion, introspective on the tee, frowned and grimaced, and toyed with his dreadnaught driver. Early in the morning he had confessed guiltily to himself that Stoddard was the sort of lad he should have liked to call his son. And yet he knew that if he had ever married, if he had ever glowed to the possession of a son, the boy couldn't conceivably have been in the least like Stoddard. Four generations forbade the miracle. The mold of ancestry would have stamped out another failure, another charge upon the good opinion of the world. The child would have been the father of the man. And Stoddard—witness his behavior and his generosity—was of no varnished metal. He was without alloy. He was a gentleman because his great-grandfathers had been gentlemen. He was rich because they had made him so. But

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Hargrave had allowed himself to experience an anomalous and paternal emotion toward Stoddard—Stoddard who at twenty was higher in rank, higher in quality, higher in the affection of the people than Hargrave at fifty-five. He had nourished this emotion by trying to imagine what he could have made of himself if, at his majority, he had been of the type of Stoddard.

AND now, recalling this quondam sentiment, he shuddered in a spasm of self-pity; and simultaneously, in one of those racking bursts of humanity which come to men unloving and unloved, he longed to whirl about, to stride toward Stoddard, to grip his hand and say—well, one of the common platitudes: "May the best man win"—something of that sort; anything to show that he, too, was living rapidly in the crisis.

In another moment he might have yielded; he might have bridged the fearful chasm of self-imposed restraint. But he was slothful to the impulse. Behind him there was the sharp, pistol-like crack of a clean and powerful drive; and before him, brought clear by reflex and by the will that had been lagging, the ghostly mirage of a ball, and of himself swinging steadily and hard, and of a tremendous carry and run, true to the flag. The champion had remembered that he was dormie one. A voice, low but distinct, came to him through a volume of incoherent sound: "Mr. Hargrave!"

The man turned slowly. He saw neither the referee, who had spoken to him, nor Stoddard, who had stepped aside; he saw no caddies; he saw no fairway. Both lines of the V were agitated, electric; on the faces of the men and women nearest him he perceived beatific, partisan delight. The thousand-tongued shout which had gone up in praise of Stoddard was dwindling to a hum, which throbbed mercilessly in Hargrave's ears and challenged him. He knew, as he had known for hours, how earnestly the public hoped for his defeat. He knew that if he bettered Stoddard's drive his sole reward would be a trifling ripple of applause, smirched by a prayer that he might spoil his second shot.

He grinned sardonically at the throng. He rubbed his palms together, drying them. He teed a ball, and took his stance; glanced over the course, took back the club a dozen inches, carried it ahead, and rested for the fraction of a second; then, accurate, machine-like to the tiniest detail, swung up, hit down, and felt his body carried forward in the full, strong finish of a master drive.

"Good ball!" said Stoddard in a voice that trembled slightly. From the V, sporadic handclapping. Hargrave, the national champion, had driven two hundred and fifty yards.

Ahead of him, as he walked defiantly through the rough, the fairway bobbed with men and women who, as they chattered busily, stumbled over the undulations of the turf. Now and then a straggler threw a look of admiration over his shoulder, and, meeting the expressionless mask of the amateur champion, insouciantly shrugged that shoulder and resumed his march.

Hargrave's caddy, as dour and uncommunicative as the champion himself, stalked abreast, the clubs rattling synchronously to his stride. Hargrave was studying the contour of the land in front; he glowered at the marshals who had suffered the gallery to break formation and overflow the course; and he was tempted to ask his caddy how, when the entire middle distance was blocked by spectators, the Golf Association thought a finalist could judge the hole. But he denied himself the question; it was seven years since he had condescended to complain of, or to criticize, the conditions of a tournament. Nevertheless he was annoyed; he was certain that the ground sloped off just where his second shot should properly be placed; his memory was positive.

Still, he was impatient, irritated. He wanted to verify his scheme of play. The muscles of his neck twitched spasmodically. Without warning, even to himself, his annoyance flared into red hate. His eyes flashed venomously. And when it seemed that unless that crowd dispersed, and gave him room, his nerves would shatter in a burst of rage, he saw the marshals tautening their lines, the gallery billowing out into a wide and spacious funnel, and felt the caddy's touch upon his sleeve.

"LOOK out, Mr. Hargrave! Stoddard's away!"

The champion halted, and without a glance toward Stoddard, stared at his own ball. It was an excellent lie; he nodded imperceptibly and took a brassey which the caddy, without waiting for instructions, put into his outstretched hand. His fingers

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IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE GRIMMEST OF HIS GRIM THEORIES OF GOLF, HARGRAVE SQUARELY HIMSELF FROM THE MECHANICS OF HIS SURROUNDINGS. BEHIND HIM THERE

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TURNED HIS BACK ON HIS OPPONENT, AND STARED FIXEDLY AT THE GROUND, DETACHING
WAS THE SHARP, PISTOL-LIKE CRACK OF A CLEAN AND POWERFUL DRIVE

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closed around the grip; he tested the spring of the shaft, and focused his whole attention upon the ball. He strove to summon that mental cinema of Hargrave, cool, collected, playing a full brassey to the green. But Stoddard again intruded.

In the morning round Hargrave had won the first three holes, and he had brought in his man three down. He had made a seventy-four, one over par, and Stoddard had scored a seventy-eight. And in the afternoon Hargrave had won the first two holes, and stood five up with sixteen more to play. Then Stoddard had begun his spurt. Hargrave scowled at the toe of a brassey as he recounted errors which, if they could have been eliminated from his total, would have erased five strokes, and ended the match long since.

Cruelly, three of those errors were on successive holes. On the fifteenth he had missed a simple putt for the win; on the sixteenth he had over-approached and thrown away a half; on the seventeenth he had topped an iron and still accomplished a par four—but Stoddard had made a three.

The champion felt his heart flutter and his knees yield a trifle as he reflected what havoc one more ineffectual shot would work upon his nerves. He was slipping, and he knew it. He realized, not in cowardice but in truth and in fact, that if the match should go to an extra hole, he, and not Stoddard, would be the loser. His customary command of his muscles was satisfactory, but his control of his nerves was waning. He was overgolfed; overstrained; stale. He could bear the strain of this hole, but that was all. His stamina had neared its limit; his fortitude could stand no more. He could gage it to a nicety; he had a debilitating intuition which told him that if he had to drive again from the first tee, he should founder wretchedly.

If Stoddard won the eighteenth, it would be the fourth consecutive godsend for Stoddard, and Stoddard's game was improving, not deteriorating; he had moral courage behind him, he had the savage delight of metamorphosing a forlorn chance into a certainty, he had the stimulus and the impetus of his grand onrush, he had the gallery with him. It was inevitable that Stoddard, if he won the eighteenth, would win the next. So that the champion, who was dormie one, must have a half—he must divide this hole with Stoddard. He *must!*

The champion grew restive. It needed the supreme effort of his career to force himself to inertia, to refrain from wheeling swiftly, and shrieking aloud to Stoddard, to demand why he didn't *play!* Was the boy asleep? Dead? Had he succumbed to paralysis? Hargrave wet his lips, and swallowed dustily.

A tremor ran through his body, and his wrists tightened in palsied fear. His eyes pained him; they reminded him of a doll's eyes, turning inward; he was aware that his face was drawn. He wondered stupidly whether the spoon would be safer than the brassey. He liked the spoon—but was the cleek surer yet? He caught his breath in a gasp, and at the same moment his spine was chilled in a paroxysm of futile terror. He essayed to swallow and thought that he was strangling. His soul cried heartbreakingly out to Stoddard: "Shoot! For God's sake, *shoot!*"

THE tension snapped. A roar of jubilance went up from twice a thousand throats, a roar which, dying momentarily, swelled up in glory, and hung, and splintered into a thousand reverberations against the hills. Hargrave cleared his throat. For the life of him he couldn't maintain his principles; his nature revolted; and he was gazing at a tiny fleck of white ten feet to the side of the terrace, which was the eighteenth green. Stoddard was hole high in two! A lucky kick from the stones of the brook! Five hundred and forty-five yards in two! Hargrave went white, and looked despairingly at his caddy.

He needed a half, and Stoddard was hole high. There was an outside possibility, then, that Stoddard could make a four—one under par. And Hargrave was nearly three hundred yards away. Could he, too, make a four—for the half?

The champion, with two alternatives looming bold before him, shivered in exquisite incertitude. He could attempt a heroic stroke with the brassey, sacrificing accuracy for distance, or he could play his normal shot, which was practically sure to clear the brook, but still leave him at a critical disadvantage. In the latter instance he could guarantee himself a five, but already Stoddard was morally assured of his four. And that four, if he achieved it, meant a squared match for Stoddard, and his resultant victory. Hargrave could halve the hole only if Stoddard blundered; and for an

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hour and more Stoddard's golf had been flawless, wonderful.

But if Hargrave should risk his crown on a mighty endeavor to equal Stoddard's titanic brassey shot, he would have the odds of war alarmingly against him. The trajectory must be perfect to the fifth degree from a surveyor's line. The ball must either fall short of the brook by ten yards, or clear it by ten, and bounding neither to the left, among the trees, nor to the right, among the sand-pits, surmount the grade. An unfortunate angle of consequence, a mere rub of the green, would be doubly fatal. The ball might even be unplayable. There would yet be a hazardous last chance for a five; but again, there was no reason to expect that. Stoddard had been deadly, uncannily deadly, on those short, running approaches. Stoddard would make his four.

Hargrave closed and unclosed his fingers around the grip of the brassey. A rim of ice, pressing inward, surrounded his heart. His brain was delicately clouded, as though he had just awakened out of the slumber of exhaustion, and looked upon the world without comprehending it, sensed it without perceiving its physiology. He passed a hand over his forehead, and found it damp with perspiration.

A YEAR ago he had promised himself that, as champion, he would withdraw from competition. It was his dream to retire at the height of his prowess, to go down in the history of games as one of that rare company who have known when to file their resignations. Indeed, he had vowed not to defend his title this year. But when he had sniffed the atmosphere of a club grill, and after he had tested his strength in a practise round or two, he had diffidently entered for the Atlantic City tournament, and won it. Infectiously, the old ardor had throbbed in his veins. He was keenly alive to his dominant tenure; his nostrils dilated, his jaws set.

He would add one consummating honor to those that had gone before: he would take his third successive championship with him into history. And so at Deal, at Apawamis, at Sleepy Hollow and at Garden City, at Montclair and Wykagyl and Piping Rock, he had groomed himself, thoroughly and deliberately, for the climax. The metropolitan supremacy was his for the fifth time; he had finished fourth in the Metropolitan Open, third in the National Open. In the handicap list of the great central association he stood proudly aloof at scratch.

And now, with six days of irreproachable golf behind him, with the greatest prize of a lifetime shining in his very eyes, he looked at a distant red flag, drooping on its staff, and looked at a ball lying in tempting safety on the fairway, and felt his chin quiver in the excess of his passionate longing, and felt a white-hot band searing his forehead, and penetrating deep.

He kept the brassey. And as he took his stance, and essayed to concentrate upon the problem of combining vast length with absolute precision, his mind became so acutely receptive to impression, so marvelously subjective, that he found himself repeating over and over to himself the simple maxims he had learned painfully by heart when he was a novice, striving to break through the dread barrier which divides those who play over and those who play under a hundred strokes for the single round.

He experienced, for the first time in years, a subtle premonition of ineptitude. He was again a tyro, whose margin of error was ninety-five per cent. Where was the ball going? It was incredibly small, that sphere in the fairway; it was incredible that he should smite it so truly and so forcibly that it would fly even so far as half a dozen furlongs. Suppose he, a champion, with a champion's record, should slice, or pull, or top—or miss the ball completely?

Hargrave's teeth came grindingly together. His eyes dulled and narrowed. He took the club back for a scant foot, raised it, took it forward, past the ball in the line of the hole, brought it to its original position, pressed it gently into the yielding turf with infinitesimal exertion of the left wrist, and swung. Wrists, forearms, shoulders and hips—his whole anatomy coordinated in that terrific assault. The click of the wood against the ball hadn't yet reached his ears when he knew, with exultation so stupendous that it sickened him, that the shot had come off. His eager eyes picked up the ball in flight; and as he paused momentarily at the finish of his terrific drive, he was filled with a soft and yet an incongruously fierce content. Again he had foiled the gallery, and Stoddard! He saw the ball drop, across the brook; saw it leap prodigiously high in air, and fall again, and bound, and

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roll, slower and slower, and cease to roll—a good club's length from the lower pit, twenty yards from the green.

The champion and the challenger were on even terms.

UNLIKE the average man of gregarious instincts, Hargrave never sought proximity to his opponent during a match. His procedure was exactly as though, instead of playing against a flesh-and-blood antagonist, he were going around alone. He went his independent way, kept his peace, entertained no thought of courtesy or conversation. If fortuitously, at this moment, he had to walk a parallel course to that of his opponent, and even if the interval between them were a matter of a scant rod or so, the champion was invariably thin-lipped, reflective, incommunicative.

He observed, with a little flicker of amusement, that Stoddard was eyeing him sidewise, and he felt that Stoddard was not a little affected by that enormous brassey, as well as by Hargrave's outward indifference toward it. Hargrave, however, appraised his own flinty exterior as one of his championship assets. He seldom praised the other man, or even noticed him; and if the other man chose to burst into fervid eulogy, the champion's manner was so arctic, so repelling, that not infrequently he gained a point on the very next shot through the adversary's dazed inefficiency.

He knew that he was unpopular, he knew that he was affirmatively disliked; he knew that the public, the good-natured and friendly public, yearned for Stoddard's triumph rather as a vindication of gentility than as a proof of might. But as he observed that Stoddard showed premonitory symptoms of increased nervousness, and that Stoddard was impelled to speak, and yet held his tongue to save himself from sure rebuff, the champion's breast expanded with golden hope.

Stoddard, after all, was a mere boy: a veteran golfer—yes, but immature in the mentality of golf. And Hargrave sometimes won his matches, especially from younger men, in the locker-room before he put on his shoes. If Stoddard praised him now, he could send Stoddard into catastrophe with a word. But Stoddard didn't speak.

In addition to his other reasons, he was anxious to beat Stoddard because of his very youth. It had galled Hargrave to be forced, by the luck of the draw, to meet five of the youngest experts of the country in this tournament; it had galled him, not because he was loath to win from younger men, but because the public naturally discounted his victories over them.

On Tuesday he had overwhelmed a Western prodigy, a freckled schoolboy who had blushingly donned full-length trousers for this great event. On Wednesday he had won, three up and two to go, from a Harvard freshman, a clubbable youngster who had succumbed to Hargrave primarily because his optimism had slowly been destroyed by Hargrave's rude acerbity.

On Thursday he had met, and easily defeated, the junior champion of Westchester—defeated him by the psychology of the locker-room, by knocking him off balance at the outset, much as the gladiator Corbett once shook the poise of the gladiator Sullivan. In the semi-finals yesterday he had beaten his man—browbeaten him—by diligently creating an atmosphere of such electric stress that a too-little-hardened Southron, sensitive as a girl, had gone to pieces at the ninth, capitulated at the twenty-seventh hole.

And Hargrave, whose bitterness toward the golfing public had progressed arithmetically through these earlier rounds, had come up to the finals in a mood of acid which, in the true analysis, was a form of specious envy and regret. He realized that in comparison with any of the men he had removed from brackets, he was unattractive, aged, cynical, repugnant. He envied youth—but how could he regain his own? How could he crystallize at fifty-five the secret ambitions of a boy of twenty? He couldn't stand before this fashionable gallery and, indicating Stoddard, cry out to them: "But I *want* to be like him! I *want* to be. And it's too late! It's too late!"

A GREAT wave of self-glorification swept over him, and left him calmer, more pragmatical. After all, he was Hargrave, phenomenon of the links, the man who, beginning serious golf at the age of forty, unaided by professional tutoring, untrained by previous experience in the realm of sport, had already wrenched three amateur championships and unnumbered lesser prizes from the world. He was the invincible Hargrave; the man who had victoriously invaded

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HARGRAVE BENT OVER THE PUTTER. HE SAW A WHITE BALL IN THE SUNLIGHT, A STRETCH OF LAWN, A ZINC-LINED HOLE IN SHADOW.

France, England, Austria, Canada, Scotland. He had averaged under seventy-five for the previous three years on all courses and at all seasons. He had been six down with nine to play in the finals of the English Amateur, and come romping home to triumph, four under par. It was said of him that he was never beaten until the last putt on the last hole. Better than that, it was true.

By this time the gallery was massed rows deep around the eighteenth green. Hargrave crossed the little foot-bridge over the brook and permitted the shadow of a smile to temper the sternness of his face. They hoped to see him lose, did they? Well, he had often disappointed them in the past; he could disappoint them now! All he required was a half, and he was barely off the green in two.

But even in the vanity which somewhat relieved the strain upon his equilibrium he was conscious of a burdening weariness which wasn't solely physical. He was impatient, not only to end this match, but also to end his tournament golf forever. He was sure now that, winner or loser, he should never enter an important contest again. His nerves were weakening. He was losing that essential balance without which no man, however skilful in the academics of the game, may be renowned for his examples.

Next year he should unquestionably play with less nerve, less animation. Some unknown duffer would catch him unawares and vanquish him; and after that the descent from scratch would be rapid—headlong. It had been so with the greatest golfers of the past; it would be so with Hargrave. Great as he was, he wasn't immune to the calendar. But to retire as merely a runner-up—that was unthinkable! To retire in favor of a slim boy whose Bachelorhood of Arts

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was yet a fond delusion—that was impossible! He *must* win—and on the eighteenth green, after he had holed out, he would break his putter over his knee, and he would say to the gallery—and it ought to be dramatic . . .

He brought himself to a standstill. His heart pounded suffocatingly. A lump rose in his throat, and choked him, and his whole intellect seemed to melt into confusion and feeble horror; there was a crushing weight on his chest. A slow, insistent cacophony poured through his brain, and for an instant his universe went black. The ball, which had appeared to carry so magnificently, and roll so well, had found a bowl-shaped depression in the turf, a wicked concavity perhaps two inches and a half in depth, two in diameter; and there it lay, part in the sunlight, part nestling under the shelter of a dry leaf, a ball accursed and sinister.

Blindly, and apprehensive, the champion turned to look at Stoddard. The boy was struggling to conceal the manifestation of his hopes; the muscles of his lower face were flexed and unrelenting. Between him and the flag was level turf, untroubled by the slightest taint of trickery or unevenness. He knew, and Hargrave knew, that nothing short of superhuman skill could bring the like to Hargrave. He knew, and Hargrave knew, that at the play-off of a tie the champion was doomed. The champion had faltered on the last few holes; his game was destined to collapse as surely as Stoddard's game was destined to rise supreme. As Hargrave paused, aghast, there came a rustle and a murmur from the gallery. A clear voice—a woman's voice—said ecstatically, "Then Bobby'll *win*—won't he?"

Hargrave glared in the direction of that voice. The veil of horror had gradually dissolved, but Hargrave, as he weighed the enigma of the shot, was visited by a cold apathy which staggered him. It wasn't a phlegmatic calm which sat upon him; it was inappetency—as though he had just wakened to a sense of proportionate values.

The matter of coaxing a golf ball out of a casual depression—what significance had it? To-morrow would yet be to-morrow; with breakfast, and the newspapers, and all the immaterial details of living and breathing. Why all this pother and heartache about it? What was golf, that it should stir a man to the otherwise unprobed depths of his soul? Why should he care, why should he squander so much mental torture as could be computed by one tick of a clock, why should he tremble at this ridiculous experiment with a little white ball and a bit of iron on the end of a shaft of hickory?

For one elemental moment he was almost irresistibly impelled to pick that ball out of its lie, and dash it in the face of the gallery, hurl his clubs after it, and empty himself of the accumulated passion of fifty-five years. Sulphurous phrases crowded to his lips.

And then he realized that all this time he had been glaring in the direction of a woman's voice. He exhaled slowly, and held out his hand to the caddy.

"Niblick!" said Hargrave thickly.

THE distance to the hole was greater than he had fancied. The lie of the ball was worse than he had feared. His calculation intimated that he must strike hard, and stiffly, with a pronounced up-and-down swing to get at the back of the ball. The force of the extricating stroke must be considerable; the green, however, was too keen, too fine, to permit liberty in the manner of approaching it. The ball, if it were to carry the full thirty yards to the pin, couldn't possibly receive sufficient reverse power to fall dead. It must, therefore, be played to reach the nearer rim of the green, and to drift gently on to the hole.

Hargrave caught his breath. The knowledge that he distrusted himself was infinitely more demoralizing than any other factor in the personal equation; he was shocked and baffled by his own uncertainty. Through his brain ran curiously the first principles of the kindergarten of golf. He didn't imagine himself playing this shot: he speculated as to how Braid, or Vardon, or Ray, or Duncan would play it. He was strangely convinced that for any one else in the world it would be the simplest of recoveries, the easiest of pitches to the green.

He glanced at his caddy, and in that glance there was hidden an appeal which bespoke genuine pathos. Hargrave wasn't merely disturbed and distressed: he was palpitatingly timid. He was afraid to strike, and he was afraid not to strike. His mind had lost its jurisdictive functions; he felt that his muscles were in process of revolt against his will. He was excruciatingly perceptive of people watching him; of Stoddard regarding him humorously.

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The collective enmity of the gallery oppressed and befuddled him. He was crazily fearful that when he swung the niblick upright, some one would snatch at it and divert its orbit. His ears strained for a crashing sound from the void; his overloaded nerves expected thunder. He knew that the fall of an oak-leaf would reverberate through his aching head like an explosion of maximite and make him strike awry. His vitals seemed suddenly to slip away from his body, leaving merely a febrile husk of clammy skin to hold his heart-beats.

The niblick turned in his perspiring hands. He gripped more firmly, and as his wrists reacted to the weight of the club-head, he was automatic. The niblick rose, and descended, smashing down the hinder edge of the bowl-like cavity, and tearing the ball free. A spray of dust sprang up, and bits of sod and dirt. The ball shot forward, overrunning the hole by a dozen feet. Almost before it came to rest, Stoddard played carefully with a jigger, and landed ten inches from the hole.

HARGRAVE'S sensation was that he was encompassed with walls which were closing in to stifle and crush him. That they were living walls was evident by the continuous whisper of respiration, and by the cross-motion of the sides. He was buried under the tremendous bulk of thousands of personalities in conflict with his own. He tottered on the verge of hysteria. He was nervously exhausted, and yet he was upheld, and compelled to go on, to play, to putt, by nervous energy which by its very goad was unendurable. Hargrave looked at the green under his feet, and fought back a mad impulse to throw himself prone upon it, to scream at the top of his lungs, and writhe, to curse and blaspheme, and claw the grass with his nails. Each breath he drew was cousin to a sob.

He stood behind the ball to gage the line, and realized that he was seeing neither the ball nor the hole. He couldn't see clearly the grass itself. He was stricken, as far as his environment was concerned, with utter ophthalmia. And although the boy Stoddard was outside the field of Hargrave's vision, the champion saw Stoddard's face, as he had seen it just now, before Stoddard turned away.

He despised Stoddard; unreasonably but savagely he despised him, because of the light he had seen in Stoddard's eyes. The boy wasn't a philosopher, like Hargrave: he was a baby, a whining infant grasping for the moon. *He* had no sense of proportion. That expression in his eyes had convicted him. This tournament was to him the horizon of his life. It *was* his life!

HARGRAVE'S mouth was parched and bitter. He tried to moisten his lips. Details of the green began to develop in his consciousness as in a photographic negative. He saw the zinc-lined hole twelve feet away. His eye traced an imaginary line, starting from his ball and leading, not straight to the cup, but perceptibly to the left, then curving in along the briefest of undulations, swerving past a tiny spot where the grass was sun-scorched, and so to the haven of the hole.

If he could sink that curling putt, nothing could deprive him of his victory. He would be down in four, and Stoddard now lay three. He would have a half—and the match by one up in thirty-six holes. He would be the Amateur Champion of the United States—and he could quit! He could quit as the only man who ever won three years consecutively. And if he missed, and Stoddard took the hole in four to five, Hargrave knew that even if his legs would support him to the first tee, his arms would fall at the next trial. He doubted if sanity itself would stay with him for another hole.

The murmur of the gallery appalled him with its vehemence. The noise was as the rushing of the falls of Niagara. Hargrave stood wearily erect, and eyed that section of the crowd which was before him. He was puzzled by the excitement, the anxiety of that crowd. He was violently angered that no smile of encouragement, of good-fellowship, met his inquiring gaze. The misanthrope in him surged to the surface, and he was supercilious—just for a second! —and then that sense of impotence, of futility, of shaken poise fell upon him once more, and his throat filled.

He needed the half. He must hole this putt. He was thinking now not so much of the result of holing it as of the result of missing it. He could fancy the wretched spectacle he would make of himself on the play-off; he could fancy the explosive, tumultuous joy of the gallery; he could picture the dumb, stunned radiance of Stoddard. And Stoddard was so young. Hargrave wouldn't have minded defeat at the

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hands of an older man, he told himself fiercely—but at the hands of a boy! To be beaten by a lad hardly old enough for the ballot! Hargrave, the man who had made more whirlwind finishes than any other two players of the game, beaten by a stripling who had come from behind!

ON THE sixteenth and seventeenth holes the champion had reviled himself, scourged himself, between shots. He had clenched his teeth and sworn to achieve perfection. He had persuaded himself that each of his errors had been due to carelessness; and he had known in his heart that each of them was one to a fault, a palpable fault of execution. On the eighteenth hole he had reverted to sincerity with himself. He was harrowed and upset, and in confessing the weakness he had removed at least the crime of over-confidence. But this was far worse! He was doubting his own judgment now: he had determined upon the line of his putt, and he was reconsidering it.

He peered again and, blinking, discovered that there were tears in his eyes. The hole seemed farther away than ever, the green less true, the bare spot more prominent, the cup smaller. He wondered dully if he hadn't better putt straight for the hole. He braced himself, and tremblingly addressed the ball with his putter. This was the shot that would take stomach! This was the end!

He had a vision of to-morrow, and the day after, and the day after that. If he missed this putt, and lost the match, how could he exonerate himself? He had no other pleasure in life, he had no other recreation, no other balm for his wasted years. If he tried again next season, he would lose in the first round. He knew it. And he might live to be seventy—or eighty—always with this gloomy pall of failure hanging over him. Another failure—another Waterloo! And this time he would be to himself the apotheosis of failure! Why—Hargrave's heart stopped beating—*he wouldn't be champion!*

With a final hum, which was somehow different from those that had preceded it, the gallery faded from his consciousness. Stoddard was as though he had never existed. Hargrave bent over the putter, and a curious echo rang not unpleasantly in his ears. He saw a white ball in the sunlight, a stretch of lawn, a zinc-lined hole in shadow. There was no longer an objective world in which he lived; there were no longer men and women. He himself was not body. His brain, his judgment, were lost in the abysmal gulf of nothingness. He was physically a part of geometric space; he was an atom of that imaginary line between two points. His whole being was, for the moment, the essence of the linear standard.

In a blank detachment—for he had no recollection of having putted—he saw the ball spinning on a course to the left of the hole. A terrible agony seized him, and for the second time a black curtain shut him off from actuality. It lifted, leaving him on the brink of apoplexy, and he saw that the ball had curved correctly to the fraction of an inch, and was just dropping solidly and unerringly into the cup.

AND from the morning paper:

"Hargrave was dormie one. Both men drove two hundred and fifty yards straight down the course. Stoddard banged away with his brassey, and nearly got home when the ball caromed off a stone in the brook. Hargrave, playing with that marvelous rapidity which characterizes his game, wouldn't be downed, and promptly sent off

HE TOLD THE REPORTER HE WOULD DEFEND HIS TITLE NEXT YEAR.

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a screaming two-hundred and-seventy-yard brassey which found a bad lie, but after studying it fully ten seconds—twice his usual allowance—he chipped out with a niblick to the green. Stoddard ran up, dead. Hardly glancing at the line of his fifteen-footer, Hargrave confidently ran down the putt for a birdie four, and his third consecutive championship. Probably no man living would have played the hole under similar conditions, with such absence of nerves and such abnormal assurance. From tee to green Hargrave barely addressed the ball at all: he simply walked up to it, and hit it. And certainly in the United States, if not in the world, there is no man who can compete with Hargrave when the champion happens to be in a fighting mood.

"To our reporter Hargrave stated positively after the match that he will defend his title next year."

A CHILD IN A MEXICAN GARDEN

By GRACE HAZARD CONKLING

THE GARDEN

MY GARDEN-GROUND is rosy green,
With little streaks of light between,
And walls all made of white and red
Hold up the sky above my head.

I think sometimes that walls so high
Will never let the clouds get by;
But always, somehow and at last,
Over they slide and travel past.

What lies beyond I do not know;
But this is where big poppies grow,
And elves come out when twilight falls,
And pigeons pace the rose-red walls.

The elves are much too small to see,
But when I'm quiet as can be,
I hear them: something soft that stirs
And flutters in the junipers.

And Pablo says each little elf
Wears a sombrero like myself.
But Pablo is so big and slow,
I hardly see how he could know.

Some days I'm up before the sun
To get my gardening begun;
And Mamacita comes to walk
And look about with me, and talk.

Her voice is just like singing—queer,
And up and down and sweet to hear.
I think she is as soft and white
As pigeons shining in the light.

PABLO

I AM round and very small:
Pablo like a tree is tall;
I am white and plump and pink:
Pablo never was, I think.

Pablo's skin is wrinkly brown,
Creased all over in a frown;
And the clothes he dresses in
Are the color of his skin.

Tight about his legs they cling,
Holding on like everything,
Trimmed with buttons, very neat,
All the way down to his feet.

With his sandals made of hide,
With his goatskin apron tied
Just above my head, he looks
Like a gnome in picture-books.

In his great sombrero he
Carries curious things for me;
And when I come out to play
Gives me dulce every day.

Sometimes Pablo in the shade
Falls asleep upon his spade.
Then it's I should like to dig,
If the spade were not so big.

When I'm grown and master there,
I shall say with lordly air
As I take his spade away,
"Now, good Pablo, go and play."

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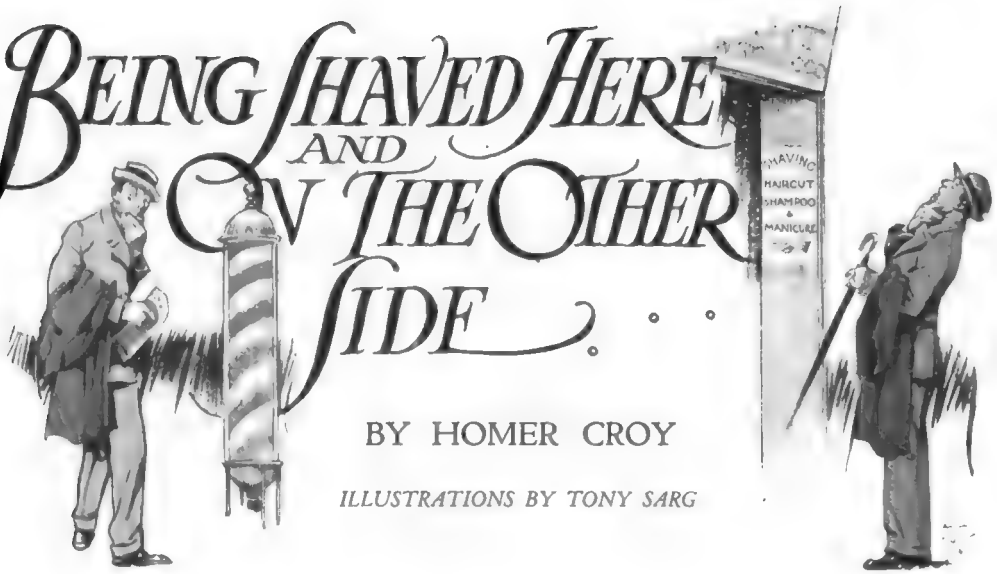
BEING SHAVED HERE AND ON THE OTHER SIDE . . .



BY HOMER CROY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY TONY SARG

DESIROUS of a shave, I started out in London to find a barber-shop. In America all you have to do to find a tonsorial parlor is to walk a few doors until you come on a madly whirling cylinder and, as if the red-and-white cylinder wasn't enough to make the world cognizant of what was going on inside, a large, uncurtained window shatters the last vestige of doubt. Inside, for all who may care to look, may be seen the full minutiæ of how masculine faces are made ready for public presentation. The barber exposes his work and his methods as if secure in the belief that all who see his celerity and deftness can not fail to be drawn within.

But not so with the English barber. He doesn't depend on attracting his customers by fascinating them with his methods. Instead of parading his calling and showing it off by the aid of a large window, he hides his work as if there was nothing inherently attractive about the means and methods by which he secured his results.

Up and down the street I walked, looking for the dizzy cylinder informing the public that inside a man could be made physiognomically presentable, but I could find none. Thinking that I must be in an exclusive thoroughfare, I turned down a side street; but still no familiar landmark. At last I came upon a humble red-and-white board unobtrusively nailed to the shop front, and turned in. At the door I hesitated, thinking that I must have made a mistake, for it was a cigar-store, or, as the English insist, a tobacconist's shop. I was just backing out when the curtains at the rear parted and a man in a slick alpaca appeared and said with an overwhelming bow, "Nice morning, sir." It wasn't; the sun hadn't been out for forty-eight hours and the wind was two-edged, but to the barber it was a nice morning. An Englishman considers any morning nice when the rain isn't pouring down—and then it's only a bit blustery.

He was there to please me; he was going to serve me with all his heart and with all his strength. An American barber has the attitude of performing his menial duties only until he has finished the correspondence course he marked with an X, but an Englishman is in the business to make a living and he welcomes you into the shop with all the enthusiasm of an old family servant who has been long among unappreciative strangers. He is glad that you have come and he doesn't make any bones about it. He isn't taking any correspondence course and never expects to. He wants to get that threepence for roast beef.

It was a small, peaked shop with a tiny window looking out upon a rear court, with two barbers in attendance, in addition to the proprietor. For London it was a fine,

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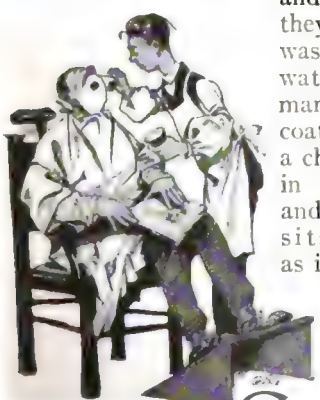
prosperous establishment, with a manicurist in waiting. None of the barbers had on white coats; English barbers scorn them

THE FIRST MOVE GAVE ME AWAY—
I TOOK OFF MY COLLAR AND COAT.

—theirs is a barber-shop, not an operating-room. The proprietor was in an alpaca, while the other two were in their shirt sleeves, with the heavy, ruffled sleeve-holders so dear to the hearts of Englishmen.

I was not going to tell them that I was an American—I would slip in without their knowing it. But the first move I made gave me away. I took off my collar and coat and then they knew that I was from across the water. No Englishman ever sheds his coat on getting into a chair; he climbs in with his coat and collar on and sits bolt upright as if being photographed.



The proprietor held out a cutting apron, and I thrust my arms through the sleeve-holes, with the opening down my back. Then he handed me a copy of *Punch*, for no English barber would consider that he had done the square thing by his customer unless he gave him a copy of the famous weekly to amuse himself with while undergoing the depilatory process.

Sitting down in the square, upright wooden chair, I waited to see what would happen. With that the apprentice boy came around and lathered me elaborately, not depositing any temporarily in my ear, as is the custom in America. If there is anything that I hate it is for a barber to use my ear as a supply depot. No sooner does a barber attempt this than I see that there can never be anything between us.

While the apprentice lathered me, the proprietor eyed me as he stropped his razor, as if seeking the best method of approach.

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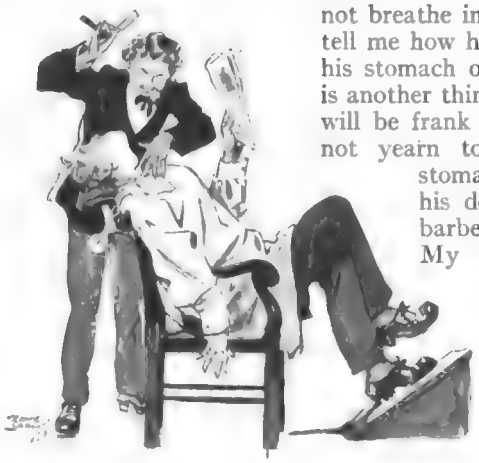
His manner showed that he was studying every angle and contour of my face as if to achieve the best possible results. I had a comfortable sense of being flattered: I was not just one of a thousand to be run through a machine. Mine was a special and individual case.



When the apprentice had finished, the boss barber made ready to shave me. I was sitting in the chair thinking well of my fellow man, expecting the barber to break the chair so that I could stretch out, when something untoward happened. The barber suddenly took hold of the lever, and, thinking that he was going to throw the chair back, I threw my weight on my neck. But the chair did not tilt—he simply dropped the head-rest and my head flew back on my shoulder-blade. With my head thrown back and the man standing over me with a razor, I felt like a leading character from Foxe's "Book of Martyrs."

As a boy I had longed to be a martyr, with a man in a ragged beard persecuting me—when up would dash a Christian monk in a cowl and rescue me; but, looking up at the glittering eye of the barber and trying to keep my mouth closed, I gave up once and for always all desire to be a woodcut in a dusty book.

I started to lift my head, but the barber pushed it back on my scapula. The skin on my neck was tight as the hide on an Indian tom-tom, but the barber didn't care. He had always shaved people that way and he was always going to. He was British.

Leisurely he shaved me. He cat-tracked up one side of my face and down the other, straying into the highways and byways, stopping with childish interest to explore some bosky dell, to come out finally on the main thoroughfare, weary from his tramp, but jubilant at the new sights and sounds. But he did it well. What I liked about him was that he did not breathe in my face; nor did he have to tell me how his feet hurt; nor did he rest his stomach on me as he worked. That is another thing that I do not care for. I will be frank about it, and say that I do not yearn to have a barber leave his stomach on me as he goes about his depilatory duties. I prefer a barber who nurses his own stomach. My stomach gives me enough trouble without assuming the care and responsibility of some orphan digestive tract.

As I sat there with my head thrown back, trying to pull my chin up to the rest of my face, I decided that I liked my barber after all. I liked him in spite of the fact that he did not have a hot towel—for the hot towel is unknown in England—and in spite of the fact that he made me hold up my chin as if I were trying to point out a Zeppelin with it. I liked him because he did not stop suddenly and say, with the air of a person who has just made a startling and exclusive discovery, "Your hair is getting thin. Don't you want a singe?"

The barber who bursts out with the news that my hair is getting thin has little or practically no chance of being remembered in my last testamentary document. I have known for a long time that my hair is losing the elastic step of its youth and I do not appreciate having an outsider come along and so announce it to the world in a Busy Bertha voice. But barbers always do, and the thinner it gets the more excited they grow over the discovery. If they only knew it, it has been a long time since the news was exclusive.

With childish faith they cling to the legend that

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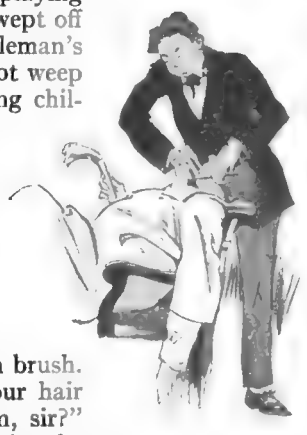
singeing will make hair grow. But it won't. Nothing, it has been my sorrowful experience, will make hair grow after it has lost its first enthusiasm. When it suddenly makes up its mind that it belongs on your coat-collar, you might just as well be cheerful about it and study the art of distribution. It can be delayed in its going, but go it surely will. Barbers are wrong to cling to the belief that singeing will bring it back; hair can't be decoyed with a candle. I sometimes think, in my bitterer moods, that the reason the faith of the barbers is so profound and their enthusiasm so undaunted is—the quarter in it. But still, I may be wrong—it may be that none of them has ever tried it.

The sacred belief in sanitation has not yet swept the English barber. As he shaves you he stops from time to time and wipes your face with a big, dirty, foul sponge. If there is anything in the world calculated to be a civic center for germs, it is a sponge. The climate is delightful. There is a balminess about it that makes them cheerful and healthy and that causes the children to mature at an early age.

Each time the sponge is drawn across the face of a customer, whole families of germs are broken up. Children playing out of their mothers' sight are swept off and deposited on a strange gentleman's features. But the children do not weep for long; they at once begin raising children of their own, and soon a proud colony has set up where once stood a virgin wilderness of whiskers.



And along with the sponge the English barber has another institution that has done much to increase the birthrate of germs. It is a round, two-handled rotary electrically driven brush. When he has finished cutting your hair he says, "Hard, soft, or medium, sir?" And when you make your choice, he takes down a brush and presses a lever with his foot. The brush begins to revolve, the germs flying off like hayseed from a timothy shredder. In the way of pure inventive genius there has never been anything perfected equal to a rotary hair-brush for instantaneous distribution of germs. In America the brush would not be tolerated, but in England it goes on with its disastrous work generation after generation.

When the barber had completed the operation of shaving me, he pushed my head back to its proper orbit and waved me toward the end of the room. But there was nothing there to attract me especially; only a washbowl and a rack of towels. The hairdresser, as he is called in England, bowed more elaborately than ever, while I stuck close to Richmond. He bent double again. "Will you kindly wash your face, sir?" Then I understood: I was to look after my own face. Like a shoe at Brockton, my face was going through a series of operations, each workman doing only so much. The apprentice had lathered it, the head barber had scraped it, and now I was to top off the process by washing it.

But they do have us beaten on one thing—price. Four cents was what I paid, with eight for a hair cut. Even at a Strand hotel you can get a shave for twelve cents. Any one thinking of dropping in at the Biltmore and getting shaved for twelve cents is soon to be the recipient of a reverberating shock. In the better hotels in New York twelve cents is considered only a fair to middling tip.

In England a manicurist is considered the last vocable in the way of smartness. The manicure girl hasn't the run of the shop there as she has here; she has a little cage down in one corner where she is bottled up as if she were a rare liquid. When a man wants to have any light house-work done on his hands, he thrusts one of them through the bars, while the proprietor hurries up with a newspaper for him to read. In America we would be insulted if the owner of the shop put something into our hand to read while the manicure girl was working on us. In England the art of jollying the manicurist is unknown.

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BUNK

A Story of Revolutionary Mexico

By LINCOLN STEFFENS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES N. SARKA

MAJOR D'ALEGRO darted into the hotel, darted his eyes around the lobby, and, seeing me, darted at me.

"Lend me fifty, will you? Quick, please?"

"But, Major," I said, "I thought you were—to have been shot this morning!"

"I was," the boy answered, "but," he sparkled, "I wasn't. 'Scaped. That's why I want the fifty: to celebrate. Do I get it?"

"You do not," I said. "But come, sit down, and tell me how you got away."

"I will not," he said.

My curiosity was acute. He had been arrested the day before and when we, his American friends, heard of it, we set out to have him released. The Mexicans laughed at us. It was no use this time, they said. Twice before they had had him and twice he had got off, somehow. This time he had been ordered "shot at daybreak," before any influence could be worked for him. All night long we had been around all over Mexico City, looking for wires to pull. In vain. The highest officials, expecting us, had disappeared, and the lower officials jeered. Worse! Some of them asked why he shouldn't be shot.

And why not? The only reason I could think of was that, after all, the Major was a mere boy. And, since most of these revolutionary officials were themselves mere boys, they were affronted by my answer; unsympathetic, as pitiless as youth. Defeated, I telephoned early in the morning to the jail for "another day; a few hours; time to find the governor and save the boy-major."

"Major d'Alegro?" the voice answered. "Oh, he's out in the yard now, and the firing squad is ready.—Let's see.—Yes, it's 'all ready.' Want to hear? Listen!"

And I listened, and I heard the volley. That was at daybreak; by sunrise I was in bed, tired out and depressed. And here, now, at sunset—here was the Major trying to borrow money from me "as usual."

"Please, Major," I begged, "please tell me how you did it?"

"Please lend me the fifty," he begged.

"No," I said firmly, and I meant no. And he knew it. He blazed, but as I was about to ask him again for his story, the fire dropped and he almost prayed to me.

"No, no, no," he pleaded. "Don't ask me to tell you that now. Not now. I can't. I must celebrate first. I must live again first. And I haven't a *peso*. I need a hundred, really; that's what I ought to have—a hundred. And"—his tone changed—"I'll get a hundred," he declared, "and more. But you—your contribution is only fifty; half. The rest I'll get from some other sucker."

"You will get nothing from me, Major," I assured him. "Not a dollar; not a *peso*. You owe me thirty dollars already, and we

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agreed that that was my limit. You promised to ask me for no more, and I was not to expect you to pay that back."

"Pay that back!" he exclaimed. "Why, I couldn't. It was gold. I'll never see thirty dollars gold again; not at one time. Why, thirty gold is seven hundred and fifty, Mex! That was too much to give me all at once. Absurd. It wasn't a loan at all; it was a mistake. No. But this—this is only a loan, and only 'fifty Mex.' How much is that?" He calculated mentally. "Say, that's only about two dollars in real money. Gee! Two dollars, and I just escaped justice."

"How?" I persisted. "How?"

He wiggled and twisted. He always wiggled and twisted. He was all nerves. He sat down, and sighed; leaped to his feet, and sighed. He was always dropping into and springing out of seats. He was driven by devils, he was drawn by devils; always; except after a celebration and a fight. Then for a day or two he was calm; satisfied; sated; at peace with himself. And he liked to be at peace.

He said so one day. "It's sweet," he explained. "You see, there's a baby in me, and the baby kicks with its feet, fights with its fists, stares the stars in the face, and not getting them, not getting any answer from them, cries, screams—for life. And that's life: the kicking, and fighting, and bawling—that's life; and so, by and by, the baby's tired out and sleeps. And then I—I feel like a weary mother when, her day's work done, the baby sleeps."

But now the baby was awake. It looked out of the boy's eyes; looked here, looked there, looked all round the lobby—for some star-lender "easier" than myself. And when it saw that there was no other, it cried to me:

"Please, oh, please! Don't ask me to tell you now how I did it; not now. I don't know, and I'd have to live it all over again to remember it. God! That'd kill me. Make it forty."

He was hard to resist. I reminded him that he had advised me himself not to let him have any more money, and I quoted him to himself.

" 'Don't,' you said, Major, 'don't lend me money. I lose all respect for the easy guys I make support me.' "

"Bunk," he answered. "That was bunk."

"Major," I chided.

"Well, then," he corrected, "that was honest, and this, this is bunk. I don't know. All I know is that I want a hundred Mex for to-night. I must have it, and my friends are going back on me, one by one. They say I go back on them. And I do. Sure. But is that right? Seems to me that that's only being square. Seems to me if my friends treat me the way I treat them, then their virtue depends on mine. Their friendship isn't their friendship, but only a reflection of mine. That's——"

"Bunk," I said.

"Bunk?" he echoed, indignant; but he reflected. "Maybe," he said. "Maybe it is. I'm all mixed up. But," he started off, "how can you expect me to respect and not go back on you Gringos that I can take away money from, easy and in wads big enough to keep me living a life of—Ah, say, make it forty, won't you? I'll raise the sixty around at the American Club."

I waved my finger at him, Mexican style.

"Please," he prayed. "I'll promise on my honor to spend it all in vice. Not a cent for food; not a cent."

"How did you escape justice, Major?" I asked sarcastically, and he—he had no humor; only a sense of fun—he leaped to his feet, faced me, and flashed:

"One thing I'll tell you, one," he blazed. "You writers don't get anything right, not a thing. Not the way it is. I read all the best stories by the best authors, and I've read their escapes, lots of 'em: all th' great narrow escapes by all th' great writers. Bunk. That's what they are: bunk."

This was a favorite complaint of the Major's: that fiction wasn't true; that life isn't as it's painted in the books; that none of its passions, none of its typical episodes is truly depicted. "I know," he'd say. "Haven't I lived?"

And he had lived. Barely twenty-one, he was a veteran of life. He had gone to school in France, in Mexico, in the States. He had seen his parents divorced and himself fought over by them, contending each to put the burden of him on the other. He had run away from school, got into "amateur" sports as a "top-liner"; all his bills paid by his club. He had married, had a child. He had jumped into the Mexican revolution at the very start, and a revolution,

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you know—a revolution is life stripped of all its clothes: nude, rude, crude. Men show themselves for what they are in a revolution. The beast is beastly, an honest man is—a man indeed. All men drop their old pretensions, and boys don't acquire them.

The Major had fought on three sides of his revolution, trying to "pick the winner;" he had run all his risks; played all its politics—those fierce revolutionary politics in which, when you lose, you die or fly. And he had risen high, fallen low; risen again, fallen again; been suspected, been caught, wriggled out and wriggled back in— All before the age of discretion, all before he was twenty-one.

Which means that the boy had lived a man's life, like a boy: with his child's eyes wide-open, seeing things—and being them—as they are at the rawest. Is it any wonder I was curious to hear about this last adventure of his? And I knew he had to tell it; he had to be doing or talking all the time. His reluctance was real, but also it was—what he said a literary escape was: bunk. Also he would tell it best, now when it was fresh, before he had had time to give it "literary form."

"Well," I persisted, "and how is an escape, Major, a real one?"

"It's not by sawing the bars," he muttered, "not by no passed key; it's not by no deep-dug tunnel, not by a spider's web. That's bunk. That's not th' regular, everyday way of making a getaway."

"No?" I humored him. "Good. But what is the regular way? What magic did you use, Major?"

"Bunk," he answered, but intensely. He dropped into the chair beside mine, seized my arm, and shook it. "Bunk," he repeated. "That's what I used. That's how I got away. I lied out. That's how I've always done it. That's how most of 'em do it. They go and give somebody a song and dance. That's what you Gringos were trying to do last night; you were hunting for somebody to give a game of talk to for me. Well, I did it. I give 'em—bunk. Not gold, but—bunk. I give th' captain of th' guard a line o' talk, like I give everybody all th' time, like I give you suckers I live off of, like I'm giving you right now, at this minute. See? Ah, make it thirty, will you?"

He looked behind, looked all around him anxiously; he looked steadily for six seconds out through the great hotel window into the street.

"I got to look out," he said. "If I'm seen before they forget, I'll be shot. And th' captain that let me go, he'd get his, too. And I promised him I'd disappear. Bunk. I promised him, also, that I'd meet him to-night and give him th' time of his life. And that's no bunk. And it's no bunk that I've got to be quick, for if the officers that ordered me shot see me—too soon, I'll be dead, dead, dead. And," he cried, "I don't want to be dead. I want to be alive. I must take a chance and have one taxi-tear and a fight to-night. To-night. And here it is sundown. And I have to get steam up and all ready. Make it thirty, will you? Or was I down to twenty-five?"

"Bunk," I muttered.

"Sure," he said. "That's what I said. That's what I said we all give one another. That's what I gave th' captain: a lie, a story, a lot of lies. I watched his face and I told a tale, like you writers write: all made up. I could write it myself. No. I couldn't. I'd have to watch his face to see what to write; to see where to lay it on thick, and where to hold it down. I have never been able to understand how a writer can write a story when he can't see his reader's face. How can you tell what to tell, what's to th' good and what's—bunk? I watched th' captain's face, and the firing squad's. I sounded one note; no good; tried another, no good. It was life and death, the time was short and it was cold. I was just awake; awake, but not alive; you know; not all there. It was minutes before I got it all: that I'd get shot, sure, if I didn't get that captain."

The Major was "getting it." He sprang to his feet, darted across the lobby. He had said it would hurt to recall it, and he was recalling it. He was living it all over again: his fear, his terror, his art. And it hurt. His face showed that.

"Will you make it twenty?" he asked from across the room, and when I made no answer, he darted back at me, sinking into his chair.

"I saw th' darkness lighten," he said, and his eyes, seeming to take hold of mine, saw what he said. "It was a cell underground. There is no light in it in the daytime. But I saw that deep dark lessen. Bunk?"

He seized the lapels of my coat, shook me, and, letting go, stood up.

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"No, it wasn't. I knew you Gringos were out on the hustle for me. I watched you, I could see you meet, see you agree on your plans, divide up the field, and separate, each on a trail—to get me out. And I laughed. I sang. 'Let 'em hustle,' I said. 'Damned foreigners,' I said. 'They come here and work us. Let 'em work once for a Mexican.' That's what I said to the dark. I told the guard, too, when he brought me my supper. We laughed together. Yes, for I knew you'd put it over. You *are* hustlers all right. A Mexican might have run across a girl or a friend or been invited to a ball or a dinner. He'd forget, or get tired. Not you. No, you, you—fools, you'd run your legs off, stick to it till you'd won. So I knew you'd do it."

He turned pale. Actual terror struck his expressive little face. He sank, weak, into the chair beside me.

"What's the matter, Major?" I asked, alarmed.

"You didn't do it!" he whispered. "You couldn't. I got that, suddenly, at about midnight. I saw it. It hit me, like a blow. I was scared. I wondered why, why you didn't come, why you'd failed. I wondered if you knew where the General's mistress lived. That's where he'd be. Did you know? Had I told you? I couldn't remember. I was hot; I sweat, trying to remember if I'd told you. Why hadn't I told you that? Had I?"

He grabbed my arm with both his hands. "Tell me—" he rose and anxiously he asked, "had I told you that?"

"The General wasn't there," I answered.

"God!" He collapsed, repeating, "He wasn't there." But he revived. "Then where was he?" he said. "He wasn't there! I didn't know, you see. I was cold, heart-cold, bone-cold, and—I sweat. Fear is fierce. It's so helpless. And the night marched on, slow, but sure. Sure. Pitch dark; in the cell, inside of me, but outside—I could see the lights of the city, the particular lights of the streets where you Gringos raced. You must have worried. What? Each one of you? Well, think of me. I worried and worked with each of you; with the whole bunch. I was tired. I was drowsy. I lay down. I curled up on th' floor. I slept."

He dropped in his chair, dropped his head upon the back of it, and he lay there a moment; not acting; he was being asleep in his cell.

"I let you fellows do the hustling," he said drowsily. "Why not?—Damn Gringos—foreigners. Come to my country to graft on us Mexicans. Let 'em worry, I says. Let *them* worry. A lot of suckers anyway. I'm going to sleep."

He lifted himself with a jerk. "I wake. Where was I? Oh, yes, I remembered. No word? Not a word. I knew then. I looked at the dark, and I wanted it to be dark; pitch dark, and it was. Yes, when I first looked, it was dark, and then, all of a

"I TOLD THE GUARD TOO, AND WE LAUGHED TOGETHER."

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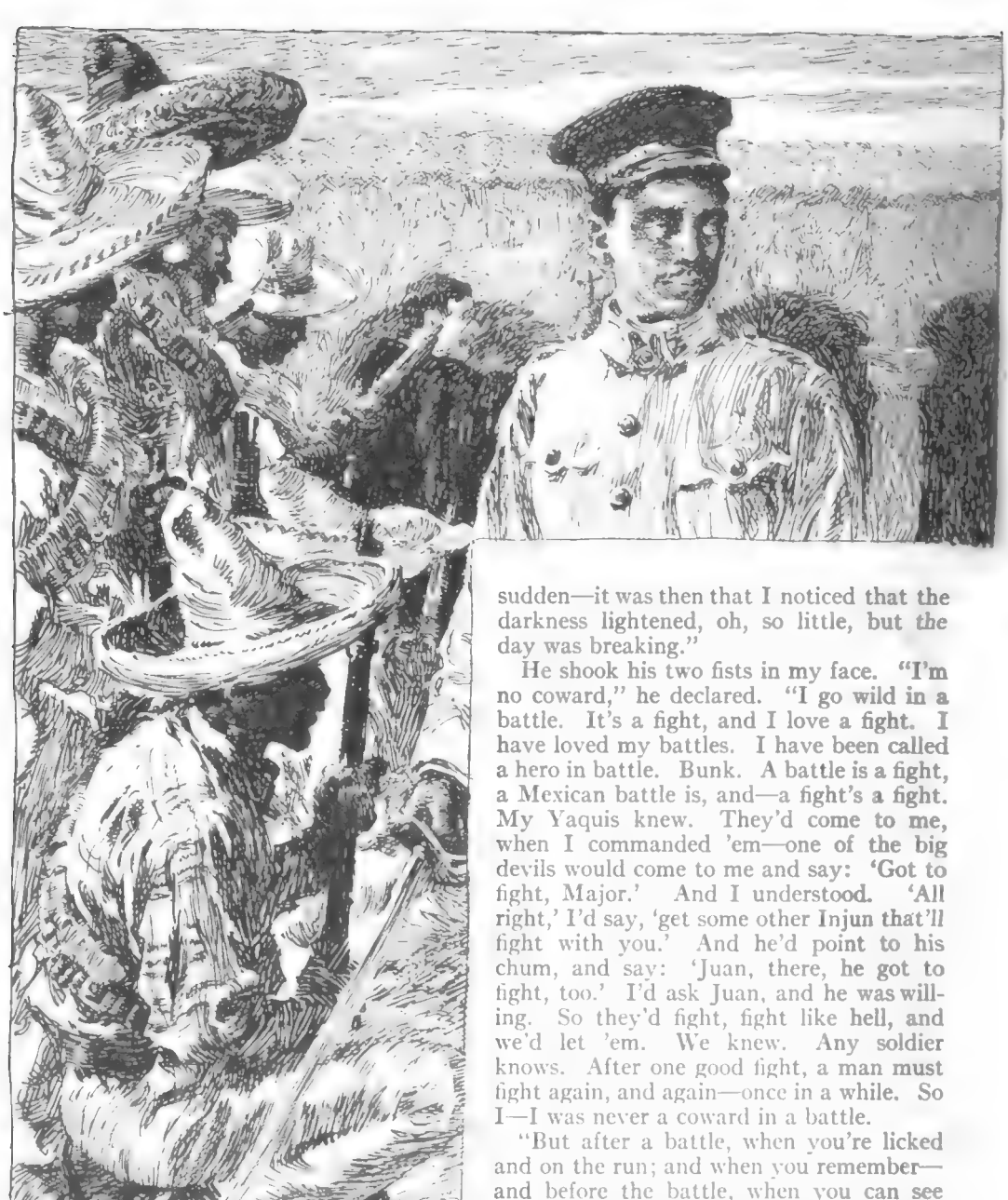

"WE LINED OUT INTO THE YARD, HALTED, DRESSED RANKS, BACKWARD MARCHED AGAINST THE WALL."

sudden—it was then that I noticed that the darkness lightened, oh, so little, but the day was breaking."

He shook his two fists in my face. "I'm no coward," he declared. "I go wild in a battle. It's a fight, and I love a fight. I have loved my battles. I have been called a hero in battle. Bunk. A battle is a fight, a Mexican battle is, and—a fight's a fight. My Yaquis knew. They'd come to me, when I commanded 'em—one of the big devils would come to me and say: 'Got to fight, Major.' And I understood. 'All right,' I'd say, 'get some other Injun that'll fight with you.' And he'd point to his chum, and say: 'Juan, there, he got to fight, too.' I'd ask Juan, and he was willing. So they'd fight, fight like hell, and we'd let 'em. We knew. Any soldier knows. After one good fight, a man must fight again, and again—once in a while. So I—I was never a coward in a battle.

"But after a battle, when you're licked and on the run; and when you remember—and before the battle, when you can see how it'll be, and hear it, and you have got to wait all the day before, and the night! —I'm a coward then, I'm a rank, crazy craven."

He gasped.

"This was before a battle. This was before the break of day, and I—I was a coward."

He hesitated. He stared at me, not seeing me. "I cried," he muttered. "I saw the light lighten the darkness, and I cried. I do love to live."

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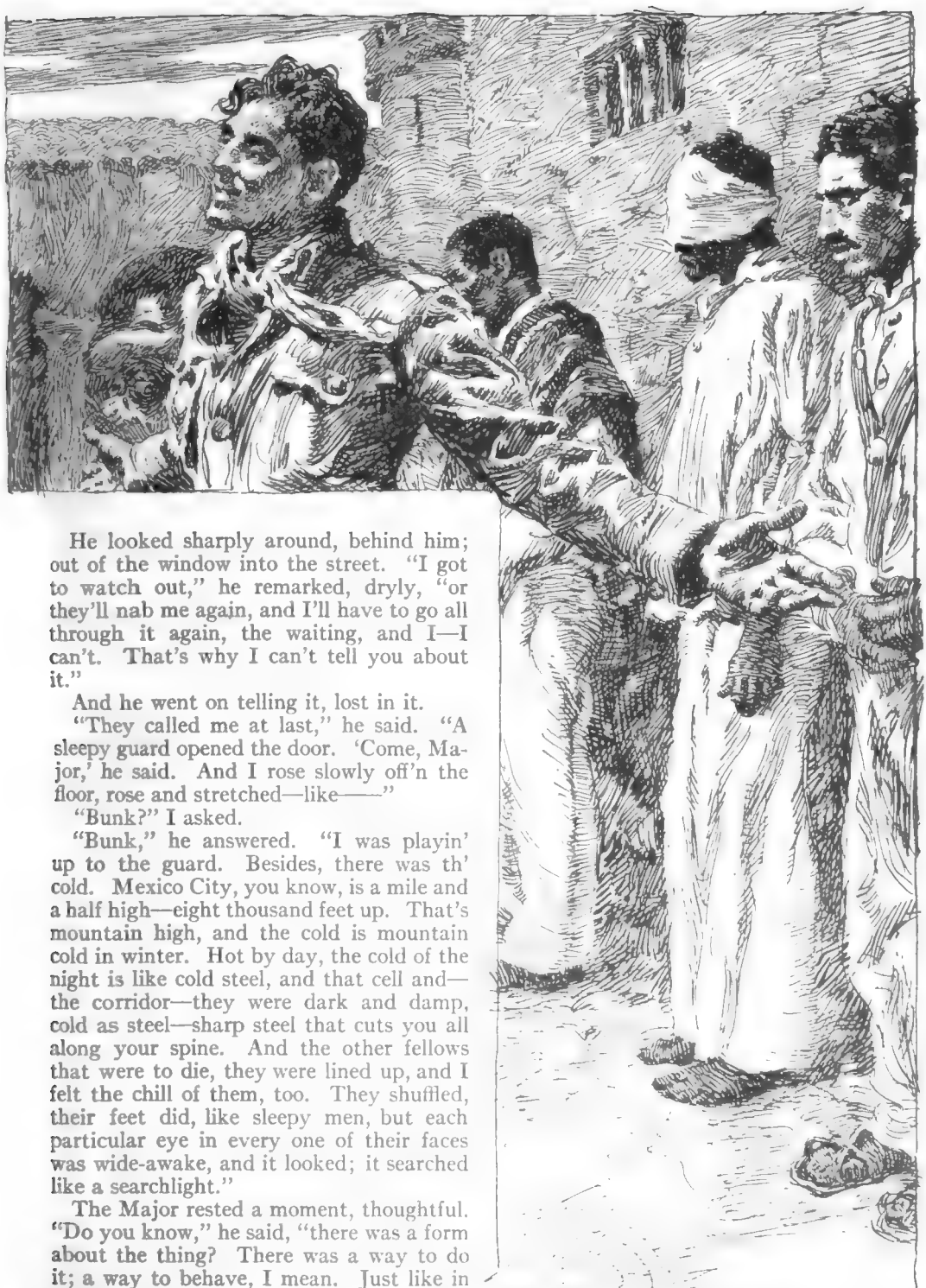

He looked sharply around, behind him; out of the window into the street. "I got to watch out," he remarked, dryly, "or they'll nab me again, and I'll have to go all through it again, the waiting, and I—I can't. That's why I can't tell you about it."

And he went on telling it, lost in it.

"They called me at last," he said. "A sleepy guard opened the door. 'Come, Major,' he said. And I rose slowly off'n the floor, rose and stretched—like——"

"Bunk?" I asked.

"Bunk," he answered. "I was playin' up to the guard. Besides, there was th' cold. Mexico City, you know, is a mile and a half high—eight thousand feet up. That's mountain high, and the cold is mountain cold in winter. Hot by day, the cold of the night is like cold steel, and that cell and—the corridor—they were dark and damp, cold as steel—sharp steel that cuts you all along your spine. And the other fellows that were to die, they were lined up, and I felt the chill of them, too. They shuffled, their feet did, like sleepy men, but each particular eye in every one of their faces was wide-awake, and it looked; it searched like a searchlight."

The Major rested a moment, thoughtful. "Do you know," he said, "there was a form about the thing? There was a way to do it; a way to behave, I mean. Just like in life, there was in that death scene a sense we all had that we had to act up to—to—expectations. Whose? I don't know, and

"I STUDIED THE CAPTAIN'S HARD, COLD FACE, AND SAID VERY QUIETLY, 'CAPTAIN, WAS THERE NO WORD FOR ME—MAJOR D'ALEGRO?'"

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I don't know how we knew what the expectations were. But I, for example, I was careful not to do or look anything—wrong. And the guard, he was the judge till— As we passed the officers' quarters, a young captain came out and joined on 'em behind; then he was the one to judge whether we all acted up to—to form.

"We lined out into the yard, halted, dressed ranks, backward marched against the wall. The cold light was dropping into the cold dark. The guard dressed our intervals, without a word, with a touch here, a sign there, and he yawned. Bunk. And the captain— As a sergeant filed out and delivered the firing squad to him and he took command—he yawned. Bunk."

The Major repeated the word, gleefully. "Bunk," he laughed. "A fake, a lie. He was playing up, too. I saw my chance. Where there's bunk, there's hope for me. I spoke up. I studied the captain's hard, cold, pale face, and I said, very quietly:

" 'Captain, was there no word for me—Major d'Alegro?'

" 'No,' he said, and he turned to his squad, pretending to give some instruction.

"There were seven of us in the line-up to die. I was number three. The captain stood almost exactly opposite to me; the firing squad behind him. They didn't look at me when I spoke. I had to make them mark me out. For I had two chances: first to get th' captain; second, the men; and they were all sorts, some of 'em Yaquis, others Indians, Mexicans. And maybe I had to get both the officer and the men.

"But I wasn't afraid, now. I knew what I meant to do. I meant to give 'em a game of talk, and that's my game; only I didn't know which game o' talk to give 'em; see? And the doubt woke me up, you know. You know how you can talk plain, straightaway; and you know how, when you've got steam up and are stimulated, you can talk—better. And then, you know, when it's a crisis, and you have to, you can do anything in the world with words, with—whatever it is you can send out of yourself to go and get another—soul, is it? Well, I was awake, but not yet all alive when I spoke again. I wasn't scared enough.

" 'There will be word, Captain,' I said. 'I have enemies, but I have friends.'

"He turned to me, and sneered: 'Your friends are late,' he said, and that helped a little. I got mad.

" 'My friends,' I answered, 'my friends are not through yet. They never will be through. My friends will always be the friends of my friends, the enemies of my enemies.'

"He laughed. 'The dead have no friends,' he said.

"He was right. He was only a kid, younger than me, but he was right. When they've done their best and failed, when the day breaks and they think you're dead and gone, your friends go to bed. And they rest. And when you turn up alive, on your own hook, and ask 'em for the loan of fifteen or twenty *pesos*, Mex, they're astonished. That's all: astonished and interested—in your story. They hadn't killed your enemy who killed you."

"Bunk," I said. "Go on."

"Yes," the Major said sadly, "the kid captain was right. So he wasn't afraid of my friends. And besides, he was no coward anyhow. I saw that. I cut out th' threatening bunk. I turned on th' patriotism.

" 'My friends,' I said, 'have got a record of service to show for me. I've done my part for my country in this revolution,' and I began to name my battles. He was bored, but I noticed a Yaqui in the firing squad look up at mention of one battle, another at another, and a little, ragged soldier at a third. So I called all my battles slowly, distinctly. And when I hadn't got all the firing squad, I went on and named other fights—battles I'd never seen, till I had every one of 'em. Then I looked at the captain. He was grinning. He was intelligent all right.

" 'Seventeen,' he said, 'seven fought, ten claimed. I have fought eight myself.'

" 'And there are more battles to fight,' I reminded him.

" 'There are men to fight them,' he reminded me.

"It wasn't only what he said, it was the way he said it and th' look in his face, that made me turn off th' patriotism bunk. I was beginning to be scared. I was beginning to come to life. I sounded for his vanity.

" 'You say that to hurt, to kill me,' I answered, meek, and I pulled some sincerity and sentiment. 'Why? We are comrades. I know the sort you are; I've met men like you in battle, met 'em in scrapes, and—this ain't no bunk,' I bunked, 'you are the sort

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THE AUTO CHARGED OFF IN A CLOUD OF SHOUTING LAUGHTER.

that'll fight th' battles that are to come, and win 'em, too. And let me say, brother, that since I'm to be shot, it's something to be shot at the word of a man of my own kind—a gentleman and a fighter.'

"Never touched him. He went on grinning, and I purposely mistook his grin. 'You laugh,' I says, hot, passionate, 'but I *am* your kind. I was the first man into Chihuahua and—the last man out.'

" 'Didn't you know the others had left?' he asked.

" 'No,' I came back, quick, with the candid play, 'I didn't.' And I laughed. And that got him, a little. So I cuddled right up close to get next. 'Were you ever in that fix, brother?' I asked.

"But he wouldn't have it; not yet. He didn't say a word, just looked, hard. He had no heart, I thought. But I wanted to make sure, because I'm great at pathos.

" 'All right, Señor Captain,' I said, 'I give up. But will you do me a service?' He didn't say he would, but he waited, watching me. So I rang the mother note; not too loud. I asked him, in a matter-of-fact way, if he would see that a message was sent to my mother, telling her I'd been shot. He said he would, and I was encouraged, but after a pause, when he saw me light up, he added: 'Very gladly.' And I got it; I could hardly go on. But I did.

" 'And don't tell her how I died,' I said. " 'No,' he said, 'I'll report it after the next battle and say you died for the good of your country, which will be true.' "

The Major stopped, stared, frightened, at me. "It was no use," he said weakly, "but I told him where my mother lived, and I was beginning to say how she lived; alone, anxious, dependent upon me, her only child, her sole surviving relative, when —he turned off that faucet.

" 'Every mother has a child,' he said and, with a wave of his sword around over all of us there, he added: 'Every man has a mother.' "

The Major reached for my hand, took it with both his, and, pale with the fright, he asked: "What would you have done?" And he asked as if, in despair, he really needed to know, how: "What could I say

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to such a man? Pathos amused him; the heroic bored him. He had no mother-love; no love of country. He had too much vanity to take more. I tried ambition.

" 'I am a good friend,' I said in a lowered voice. 'My friends will all tell you that. I can help a friend, and I do.' And he said he believed it, but only when I was alive. 'Dead ones are no use,' he said."

The Major was panting now, actually panting. "To him," he said, "I was as good as dead. I was scared. I could read it in his face that he hadn't the slightest thought of letting me go; not the slightest. He was just playing with me. If he'd been a man, he wouldn't have done it. But he was a kid, and I—I was a butterfly or a bug. He had me; I was in his power. He was alone in command, and he was just pulling my wings out one by one, pulling my leg. That's what that saying means, I guess: pulling your leg. He was pulling my legs out, my arms, my heart——"

The Major sprang to his feet, faced me, and I am sure he looked to me as he looked to that young captain: all alive, a living, living thing.

"That's what brought me to life," he cried. "That's what drove the darkness out of me, and the dead, dead cold: the sight of him torturing me for fun. I was a goner; I knew it. I knew I was going to be killed. And I wasn't afraid. I was appalled. I was amazed that I couldn't get that kid. Do you get me? I have always been able to get anybody or anything. I have asked people for jobs, and got 'em. I have asked 'em for money—money, and got it. I have lived without working for years now on the money I could get from fellows like you. You refuse, but I get you; I get it. I have asked women for love, and —I got 'em. I have been up against the wall before, to be shot, and I got the squad or the officer, always. And now—all I had to do was to ask the kid for my life, and I'd get it. I knew that.

"No, no," he insisted, "I hadn't been asking for my life; not yet; not I; not all of me. I wasn't all there. It was so cold, so early, so dark, so dead, I hadn't put myself into it, my life. I had only been doing what you writers do; I'd only been giving him bunk. I'd only been giving him what he ought to have fallen for. So I'd failed. I was gone.

"I changed. I gave him—I gave him th' real thing. I wasn't afraid any more. I was alive. I was so full of life that I could have died with joy, a-laughing. So I gave him what I'd have fallen for myself. I gave him life. Oh, it was bunk, yes. I knew what I was about. I seemed not to, but I did. I knew that I was giving him—life.

" 'All right, you blankety blank blank blank,' I says. 'Go to it,' I says. And I meant it. I cut out keeping up to their damned expectations. To hell with form. I stepped out of line, one pace, front, and I laughed. 'Go on and shoot,' I shouted. 'Get around behind your dirty gang of killers there, where it's safe, and kill. Kill us all. I'm not afraid to die!' I laughed. 'Death is nothing. I'd rather have my death come at me face to face, with its hands and feet and teeth—and fight. I'd fight. Fight? I'd fight death with my life, and that'd be life; not death. I could fight such a fight with death that I'd put the breath of life into—death itself.'

"It was great," said the Major to me, his face aglow. "I liked it. I felt the captain feel it. I saw th' firing squad feel it. I felt the line-up behind me, th' dead ones—I felt them feel it.

" 'And that's what I love, you — — —,' I shot at the captain. 'Life. Life. And I know what it is. And you don't. I live when I live. And you don't. And your damned killers there, they don't. Let them off for a day, and they'll lie down in the shade and sleep. That's death. I'd run in the sun, and I'd feel in my veins the warmth of it, the life of it. And when I'd go in th' shade, it'd be to feel—to feel th' cool of th' shade flow clear over me like living, running water, cool and clear and—loving.

" 'And you—you live, but you don't know it. You eat and drink, love a little, talk a little, and rest. You don't feel the food go down and around in you, and the drink rise up and fill you with wit and dreams and—riot. And love—does it make you a hero, a drunken giant, a man? Bah, no! You're a gentleman. You eat and drink to live; you talk to please and so live easily. So you don't live. You don't know how. You don't know how to make life tingle in you, sing in you; you don't love it like a lover, hoard it like a miser, and, like a reckless gambler, waste it. All at once.

" 'I do,' I laughed. 'I do. And you don't. I wouldn't let you escape,' I said. And I wouldn't. 'Why should I?' I asked.

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'What would you do with a day, if I gave it to you? A day and a night?'

"He didn't answer. He couldn't. He didn't know. 'You wouldn't know,' I sneered, 'what to do with a day, a whole day and a night.' And I laughed at him. 'I do,' I said. 'Give me a chance, and I'll show you. Beginning now. You can see, can't you, that I'm enjoying this? Do you know why? Life's an adventure. So is this. There's a bare chance of my bunking you into letting me go, one in a hundred; one in a thousand. So I'm up against it; hard. It's a crisis. Well, I tingle with it. I can see ten times as much as you can see, at this minute; I can hear ten times as much as you can hear. I'm alive. You ain't. I'm living a year of your life in this last minute of mine. And it's good, it's good to live—to live all over.

" 'Why,' I called to him, pointing a laugh at him, 'I can see your mind through your lying face. I can see that—my chance of escape is better already—it's—it's two in a hundred, now—two in a thousand. Make it three, brother,' I choked. 'I do love to live.

" 'Look,' I said, more softly, swiftly, 'I'd drop with the dead ones here when your dead ones fired. I might not know I wasn't hit. I might—I'm so alive—I might feel killed. But I'd feel all through myself to see and, if I'm not shot—can't you imagine—the joy of it? God, man! I could lie there in bliss: alive, alive. And when your back was turned, I'd get up. I'd get up, I say; I'd rise up like a vapor, like light, glad, so glad. And I'd laugh. I'd laugh so that the guards would laugh, so that the guards would be glad. And I'd run. I'd have to run, my legs would, for they'd be laughing, too, and glad. Oh, yes, your legs can laugh. Babies' legs do. Mine do.

" 'And I'd call a taxi. I haven't a cent, not a cent, but I'd take a taxi and drive; I'd tell, I'd *make* th' driver drive like hell, while I'd lie there and let the warm, rising sun come down and warm me, warm my body, warm my heart, warm my soul. And we'd drive to a café. I'd bid him wait (I'd have to keep him till I could pay). And in the café I'd see—the café. I'd see th' people in it, all glum and early, and I'd like th' people in it. Love 'em. And they'd like me, and some of them, or th' waitress, would lend me the price of th' coffee and rolls, the eggs and—I'm hungry. Hunger is great. I'd feed it slow, bit by bit; I like to feed hunger. But, then, I like everything; everybody. I'd flirt with th' waitress, and pay her a surprising, a gladdening tip, and not in money alone—I'd give her a bit of my life. I might even say a word to make her dream I might come back!

" 'And then—then I'd go on a hunt, a hunt for suckers, Gringos to lend me money for my day and th' night. And I'd find 'em. I always do. You've got your pay; perhaps you've got an income or some other graft on th' side? Well, then, you miss th' sport of living. I never know in the morning how I'm to live that day out. All I had, I spent th' night before. So I wake up, all alive, and I think: How? Who? And sometimes I can't think of a sucker; not one. All I know are overdrawn, down on me, sick of me. But I—I jump in my tub, laugh a laugh, and out I go. I can sell something, pawn something, steal something—from a friend. (Strangers have you arrested.)

" 'Oh, I'll get the money, somehow, for to-night. I'll dress, bathe and dress— Do you love to dress? I'll bet it's just a routine with you. I dress like a woman, loving each thing I put on, the fresh underclothes on the cool, dry, fresh skin, and the— Dressing is living too. And do you know who you'll dine with to-night? Sure you do. I don't. I don't know her name, but she'll have eyes I can fill with gladness and admiration, a face I can draw her soul into, a soul I can lift to—heaven. And then? Then?

" 'There's a crowd, I know, a bunch of boys and girls who know no law and no death and no rest. They will come with us and play. We will take autos, all we can fill, and we'll fill them with living beings, all—all—alive, and with the whole city to play in, we'll drive, shouting and singing, all over the city. You'll hear us laugh. The noise will wake you up. It'll wake up even th' cops on th' corner, and when they look up they'll see their lanterns, left at the center of th' cross streets, jump up and follow, bumping after us. That's why I'm here. I put a hook on a line, and as we yelled past each lantern, we hooked it, and when the line was run out a hundred yards or so, the lantern leaped in the air and went chasing after us. Lots of 'em. It looked as if the very lanterns liked and joined us. And th' cops were scared, and —there was an investigation——

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" 'Not worth dying for? Life is worth dying for. Fun is worth dying for. Nay, fun is worth living for; fun alone, the fun that laughs in your feet, in your fingers, in your heart, in your heart and your skin and your bones, all at once; yours, and your friends', and—the world's.

" 'Boy,' I cried, 'let me go. It's not for long. They'll get me again, and soon. I'll lay low; keep your secret. Nay, I'll meet you to-night, and take you with us, show you—show you, you — — —, show you that living, just living, but living all over and knowing it's life—I'll show you that life—can be filled full of life—full of life.' "

The Major was looking, full of life, at me, eager, eager—watching the captain, when again that look of terror came into his face, and with trembling lips he said:

"He turned his back on me, th' kid did. He said something to th' firing squad. I couldn't get it. It was short, rough, a snap. It was just as if what he said had fallen, like a glass, from his lips and broken all to pieces on the stone pavement of the yard. I reached for th' pieces, tried to pick them up and put them together. There was an oath in it. He called me the — — — I had called him, and 'if you like'—I got that. But that was all.

" 'Get back in line there,' he ordered me.

"I staggered back as if I'd been pushed, and he—then he called 'Ready' and—quick, no pause: 'Fire!' "

The Major fell into the chair beside me, and he closed his eyes for a moment. He was pale. By and by his eyes opened. He smiled, weakly, and weakly he rose.

"Come on," he said gently, and we went slowly out of the hotel. The fresh, cold evening air braced him up, and he began to notice people. Some children, little, dirty, impudent grafters — professional beggars they were—ran up to him in a flock. They knew him well. He was their friend. He always gave them something. He did now. Digging all through his pockets, he tossed them all the paper pennies he had.

"That's all th' *cartonies* I got," he said, and they believed him, and ran away. One little girl kissed his hand, another hugged his leg, but he ordered them off: *"Via, via,"* peremptorily.

A little way farther down the street he halted before an old woman who sat on a door-step and held out her hand.

"Look at that," said the Major. "Will you look at her? She just sits there, and begs. I get out and hustle all over the town for mine, begging of you, begging from all the Gringos I can find, but I have to find them, I have to go and hunt and find 'em. I——

"Lend me ten dollars, will you?" he demanded.

I handed him a ten-*peso* bill. He gave it to the woman. She crumpled it up, and, without looking at it, hid it away in her rags.

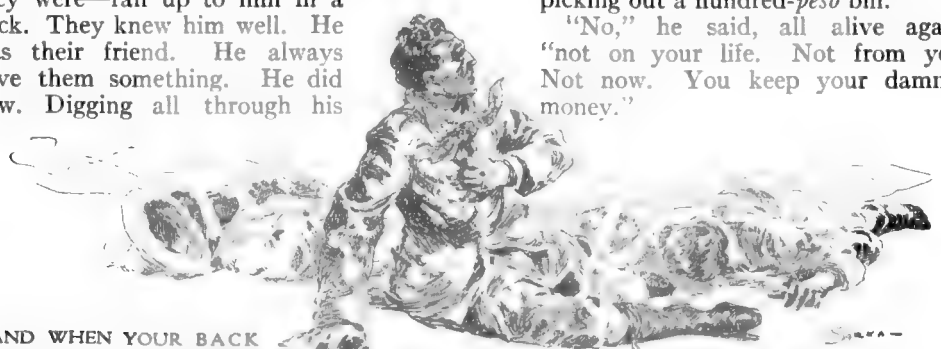
"That's the way to do it," the Major said. "Some day I'm going to cut out all this running around I do to beg, and just sit down on a door-step and hold out my hand. Easy, dead easy. Let the suckers do the walking; and they will. They'll walk up to you, like I did to her, and just hand it to you, th' way you did to me."

He smiled, wearily, I thought; he was tired. At the corner he hailed a cab, and when it came to him he turned to me and said:

"I'm sorry. I must leave you now. I promised to meet the little captain that let the firing squad miss me—to show him—around. Wish I had the hundred I told him I'd have, but—it's too late now. Maybe he'll have some money, and I can borrow enough from him."

I took out my pocket-book, and was picking out a hundred-*peso* bill.

"No," he said, all alive again, "not on your life. Not from you. Not now. You keep your damned money."



"'AND WHEN YOUR BACK WAS TURNED, I'D GET UP.'"

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And at his word the driver drove him off. He looked back, but not at me; he had caught the eye of a pretty girl back of me. But he let her go, too. I walked toward my hotel, thinking what a queer mixture he was, the boy-major; and how his good impulses fought—fought with his bad impulses; how he could take my money for his bunk, but not—not for his art.

Coming to my hotel, I stood a moment at the door, not ten minutes, when there was a burst of laughter and a high-power car swung around into the street and halted with a bang in front of me. It seemed to be full of women, but the Major leaped out and after him another young officer. The automobile became still.

"*Oiga*," the Major called to me, "listen. This is my friend, el Señor Capitán—What's your name, brother? Costello. Sure—the Señor Capitán Costello, the sucker I bunked into letting me go this morning. And," he turned, sharp, upon the Captain, "by the way, Captain, what was it you said to the firing squad just before you gave the order to fire?"

The Captain flushed, laughed: "Oh, I told them they might miss you, if they liked."

"Yes," the Major said, "you blankety blank blank, and you called me a blankety blank blank."

We all laughed, and while we were laughing, the Major turned, sharp, upon me:

"By the way," he said, "I wish you'd let me have that hundred you have of mine."

I gave him the money.

"Thanks," he said. "I couldn't raise but sixty at the American Club."

And he laughed. So did I, and the Captain, too; and the women. The auto charged off in a cloud of shouting laughter, but the Major's merriment rang clear and distinct above the rest: there was life in it; no bunk.

NORTH OF CELEBES

BY WILL THOMPSON

North of Celebes they say the wind is borning.
  Out from where the tempests grow there lies the traders' trail;
Fresh and wet we go to court the tropic morning,
  Out across the azure foam along the mainland pale.

North of Celebes a spiciness is drifting,
  Lifting, sifting down across the islands and the sea;
Now we rest our oars, into our harbor shifting,
  Go and seek our host whose house is in the mango-tree.

Maidens dance all day among the plantain bowers;
  Tom-toms throb and echo the staccato of the sea;
Merry feasts are laid beneath the trumpet-flowers;
  Presents given and received by high and low degree.

North of Celebes we go at early morning.
  Pearly is the early light that breaks across our bows—
Speeding from the cove where easy winds are borning,
  Out across the lazy wash of morn's exquisite rose.

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A SPRING NIGHT

By
Nina Wilcox Putnam
Author of "In Search of Arcady"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. B. KING

"MIGHTY strange, to put it mildly!" Newlove commented aloud. And, giving the button of the apparently noiseless door-bell a second vigorous but futile push, he leaned back against the door and stared out into the wet blackness of the spring night.

The world was pulsing with rising sap and bursting bud, rejoicing in the rainstorm that was at once gentle and fierce. Thomas Newlove threw back his head and drew in the essence of it all in great breaths, filling his big chest and sighing. It was wonderful, *wonderful*, the unknown East—New England—so jubilant in its final yielding to spring, after the tense winter; so different from the first magical rain-time of California, which but piles luxury upon luxury; more compelling, somehow, more intense. For sheer joy of the season's contagion, he laughed aloud, and, as the rain swept into his shelter, barked out a good-humored oath and vainly tried the silent bell again. Then he shouted, but the storm swept the sound from his lips.

Newlove looked ruefully in the direction which the hack that brought him from the station had taken in departure. Ten miles away, that station was, over pitch-dark, utterly unknown roads! What neighbors there were, and how located, it was impossible to guess, for no light showed in any direction, and he had no recollection of having passed one for the last mile or two on the drive out. Confound it all, why couldn't he arouse the folks? What did they mean by going to sleep like this, instead of being up to welcome him?

The wind was shifting, and the rain now swept in from the south, drenching every corner of the porch. It was impossible to remain there much longer. The devil take

JUST ROOM ENOUGH TO GAIN HIS LARGE FRAME ADMISSION.

Jack Williams, with his failure to meet trains and his broken door-bell! Newlove took out a little pocket searchlight and looked at his watch. Eleven forty-five! Outrageous! Then he spread open the

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telegram which had greeted him on his arrival in New York. Perhaps he had misread it. But no, there were the instructions he had followed, clear and unmistakable:

Catch three o'clock train to Hillsbank, N. H. Will meet you there. Don't fail, old scout. JACK.

Nice and cordial in intent, this pressing invitation to his college roommate's home; but if this was an Easterner's notion of hospitality at a country estate—well, Jack and his menials would hear what a Westerner thought of it, when they discovered him asleep on the brocaded sofa of the pink drawing-room in the morning; for he, Thomas Newlove, refused to be daunted by a closed door. If the ranch didn't welcome the traveler, he'd invade it, by thunder, that's what he'd do! He'd get in out of this wet, one way or another! With which determination he set about reconnoitering.

The porch was laden with old vines, from which came the perfume of honeysuckle. It was heady and sweet and sleep-inducing. Newlove turned his attention to the lock of the door, trying each of his keys in vain. Then followed an examination of the window fastenings. At first they all seemed as secure as the legitimate modes of entrance. But at last his searching hands fell upon a startling discovery—an empty space where a window-pane should have been—one of the side lights to the front door was standing wide open!

Newlove gave a low whistle, and then contemplated the space with satisfaction. There would be just room enough to gain his large frame admission. Cautiously he first placed his damp suit-case and golf-bag within, and next, pulling his hat well down over his eyes, struggled through into the dense blackness of the hallway.

The house breathed a quiet charm and sense of homeliness, even in the dark. Instinctively he felt that the hall before him was a wide one, more living-room than passageway, and that there would be large, easy chairs about to bump into. A white-railed staircase glimmered vaguely some fifteen feet ahead of him. There must be an electric-light switch somewhere. He would find that!

To look for it he flashed on his lantern, and out of the darkness sprang a lovely thing—a great bowl of windflowers, delicate and frail, their stiff little heads closed in sleep. It was as if he had turned his light upon a bit of sheltered woodland. A woman's work, undoubtedly! Yet Jack was not a married man, nor did he possess any female relations who lived with him, so far as Newlove was aware.

"Humph!" thought he. "That's funny! What else?"

He started forward to explore, but had not taken two steps when a sudden metallic "click" behind him drew him up short. Intensely startled, and more than half expecting to look down the barrel of a revolver, he turned to find that the window by which he had entered had mysteriously closed of itself. It was queer, deuced queer. The thing had been secure enough when he squeezed through, and must have been so afterward, else the impact of his entrance would have loosened it at once. Still, it was clearly the window which had made the noise, and, satisfied of this, he stepped forward again, noting as he did so a curious difference in the feeling of the floor beneath his feet. It gave him a creepy feeling. Confound it all! As if it wasn't enough to have to break open a place this way without being scared into the bargain, he thought crossly. And he began his search for the magical button in the wall which would reveal his surroundings. But there was no sign of any electric fittings, and after a few moments of fruitless maneuverings among the rightly predicted easy chairs, he brought up against a table bearing a fat and capacious oil-lamp.

"It's an old-fashioned house," Newlove murmured; "they light with *lamps!* I'll simply have to find a sofa, with the flash, and bunk there. And, believe *me*, if I don't find a good sleeping-spot pretty damn soon . . . Great Scott! What's that?"

It was something in the nature of a sign-board, being about three feet high, resting on an easel which stood at the bottom of the staircase. Suddenly the sense of a pervading personality, charming, piquant, and elusive, which he had felt from the moment of his entrance, seemed to increase, as though this curious sign-board affair had some intimate association with it. Two long strides brought him to the thing, his light full on it. With a start he drew back, and then stepped near again, a grin spreading slowly over his bronzed face. In the spot-light was a string of large black letters which sprang at him with startling emphasis from a white background:

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Burglars please notice!

Kindly read the following information and rules carefully before beginning to rob the house. You are trapped. The window through which you entered locked automatically on your stepping off the floor beneath it, at the same time notifying me of your arrival by means of a muffled alarm. I am a student of psychology, and am most anxious to meet a burglar under these circumstances. While I am preparing to come down, kindly gather up the things you mean to take. Escape is impossible, but you will not be hurt, and at the end of our interview you will be allowed to depart unmolested. Adherence to these rules will be greatly appreciated by the undersigned and will result in an equal consideration of treatment on her part.

"Phew!" commented Newlove, with a long breath. "A woman!" The rules were carefully numbered, and printed in somewhat smaller type. A good job for a female, he decided mentally. The author's wishes were explicit.

No. 1. Make as little disturbance as possible.

No. 2. Do not shoot under any circumstances, as I have no arms in the house, because I am more afraid of them than of burglars.

No. 3. Follow the arrows when searching for valuables.

No. 4. Do not spill candle-grease on the rugs, make tracks of mud, or spill tobacco, as I shall have to clean up after you.

No. 5. Have your choice of loot all collected and ready to carry away within half an hour after reading this.

No. 6. Be courteous and considerate of my age when we meet. No violence will be attempted on my part if there is none on yours.

(Signed) Mary-Laetitia Williams.

Newlove drew a hand across his dazed eyes. "Well, I'll be—*gosh-dinged!*" he gasped, influenced, perhaps, in his choice of expletives, by the conception of Mary-Laetitia that floated through his brain—a prim old maid, New England to a degree, of course, yet full of dry humor and frankness too. Below her signature was a further direction; an arrow pointing to the right, and the succinct information—

DINING-ROOM, THIS WAY

Newlove snapped off his light and stood thinking there in the dark. Who the devil was Mary-Laetitia Williams? Why did Jack consent to this extraordinary performance? Was Jack there at all? But of course he must be—for how about his telegram? . . . It was all most puzzling. And yet suppose there was actually only a lone woman in the house! Should he attempt to escape, despite her assurance that to do so was impossible? For surely he would be able to get out! Yet, no! It might be as well to do as she commanded, for even if this Mary-Laetitia were alone in the place, she seemed to be a person of uncommon resource and character, and might have almost anything in reserve for those who ignored or disobeyed her rules. Newlove was in—he might as well stay in quietly, and see the thing through!

He switched on his light again, and attentively regarded the arrow below the sign "Dining-room this way." And as he looked, he began to be aware of a hollow sensation in his middle. Dining-room! What the deuce did it mean? Was a cold supper left ready every night, or what? It was worth investigating, at any rate! Turning his light in the direction indicated, he made his way toward the cavernous gloom of an open door. And soon the gleam of old mahogany and the twinkle of silver and glass showed him that he was at his goal. But no supper appeared on the polished table—only another bowl of flowers. They were pink windflowers again: a strange bloom to his Western eyes.

On the sideboard were two more signs, simple and lucid:

ALL THE SOLID SILVER THAT THERE IS IN THE HOUSE

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BEFORE HIM STOOD THE PORTRAIT FROM THE DRAWING-ROOM: A GIRL OF PERHAPS TWENTY.

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said one, with an arrow pointing downward to the left-hand drawer. Above the right-hand drawer stood the other:

PLATED WARE ONLY

"For Pete's sake! I wonder if that's so!" muttered Newlove curiously.

Diffidently opening the first division, he examined the markings on several of the handsome pieces which lay in tidy array. Then he opened the second drawer and repeated the operation.

"Well, Mary-Laetitia's told the truth in this case!" he commented, laying the objects back in order. "Darned if they're not divided just as she said!"

He turned the light about to other parts of the room, his curiosity and sense of excitement growing momentarily. Revelations came thick and fast. On a small side-table stood an enormous coffee-urn, presumably of silver, but of a pattern as obsolete as it was hideous. Its fat and ugly body was ill-balanced on thin legs, and about its "neck" was strung a placard with these words:

COUSIN JANE GAVE ME THIS, SO IT HAS TO STAY IN SIGHT. PLEASE STEAL IF IT IS CONVENIENT.

Newlove smothered a laugh and turned to other quarters. The notion of any sane burglar attempting to carry off that white elephant without the aid of a derrick and a motor-truck was too absurd! His light swept the mantel-shelf. There was an old clock upon it whose voice had been stilled these many years, but whose simple beauty remained. There were a pair of luster candlesticks and two lovely Dresden figures—a shepherd with a sentimental lamb; a shepherdess with an impossible pannier of flowers—or was it a lunch-basket? The two were delicate and old—almost priceless. Behind them stood a sign. It read:

YES, THEY ARE VALUABLE, BUT I HAVE LOVED THEM SINCE A CHILD. BESIDES, IF YOU TAKE THEM YOU WILL PROBABLY BREAK THEM.

"I'll bet she used to day-dream over those two when she was a kid," murmured Newlove. "They are regular little images of springtime romance!"

Smiling, he turned away. He was beginning to have a very real liking for Miss Mary-Laetitia Williams, and to feel as if he knew her rather well. He was pleased with this touch of sentiment on her part. It gave her another virtue: she had sentiment, and humor, and a lively imagination! He summed them up with a growing sense of pleasure. He wished she would hurry down, and he peered eagerly toward the hall; but as yet there was no sound of her advent.

"*Some* old girl!" he thought. "I wonder what the deuce she looks like! Maybe there's a picture around here."

His light swept on to another arrow-marked sign:

PARLOR, THIS WAY

"Gee whiz! No need for getting lost!" muttered Newlove. "Guess I'll have to take a look!"

The arrow directed him through a short and narrow passage into a low-ceilinged portion of what must have been the original house, for it had a strange, musty odor, such as only ancient New England dwellings possess. The furnishing was old, too, in the room he entered: a stiff little parlor which seemed to have preserved intact its original decoration. The straight-backed chairs were of the Puritan ancestry which had created them; there were rag rugs upon the painted floor, and a highboy of great beauty stood against one wall. Over the wide mantel-shelf, between the prim ornaments at either end, was something which gleamed. Newlove tilted the light a trifle higher, and suddenly there arrested him three words, embossed on a shield of gold:

MARY-LAETITIA WILLIAMS
BY
BENJAMIN WEST
1866

"The old girl's portrait!" exclaimed Newlove. "Over the mantel in the best parlor, of course!"

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His light ran around over the oval frame, and then rested on the canvas itself. At sight of it, he could scarcely suppress the cry of admiration which sprang to his lips. For there, peering sweetly down the long vista of the years, was the youth of Mary-Laetitia: an exquisitely beautiful and delicate girl, with thin, chiseled features, a mouth like an opening rosebud, a skin like the windflowers that she still loved, and a pair of half-sad, half-laughing gray eyes under a tangle of red-gold curls. One long, slender hand, on which glowed a great emerald ring, clasped her filmy white garments at her bosom. Newlove heaved a tremendous sigh.

"And yet she is still Mary-Laetitia *Williams!*" he exclaimed softly. "Lordy, how did she escape matrimony!"

It certainly was a mystery. He stood off a little way, still keeping the portrait under the light, and nodding his head slowly as he surveyed it. Jove! She had been wonderful! A creature to arouse the least susceptible of men. So delicate, so elusive, so quick with understanding! It seemed almost as if she must speak in another instant—speak some witty line which would at once shame his dulness and delight it; ridicule his ridiculous emotion and yet quicken it.

Bah! What nonsense to feel this way about a mere portrait: a thing of paint and canvas! Why, she was over seventy by now! With the glorious hair grown gray and thin—covered by a wig, perhaps! And the lovely skin . . . dreadful, dreadful, that such things must be! He found himself passionately wishing that he had been born three-quarters of a century earlier. The thought of what she must be now, was a torment. . . . What was he doing, letting go of himself like this? What morbid nonsense! Resolutely he snapped off the light, turned away, stumbled over a chair, turned the light on again, and went back to the portrait.

"If only she were a woman," he muttered. And then he remembered anew that she *was* a woman, still alive, still full of warm humor and cleverness. A wave of normality swept over him, and he put the light out. What a jolly old girl she was! Somewhere in the house a clock chimed the hour of one, and an ambitious cockerel crew, suspicious of the advent of dawn. Then, with a start, Newlove aroused himself. Surely that was a step on the staircase—a voice speaking!

Half dazed, he tried to switch on his little light in order to make his way back to the hall from which the sound came. But to his utter disgust the thing failed him. He pressed the spring again and again, but to no avail; the battery had expired, leaving him stranded in the dark! Everything was immensely quiet, save for the faint ticking of the unseen clock. Outdoors, the spring storm still sighed, though more gently now, as if wearied by its turmoil. He had heard her, she was undoubtedly on the stair, and somehow or other he must get back to the hall. He felt through his pockets hastily, but not a match was to be found. So, groping and stumbling against the furniture as he went, he made the best of his difficult way toward the dim light which now glimmered like a firefly ahead of him.

In the last doorway he paused, and there, on the bottom step of the staircase, stood a scarcely discernible shrouded figure, who carried a little electric spot-light exactly like the one he had been using. The place might almost as well have been in utter darkness for all the little round spot of light revealed of Miss Williams, while Newlove underwent the disconcerting experience of having the light flashed full upon him. Almost blinded by the sudden glare upon his face, he could only discern that Mary-Laetitia was small of stature, and that her voice, though tremulous, was still sweet.

"Oh!" said the voice weakly. "Are you the burglar?"

"At last I have arrived!" returned Newlove.

The light was held upon him steadily.

"Have you read the sign?" the voice behind the light quavered.

"Of course—with interest."

"Have you gathered up everything you want?" the voice went on, gaining strength with usage, but still shaky.

"Spunky little old girl!" thought Newlove. "I do wish I could see her!" Then he spoke aloud. "I have followed the signs with great care, madam," he announced. "And you certainly have some delightful possessions. But I have not yet been directed to your jewel-case. I'd like to have that, please. Don't you think you are making a mistake in trying to withhold it?"

The situation was delicious. It was only with the utmost difficulty that he managed

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"OH!" SHE CRIED WITH AN APPEALING GESTURE OF HER PRETTY HANDS, "YOU MUST NOT GO ON IN THIS WAY!"

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to keep his countenance severe under the searching light.

"The idea!" said the voice, the tremolo almost vanquished by indignation. "Haven't you enough without that?"

"Jewelry is my specialty," explained Newlove. "But I promise if I don't like the things—if they are some queer old stuff—I'll give them back. On the word of a burglar!"

There followed a brief period of hesitating silence. From somewhere in her direction came a faint odor of wood violets.

"Well?" he demanded at length. "Don't let me scare you too much. Have you got heart trouble, or anything?" he added anxiously.

"No!" came the voice, in angry denial. Then: "You seem a most unusual burglar. Have you a revolver?"

"No—er, yes! In my suit-case!" replied Newlove confusedly. "But I promise not to use it! Come now, where are your jewels?"

A long-drawn sigh from behind the light answered his question; then the voice spoke again, coolly: "Very well! If you are selfish enough to insist! I will trust your word about giving them back. As a matter of fact, I have them right here under my arm in case you demanded them. But it's a great waste of time, for I know you won't like my trinkets."

He could feel that she looked straight at him as she gave him the little casket, and as she did so, he seemed to see himself as she beheld him—wet, muddy, disheveled; with low-drawn hat shielding all the upper portion of his face—an alarming figure. Even the hand he extended to take the trinkets was grimed from the journey and his burglary! For a moment he felt ashamed, and then, touching the catch, opened the case, revealing a trayful of ornaments. Old-fashioned brooches—one with a lock of gray hair in it, and the inscription "Our Aunt Mary" on the border. A simple pendant, an old watch and chain—a man's, and of generations past. A couple of inexpensive modern necklaces, and—the emerald ring from the portrait in the parlor! That was all. With a rough gesture he closed the case and returned it.

"Those things are no good!" he said gruffly. "You keep them, miss, . . . I say! Look out, you'll drop it!"

And indeed, in her confusion at actually having her treasure returned to her, she had let go of the little spot-light. On the instant he caught it, and switched its glow full upon her. . . . Then for an instant the vision held him. There before him stood the portrait from the drawing-room: a girl of perhaps twenty, with every detail just as the canvas had shown her—the skin like windflowers, the half-opened rosebud mouth, the great eyes half laughing, half sad beneath a tousled mass of red-gold curls.

"Are *you* Mary-Laetitia Williams?" he gasped.

"Of course!" she answered.

And at that second the little electric lantern, even as his own had done, blinked and went out, leaving them in total darkness.

Newlove trembled for the first time in his hardy existence; trembled from head to foot like a young tree shaken in a spring storm. The scent of violets grew stronger, seeming to emanate from her, swirling about her white draperies there in the dark. What would she do? Would she shut herself away from him again? No, no! She must not do that! He uttered a little cry, inarticulate, eloquent, and stretched out a hand toward her, but she was gone like a vision, and there was nothing but the empty blackness . . . though not for long.

A match crackled somewhere near, and before he rightly knew what was happening she returned, a lighted candle in one hand. He could see her flower-face again! It was a miracle, a miracle! There she was, no dead portrait, but a living woman, beautiful, and, all things considered, extraordinarily self-possessed.

"I thank you for allowing me to keep my jewels," she said, "particularly that emerald ring. It belonged to the aunt who left me this place, and I was fond of her."

"Your *aunt!*" exclaimed Newlove. "So that is it! You look just like her!"

"I look—what on earth!" she began, dumfounded. Then a light broke. "Oh, you saw the portrait!"

"Yes, I—I saw it!" he answered lamely.

She scrutinized him with greater care, and Newlove began to be more and more sorry for his appearance. Confound it! Why hadn't he shaved that morning—on the train or—or somehow? To the eyes of old Aunt Mary it would not have mattered, but this unexpected Mary-Laetitia was another story!

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"You are a very unusual burglar!" she asserted for the second time.

"Do you know so many?" he could not help but ask.

"No," she answered, unsmiling; "but I have always had a theory that they had ethics like any one else—'honor among thieves,' you know—I made those signs with that idea in mind. And although you have so far justified my belief, I confess I am a little surprised by the fact. Why did you break into my house?"

"I was wet and tired and hungry," he answered simply.

He looked right into those great eyes of hers as he said it, devoutly hoping that she would see he spoke the truth. And she did.

"I was sure there was some good reason!" she cried with a sort of triumph. "Have you a wife and starving children?" she added.

"Heavens, no!" disclaimed Newlove. "This was a purely personal burglary."

She considered deeply for a moment. "Are you still hungry?" she asked.

"Very!" he admitted promptly, "though not nearly so tired as I was. All these unexpected—er—encounters have vanquished my fatigue."

"Well," she began, "I'll get you something to eat." She held up a hand as he started a faint protest. "The idea is really selfish on my part. You see, I'm taking a course in practical psychology, and my intention in coming down-stairs was to talk to you. Aside from being a thief, you seem trustworthy, and, as you have read on the notice, I have always hoped that if a burglar *did* break in, he'd be the sort I could question."

"I'll be glad to tell you anything I can about the business," Newlove found himself saying.

She nodded and, shielding her candle, motioned him to follow her. He obeyed, feeling as though in a dream.

"Are you quite sure you don't want my jewel-case?" she said over her shoulder.

"Ah—er—let's leave that until later!" he suggested. Great Scott, what a girl! he added mentally. Cool as you please, level-headed, afraid of nothing, clever, beautiful—he stumbled as he followed her.

"Come this way," she directed, passing through a door behind the staircase.

Newlove complied, and in another instant found himself in a raftered kitchen, as charming and unexpected in character as the rest of the house. Mary-Laetitia motioned him to a seat at the white-covered table, and busied herself about setting him out a meal. For several moments there was a silence, and his head swam as he watched her every movement. What she put before him he scarcely knew, save that it must be exquisite—food for the gods, and that there was a heavenly steaming beverage—presumably a sort of super-coffee. She was marvelous—the most perfect woman he had ever met—and she thought him a common thief! How on earth could he undeceive her without making her irreparably angry at the trick played upon her—how could he contrive to meet her again on his own ground? The outlook seemed hopeless, and he groaned inwardly. At length she appeared satisfied with what she had laid out, and, drawing up a chair at the opposite end of the table, sat herself down and rested a pair of rosy elbows on the white oilcloth.

"Now eat!" she commanded. "I thought you were hungry!"

"I—I beg your pardon!" he exclaimed, galvanized into life. "I am still a little dazed with the way things are going. Will you not eat also?"

"Yes," said she, "I'll have something. But you go ahead while I ask you a few questions. To begin with: where are you from originally?"

"The West," he said. "California. *Do* you know it?"

"No."

Newlove leaned forward eagerly, forgetting everything for the moment save that her eyes were like southern skies in April, her hair like the hearts of golden poppies.

"It's God's country!" he smiled. "So big and simple and fertile. You can see so far, so very far, and the face of nature is naked—great rolling mountains, where the modeling is unhidden by trees. Mountains that are green and purple and violet, whose valleys fill with blue shadows at twilight. There's nothing out there to cramp a person—and everything you give to the earth is returned to you a hundredfold."

She regarded him with wondering eyes. "You can feel and say all that, and yet you are a thief, an outcast!" she exclaimed. "Why, it's more like listening to a poet. . . . Have you robbed a great many houses?"

"No," said Newlove.

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"I was sure you hadn't!" she cried. "I was certain! For you don't seem a bit hardened. How long have you been a burglar?"

"Not very long," Newlove assured her.

"How many places have you broken into before this?"

"None," he told her.

She was held in an astonished silence, during which she drew off a bit, looking at him piercingly. "Well, I believe you!" she said at last. "And you said that you did it this time because you were cold—no—wet and hungry and tired. I don't think you would have done it if you hadn't been misled somehow!"

HE TURNED AND KISSED HER HAND.

Her eyes were shining stars now, and suddenly she leaned over the table toward him. "Oh!" she cried with an appealing gesture of her pretty hands, "you must not go on in this way! You must stop before it is too late! You are too fine a person, I am sure, not to be able to stop yourself. How glad I am that it was to this house you came, and—and *me!* Now if I give you some money and help you to get work, won't you promise to live honestly instead of going on with burglary? Will you promise?"

It was all that Newlove could do to keep himself from seizing those appealing hands of hers, but somehow he managed to leave them alone and make her a reply. "I will swear, if you like, never to steal as long as I live!" said he, earnestly. "You have given me a new reason for trying to lead a decent life. But I will get the work and the money without taking them from you, dear lady."

"That will be even better!" she murmured, "and—and I am very glad."

She did not look at him as she said it, but somehow the very fact that she turned away her head made his heart leap. A sweet sense of intimacy had grown up between them, swift-coming and mysterious as river haze at dusk, and as blinding. He felt he had known her a thousand years—had always known—yes, and loved her! Would she *ever* look back at him? Was it because she feared the look in his eyes, feared, perhaps, her own response to it, that she stared so fixedly at the fast-lightening gray of the dawn in the window? Who and what was she, anyhow, so young, and so alone?

"Miss Mary-Laetitia," said he, "where is Jack Williams?"

She looked swiftly around, surprised. "My cousin Jack!" she exclaimed. "Why, he lives ten miles over the mountain." Suddenly she smiled. "Did you think it was Jack Williams's house you were breaking into?"

"I certainly did," Newlove admitted.

Mary-Letitia laughed—a very pleasant sound to hear. "Poor man!" she said. "How disappointed you must have been to find a cottage. Why, Jack is a millionaire!"

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"So I had gathered!" commented Newlove dryly.

They laughed together then, becoming the more closely bound by their mirth. Newlove arose from his place and came over to her end of the table, looking down at her from his great height.

"Morning is nearly here," said he, "and I must go. But before I leave, I want to ask you a question or two for the ease of my soul. I hope you will answer."

She only nodded in reply. "Are you always alone here?" he asked. "It is so very far from being safe for you."

"No," she replied. "There is usually my cook. But she is away with her daughter, who is ill."

"I am glad you do not stay alone," said he; "and now there is something else. I—I must ask it, though I fear it is going to seem—unusual. Are you engaged to—to be married, or anything?"

"No," she said. And somehow she did not show surprise at all.

"Well—forgive me for going on—" stammered Newlove, "but if you *were* to get married, would he—would you require a man to be very rich, or if he had just a pretty good ranch—that is——"

"Rich!" she said simply. "As if that would make any difference! Why, if I *loved* a man, it wouldn't make any difference if he were a millionaire or—or a—a——"

"Or a burglar?" he supplemented, very low.

"Or a very poor man who tried to live honestly," she corrected, her eyes averted.

The invisible net that had been weaving itself about them from the first, tightened suddenly. She was so very near him, and she did not stir. The scent of violets which wafted from her was like wine to him. The room spun giddily about.

"Oh, Mary-Laetitia!" he cried brokenly.

"Oh—don't! We must be mad!" she said, turning to him, her eyes like two flaming stars. How long they stood so, without touching, he never knew. But when she turned away at length, it was sunrise, roseate and glowing, full of the sound of birds and the urge of the clean spring wind. The storm had vanished as though by magic, leaving the world wet and shining.

"I will go now! The sooner to return," said he.

She nodded dumbly. And then in silence she led him through the house of mingled gold and shadows, through the little passageway, past the ridiculous sign at the staircase, across the wide hall, and out on to the broad, rain-washed veranda, and the threshold of the glittering new world. At the top step he turned and kissed her hand, humbly.

"I may return?" said he.

She closed her eyes as she replied. "I don't see how I can say yes, and yet I do say it!"

"I'll find a way!" he cried. "I'll find a way!"

And then he set off down the brown path, his step swinging, his shoulders squared, as if to conquer the earth. At the gate he turned and waved to her as she vanished into the hall. Then he struck off into the highway. Hardly had he gone a dozen paces when her voice called to him, sharp and clear, with laughter in it.

"Thomas Newlove, Thomas Newlove! You have forgotten something!" she cried.

Running back with all his might, he found her at the door. In one hand was his suitcase, in the other his bag of golf-clubs, both plainly marked with his name.

For a moment they stared at each other open-mouthed, hesitating, and then Thomas Newlove did it.

"They are too heavy for me to carry the ten miles to Jack Williams's place!" he cried gladly. "I'll get him to lend me a trap, and drive over for them this afternoon. Will that way do, Mary-Laetitia? Will that way do?"

"Oh, yes!" said Mary-Laetitia Williams. "I think it will."

Sounds like a fairy-tale to say that the shot that killed the Grand Duke of Austria scratched out the commissary credit of George Washington Johnson, down on Colonel Swampwood's plantation in Mississippi, and then scratched it in again. Seems like poaching on the patent of the wondrous wise man and the bramble-bush. HARRIS DICKSON will tell you in the March EVERYBODY'S why George and all the other "hands" now own automobiles. It is a story about Cotton and the war that reads like romance and rings true on millions of new dollars for the South.

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HIS FAMILY

By

ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

BETSY

THIS is the story of a man and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. Roger Gale's wife died when the children were little, and for sixteen years he has lived shut up within himself, not sharing in his daughters' interests. Now, nearly sixty, he is again awake, and eager to understand these three grown-up women of his household. His eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman, whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school, working out on modern lines a union between school and community. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure. And shortly after Roger Gale's interest in life has been rekindled, Laura marries a man as pleasure-loving as herself.

After she leaves, Roger goes to visit "Deborah's big family"—her great school and the crowded foreign community of which it is the center. It is a terrific set of new impressions for Roger Gale. One result is that he takes into his office, and later into his home, one of Deborah's "boys"— a cripple, Johnny Geer. Near the close of school, Deborah collapses under the strain of her intense life, and Allan Baird, her physician, tells Roger her trouble is—motherhood on a new, large scale: three thousand children on her mind.

During the next year it is clear that Baird and Deborah are in love; but Deborah fears a home of her own will lessen her devotion to the big service she has undertaken for the tenement children. Baird, willing to wait, opens a clinic in connection with Deborah's school. At the end of the year the Board of Education approves Deborah's experiment and even extends it. Not long after, reassured by success, her long tension relaxed, she consents to marry Baird.

Then, one evening after a theatre, before Edith's eyes, her husband is hit by an automobile, and fatally injured. After his death, Edith learns that there is almost no money, and that after their summer in the mountains she and the children must live with Roger. On Edith's account Deborah's marriage is postponed, and when the war breaks it is put off still further, for Deborah, at her post in the tenements, devotes all her resources to help solve the terrible unemployment problem of her people. Meantime Roger's business has been hard hit, but under Deborah's urging he keeps on, at a loss, for the sake of his employees. Only Laura's husband, seizing on the chance to secure munitions orders, prospers in the face of the war. They spend an evening with Roger telling him gaily of their experiences abroad.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE (*Continued*)

LONG after they had left the house Roger kept thinking over all they had said. What an amazing time they had had, the two young scalawags! Luck! that was it—just wonderful luck!

Deborah was still in the room. As she sat working at her desk her back was turned and she did not speak. But little by little her father's mood changed. Of course she was right, he admitted. For now they were gone, the spell they had cast was losing a part of its glamour. Yes, their talk had been pretty raw. Sheer unthinking selfishness, a bold rush for plunder and a dash to

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get away, trampling over people half-crazed, women and children in panicky crowds, and leaving behind them, so to speak, that joyous rippling laugh of Laura's over their own success in the game. Yes, there was no denying the fact that Hal was rushing headlong into a savage, dangerous game, a scramble and a gamble, with adventurers from all over Europe gathering here and making a little world of their own. He would work and live at a feverish pitch, and Laura would go it as hard as he. Roger thought he could see their winter ahead. How they would pile up money and spend!

All at once, from far back in his childhood, a memory flashed into his mind of a keen and clear October night, when Roger, a little shaver of nine, had stood with his mother in front of the farmhouse and listened to the faint, sharp roll of a single drum far down in the valley. And his mother's grip had hurt his hand, and a lump had risen in his throat, as Dan, his oldest brother, had marched away with his company of New Hampshire mountain boys. "We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more." Dan had been killed at Shiloh.

And it must be like that now in France. No, he did not like the look which he had seen in Laura's black and luminous eyes, the joyous dancing light in them, as she had talked about the war and the huge profits to be made. Was this all we Yankees had to say to the people over in Europe?

Frowning and glancing at Deborah's back, he saw that she was tired. It was nearly midnight, but still she kept working doggedly on, moving her shoulder muscles at times as though to shake off aches and pains, then bending again to her labor, her fight against such heavy odds in the winter just beginning for those children in the tenements. He recalled a fragment of the appeal she had made to him only the month before:

"Can't you see that we're all of us stunned, all trying to see what war will mean to every child that's growing up? And while we're groping, groping, can't we give each other a hand?"

And as he looked at his daughter she made him think of her grandmother, as she had so often done before. For Deborah, too, was a pioneer. She, too, had lived in the wilderness. Clearing roads through jungles? Yes. And freeing slaves of ignorance and building a nation of new men. And now she was doggedly fighting to save what she had builded—not from the raids of the Indians, but from the ravages of this war which was sweeping all civilization aside. With her school behind her, so to speak, she stood facing this great enemy with stern and angry, steady eyes. Her pioneer grandmother come to life.

So, with the deep craving which was a part of his inmost self, Roger tried to bind together what was old and what was new. But his thoughts grew vague and drifting. He realized now how weary he was, and said good night and went up to bed. There, just before he fell asleep, again he had a feeling of relief at the knowledge that one at least in the family was to be rich that year. With a guilty sensation he shook off the thought, and within a few moments after that his harsh, heavy breathing was heard in the room.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

Edith Readjusts Her Plans

IT WAS only a few days later that Edith arrived with her children.

Roger met her at the train at eight o'clock in the evening. The fast mountain express of the summer had been taken off some time before, so Edith had had to be up at dawn and to change cars several times on the trip. "She'll be worn out," he thought as he waited. The train was late. As he walked about the new station, that monstrous sparkling hive of travel with its huge halls and passageways, its little village of shops underground, and all its bewildering levels for trains, he remembered the interest Bruce had shown in watching this immense puzzle worked out, the day and night labor year after year without the stopping of a train—this mighty symbol of the times, of all the glorious power and speed in an age that had been as the breath to his nostrils. How Bruce had loved the city! As Roger paced slowly back and forth with his hands clasped behind his back, there came over his heavy visage a look of affection and regret that made even New Yorkers glance at him as they went nervously bustling by.

But suddenly he remembered that Bruce had always been here before to meet his wife and children, and that Edith on her approaching train must be thinking of that. And when at last the train rolled in, and he

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spied her shapely little head in the oncoming throng of travelers, Roger saw by her set, steady smile and the strained expression in her eyes that he had guessed right. With a quick surge of compassion he pressed forward, kissed her awkwardly, squeezed her arm, then hastily greeted the children and hurried away to see to the trunks. That much of it was over. And to his relief, when they reached the house, Edith busied herself at once in helping the nurse put the children to bed. Later he came up and told her that he had had a light supper prepared.

"Thank you, dear," she answered. "That was so thoughtful in you. But I'm too tired to eat anything." And then with a little assuring smile, "I'll be all right—I'm going to bed."

"Good night, child; get a fine long sleep."

And Roger went down to his study, feeling that they had made a good start.

"WHAT has become of Martha?" Edith asked her father at breakfast the next morning.

"She left last month to be married," he said.

"And Deborah hasn't replaced her yet?" In her voice was such a readiness for hostility toward her sister that Roger shot an uneasy glance from under his thick, grayish brows.

"Has Deborah left the house?" he asked, to gain time for his answer.

Edith's small lip slightly curled. "Oh, yes, long ago," she replied. "She had just a moment to see the children, and then she had to be off to school—to her office, I mean. With so many schools on her hands these days, I don't wonder she hasn't had time for the servants."

"No, no, you're mistaken," he said. "That isn't the trouble; it's not her fault. In fact, it was all my idea."

"*Your* idea!" she retorted, in an amused, affectionate tone. And Roger grimly gathered himself. It would be extremely difficult breaking his unpleasant news.

"Yes," he answered. "You see this damnable war abroad has hit me in my business."

"Oh, father! How?" she asked him. In an instant she was all alert. "You don't mean seriously?" she said.

"Yes, I do," he answered, and he began to tell her why.

But she soon grew impatient. Business details meant nothing to Edith. "I see," she kept saying, "yes, yes, I see." She wanted him to come to the point.

"So I've had to mortgage the house," he concluded. "And for very little money, my dear. And a good deal of that—" he cleared his throat—"had to go back into the business."

"I see," said Edith mechanically. Her mind was already far away, roving over her plans for the children. For in Roger's look of suspense she plainly read that other plans had been made for them all in her absence. "Deborah's in this!" flashed through her

ROGER WALKED ABOUT THE NEW STATION, THAT MONSTROUS SPARKLING HIVE OF TRAVEL.

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mind. "Tell me what it will mean," she said.

"I'm afraid you'll have to try to do without your nurse for a while."

"Let Hannah go? Oh, father!" And Edith flushed with quick dismay. "How can I, dad? Five children—five! And two of them so little they can't even dress themselves alone! And there are all their meals—their baths—and the older ones going uptown to school! I can't let them go 'way up-town on the 'bus or the trolley without a maid——"

"But, Edith!" he interrupted, his face contracting with distress. "Don't you see that they can't go to school?" She turned on him. "Up-town, I mean, to those expensive private schools."

"Father!" she demanded, "do you mean you want my children to go to common public schools?" There was rage and amazement upon her pretty countenance, and with it an instant certainty, too. Yes, this was Deborah's planning! But Roger thought that Edith's look was all directed at himself. And now for the first time in his life he felt the shame and humility of the male provider no longer able to provide. He reddened and looked down at his plate.

"You don't understand," he said. "I'm strapped, my child—I can't help it—I'm poor."

"Oh. Oh, dad. I'm sorry."

He glanced up at his daughter then and saw tears welling in her eyes. How utterly miserable both of them were!

"It's the war," he said harshly and proudly. That made a difference to his pride, but not to his daughter's anxiety. She was not interested in the war, or in any other cause of the abyss she was facing. A hunted look came on her face as she strove to think clearly what to do. But no, she must do her thinking alone. With a sudden quiet she rose from the table, went around to her father's chair, and kissed him very gently.

"All right, dear; I see it all now, and I promise I'll try my best," she said.

"You're a brave little woman," he replied.

But after she had gone he reflected. Why had he called her a brave little woman? Why had it all been so intense, the talk upon so heroic a plane? It would be hard on Edith, of course, but others were doing it, weren't they? Think of the women in Europe these days! After all, she'd be very comfortable here, and perhaps by Christmas times would change.

He shook off these petty troubles and went to his office for the day.

AS SHE busied herself unpacking the trunks Edith strove to readjust her plans. By noon her head was throbbing, but she took little notice of that. She had a talk with Hannah, the devoted Irish girl who had been with her ever since George was born. It was difficult, it was brutal. It was almost as though in Edith's family there had been two mothers, and now one was sending the other away.

"There, there, poor child," Edith comforted her, "I'll find you another nice family soon where you can stay till I take you back. Don't you see that it won't be for long?" And Hannah brightened a little.

"But how in the wide wurrld," she asked. "will you ever do for the children, me gone?"

"Oh, I'll manage," said Edith cheerfully. And that afternoon she began at once to rearrange her whole intricate schedule, with Hannah and school both omitted, to fit her children into the house. But instead of that, as the days wore on, nerve-racking days of worry and toil, sternly and quite unconsciously she fitted the house to her children. And nobody made her aware of the fact. All that summer in the mountains every one by a tacit consent had made way for her, had deferred to her grief in *all the* many little things that make up the every-day life in a home. And to that precedent once established Edith now clung unawares.

Her new day gave her small time to think. It began at five in the morning, when Roger was awakened by the gleeful cries of the two wee boys who slept with their mother in the next room, the room which had been Deborah's. And Edith was busy from that time on. First came the washing and dressing and breakfast, which was a merry, boisterous meal. Then the baby was taken out to his carriage on the porch at the back of the house. And after that, in her father's study, from which he had fled with his morning cigar, for two hours Edith held school for her children, trying her best to be patient and clear, with text-books she had purchased from their former schools up-town. For two severe hours, shutting the world all out of her head, she tried to teach them about it.

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At eleven, their nerves on edge like her own, she sent them all outdoors "to play," entrusting the small ones to Betsy and George, who took them to Washington Square near by, with strict injunctions to keep them away from all other children. Not that there were no "nice" children there, but she herself could not be along to distinguish the "nice" from the "common" —for until one o'clock she was busy at home, bathing the baby and making the beds, and then hurrying to the kitchen to pasteurize the baby's milk and keep a vigilant oversight on the cooking of the midday meal. And the old cook's growing resentment there made it far from easy.

After luncheon, thank Heaven, came their naps. And all afternoon, while again they went out, she had time to look over their wardrobes, and mend and alter and patch and contrive how to make last winter's clothes look new. At times she would drop her work in her lap and stare wretchedly before her. This was what she had never known; this was what made life around her grim and hard, relentless, frightening; this was what it was to be poor. How it changed the whole city of New York! Behind it, the sinister cause of it all, she thought confusedly now and then of the Great Death across the sea, of the great armies, smoking battlefields, the shrieks of the dying, the villages blazing, the women and children running away.

But never for more than a moment. The war was so remote and dim. And soon she would turn back again to her own beloved children, whose lives, so full of happiness, so rich in promise hitherto, were now so cramped and thwarted. Each day was harder than the last. It was becoming unbearable!

No, they must go back to school. But how to manage it? How? How? It would cost eight hundred dollars, and that would take nearly all the money she would be able to secure by the sale of her few possessions. And then what? What of sickness, and all the other contingencies that still lay ahead of her? How old her father seemed, these days! In his heavy shock of hair the flecks of white had doubled in size, were merging one into the other, and his tall, heavy, massive frame had lost its look of ruggedness. Suppose, suppose . . . Her breath came fast. Was his life insured, she wondered?

On such afternoons, in that up-stairs room as the dusk crept in and deepened, she would bend closer to her sewing, her lips compressed and her look intense, planning, planning, planning. At last she would hear the children trooping merrily into the house. And making a very real effort, which at times was in truth heroic, to smile, she would rise and light the gas, would welcome them gaily and join in their chatter and bustle about on the countless tasks of washing them, getting their suppers, undressing the wee ones and hearing their prayers. With smiling good-night kisses she would tuck her two babies into their cribs. Afterward, just for a moment or two, she would linger under the gas-jet, her face still smiling, for a last look. A last good night. Then darkness.

Darkness settling over her spirit, together with loneliness and fatigue, she would go into Betsy's room and throw herself dressed on her daughter's bed, and a dull, complete indifference to everything under the moon and the stars would creep from her body up into her mind. At times she would try to fight it off. To-night at dinner she must not be what she knew she had been the night before—a wet blanket upon all the talk. But if they only knew how hard it was—what a perfect hell it was!

Her breath coming faster, she would dig her nails into the palms of her hands. One night she noticed and looked at her hand, and saw that the skin was actually cut and a little blood was appearing. She had read of women doing that, but she had never done it before—not even when her babies were born. She had gripped Bruce's hand instead.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

Deborah Goes to Cooper Union

ROGER found her like that one evening. He heard what he thought was a sob from the room, for she had forgotten to close the door. He came into the doorway and drew back, and closed the door with barely a sound. Frowning and irresolute, he stood for a moment in the hall, then turned and went into his room. Soon he heard Deborah enter the house and come slowly up the stairs. She too had had a hard day, he remembered, a day all filled with turbulence, with problems and with vexing toil, in her enormous family. And he could not blame her for not being of more help at home.

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Still, he had been disappointed of late in her manner toward her sister. He had hoped that she would draw closer to Edith, now that again they were living together in their old home where they had been born. But no, it had worked just the opposite way. They were getting upon each other's nerves. Why couldn't she make overtures, small kindly proffers of help and advice and sympathy, the womanly things?

From his room he heard her knock softly at the same door he had closed. And he heard her low, clear voice:

"Are you there, Edith dear?" He listened a moment intently, but he could not hear the reply. Then Deborah said: "Oh, you poor thing. I'm awfully sorry. Edith —don't bother to come down-stairs; let me bring you up your supper." A pause. "I wish you would. I'd love to."

He heard Deborah come by his door and go up the second flight of stairs to the room she had taken on the third floor.

"I was wrong," he reflected; "she has been trying—but it doesn't do any good. Women simply haven't it in 'em to see each other's point of view. Deborah doesn't admire Edith—she can't; she only pities her and puts her down as out of date. And Edith feels that, and it gets her riled, and she sets herself like an angry old hen against all Deborah's new ideas. Why the devil can't they live and let live?"

And he hesitated savagely between a pearl gray and a black cravat. Then he heard another step on the stairs. It was much slower than Deborah's and cautious and dogged, one foot lifted carefully after the other. It was John, who had finished his kitchen supper and was now silently making his way up through the house to his room at the top, there to keep out of sight for the evening. And it came into Roger's mind that John had been acting in just this fashion ever since Edith had been in the house.

"There'll be trouble there, too!" he told himself, as he jerked the black satin cravat into place, a tie he thoroughly disliked. Yes, black, by George—he felt like it tonight! These women! These evenings! This worry! This war! This world gone raving, driveling mad!

And frowning with annoyance, Roger went down to his dinner.

As he waited he grew impatient. He had eaten no lunch, he was hungry; and he was very tired, too, for he had had his own hard day. Pshaw! He got up angrily. *Somebody* must be genial here. He went into the dining-room and poured himself a good stiff drink. Roger had never been much of a drinker. Ever since his marriage, cigars had been his only vice. But of late he had been having curious little sinking spells. They worried him, and he told himself he could not afford to get either too tired or too faint.

Nevertheless, he reflected now, it was setting a bad example for George. But glancing into his study he saw that the lad in there was completely absorbed. With knees drawn up, his long, lank form all hunched and huddled on the lounge, hair rumpled, scowling eyes intent, George was reading a little book that had a cover of tough gray cloth. At the sight of it his grandfather smiled, for he had seen it once before. Where George had obtained it, the Lord only knew. Its title was "Bulls and Breeding." A thoroughly practical little book, but nothing for George's mother to see. As his grandfather entered behind him, the boy looked up with a guilty start, then resumed with a short breath of relief.

Young Elizabeth, too, had a furtive air, for instead of preparing her history lesson she was deep in the evening paper, reading about the war abroad. Stout and florid, rather plain, but with a bright, attractive face and honest, clear, appealing eyes, this curious creature of thirteen was sitting firmly in her chair with her feet planted wide apart, eagerly scanning an account of the work of American surgeons in France. And again Roger smiled to himself. (He was feeling so much better now.) So Betsy was still thinking of becoming a surgeon. He wondered what she would take up next. In the past two years in swift succession she had made up her mind to be a novelist, an actress, and a women's college president. And Roger liked this tremendously.

He loved to watch these two in the house. Here again his family was widening out before his eyes, with new figures arising to draw his attention this way and that. But these were bright distractions. He took a deep amused delight in watching these two youngsters caught between two fires—on the one side their mother and upon the other their aunt; both obviously drawn toward Deborah, a figure who stood in their regard for all that thrilling outside world, that heaving, sparkling ocean on which they too

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would soon embark; both sternly repressing their eagerness as an insult to their mother, whom they loved and pitied so, regarding her as a brave and dear but rapidly aging creature, "getting close to forty," whom they must cherish and preserve. They both had such solemn thoughts as they looked at Edith in her chair.

But as Roger watched them, with their love and their solemnity, their guilt and their perplexity, with quiet enjoyment he would wait to see the change that he knew would come. And it always did. The sudden picking up of a book, the vanishing of an anxious frown, and in an instant their young minds had turned happily back into themselves, into their own absorbing lives, their plans, their intimate dreams and ambitions, all so curiously bound up with memories of small happenings, things that had struck them as funny that day and at which they would suddenly chuckle aloud.

And all this was only one stage in their growth. What would be the next, he asked, and all the others after that? What kind of a world would they live in? Please Heaven, there would be no wars. Many old things, no doubt, would be changed, by the work of Deborah and her kind—but not too many, Roger hoped. And these young people, meanwhile, would be bringing up children in their turn. So the family would go on, and multiply and scatter wide, never to unite again. And he thought he could catch glimpses, very small and far away, but bright as patches of sunlight upon distant mountain-tops, into the widening vista of those many lives ahead. A wistful look crept over his face.

"In their lives too we shall be there, the dim strong figures of the past."

Deborah came into the room, and at once the whole atmosphere changed. Her niece sprang up delightedly.

"Why, auntie, how lovely you look!" she exclaimed. And Roger eyed Deborah in surprise. Though she did not believe in mourning, she had been wearing dark gowns of late to avoid hurting Edith's feelings. But to-night she had donned bright colors instead; her dress was as near décolletée as anything that Deborah wore, and there was a band of dull blue velvet bound about her soft black hair.

"Thanks, dearie," she said, smiling. "Shall we go in to dinner now?" she added to her father. "Edith said not to wait for her—and I'll have to be off rather early this evening."

"What is it to-night?" he inquired.

"A big meeting at Cooper Union."

And at dinner she went on to say that in her five schools the neighborhood clubs, now swelled to hundreds of parents each, had combined to hold this meeting, Deborah was to preside. At once her young niece was all animation.

"Oh, I wish I could go and hear you!" she sighed.

"Afraid you can't, Betsy," her aunt replied.

And at that, with an instinctive glance toward the door where her mother would soon come in to stop by her mere presence all such conversation, Elizabeth eagerly threw out one inquiry after another, pell-mell.

"How on earth do you do it?" she wanted to know. "How do you get a speech ready, Aunt Deborah? How much of it do you write out ahead? Aren't you just the least bit nervous—now, I mean—this minute? And how will you feel on the platform? *What on earth do you do with your feet?*"

WITH KNEES DRAWN UP, ALL HUNCHED AND HUDDLED, GEORGE WAS READING A BOOK. ITS TITLE WAS "BULLS AND BREEDING."

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THE POVERTY WAS RAPIDLY BECOMING WORSE. OVER THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND MEASURES OF RELIEF. LANDLORDS MUST BE MADE TO WAIT AND THE CITY BE PER-

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WORKERS WERE IDLE IN THE CITY. DEBORAH HAD SET HER MIND ON VIGOROUS
SUADED TO GIVE WORK TO THE MOST NEEDY; FOOD AND FUEL MUST BE SECURED.

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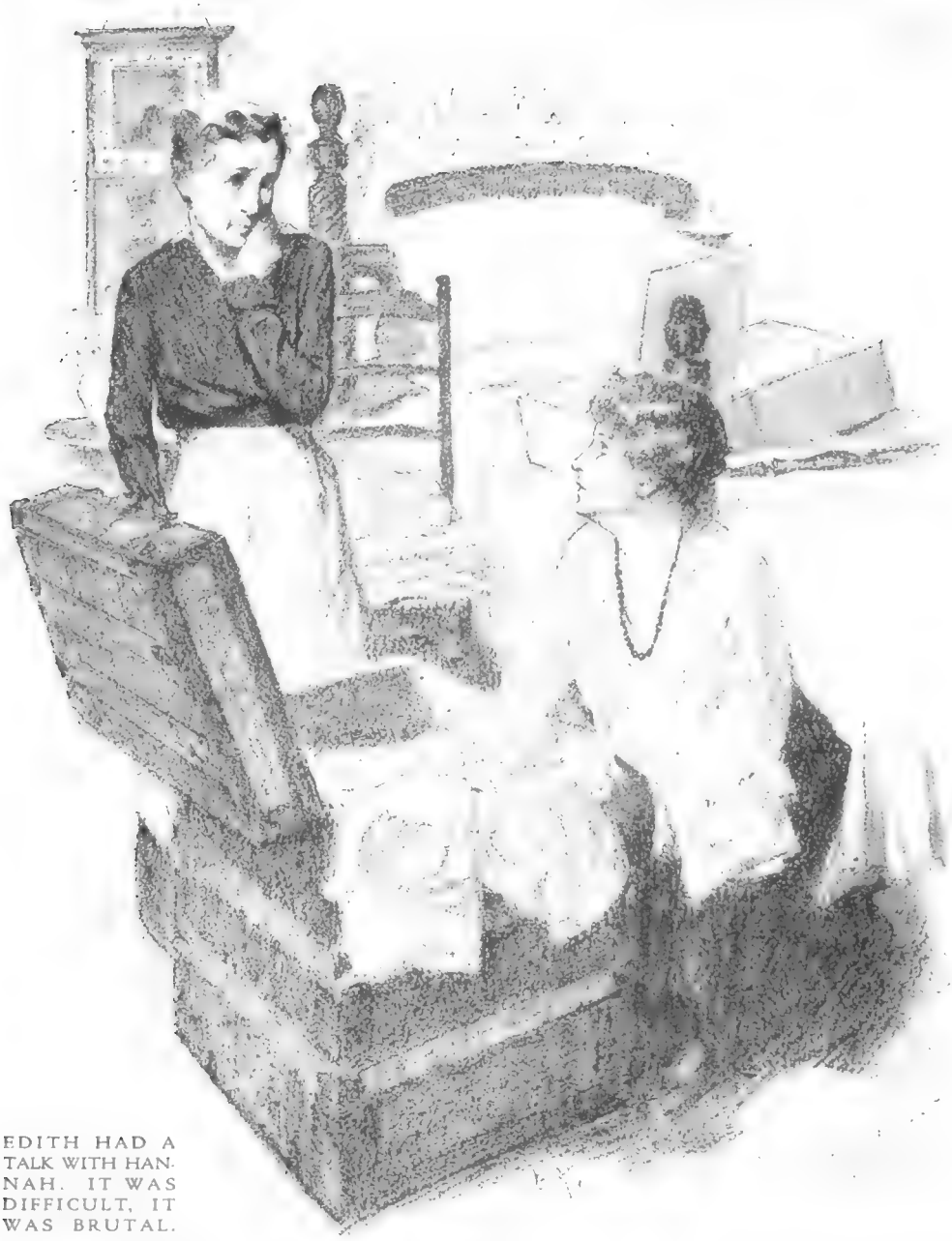

EDITH HAD A TALK WITH HANNAH. IT WAS DIFFICULT, IT WAS BRUTAL.

As the girl bent forward there with her gaze fixed ardently on her aunt, her grandfather thought in half-comic dismay: "Lord, now she'll want to be a great speaker—like her aunt. And she will tell her mother so."

"What's the meeting all about?" he inquired. And Deborah began to explain.

In her five schools the poverty was rapidly becoming worse. Each week more children stayed away or came to school ragged and unkempt, some without any overcoats, small pitiful mites wearing shoes so old as barely to stick on their feet. And when the teachers and visitors followed these children into their homes, they found bare, dirty,

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chilly rooms where the little folk shivered and wailed for food and the mothers looked distracted, gaunt and sullen and half-crazed. Over three hundred thousand workers were idle in the city. Meanwhile, to make matters worse, half the money from up-town that had gone in former years into work for the tenements was going over to Belgium instead. And the same relentless drain of war was felt by the tenement people themselves; for all of them were foreigners, and from their relatives abroad, in those wide zones of Europe already blackened and laid waste, in endless torrents through the mails, came wild appeals for money.

In such homes her children lived. And Deborah had set her mind on vigorous measures of relief. Landlords must be made to wait and the city be persuaded to give work to the most needy; food and fuel must be secured. As she spoke of the task before her, with a blush of animation upon her bright, expressive face at the thought that in less than an hour she would be facing thousands of people, not only George and Elizabeth but Roger himself felt the tonic of the buoyant resolution with which she was eagerly throwing herself into the coming crisis. The gloom of the picture she painted was dispelled in the spirit she showed.

"These things always work out," she declared, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. And watching her admiringly, young Betsy thought: "How strong she is! What a wonderful grown-up woman!" And Roger, watching, thought, "How young!"

"What things?" It was Edith's voice at the door, and among those at the table there was a little stir of alarm. She had entered unnoticed and now took her seat. She was looking pale and tired. "What things work out so finely?" she asked, and, then with a glance at Deborah's gown, "Where are you going?" she added.

"To a meeting," Deborah answered.

"Oh." And Edith began her soup. In the awkward pause that followed, twice Deborah started to speak to her, but checked herself, for at other dinners just like this she had made such dismal failures.

"By the way, Edith," she said at last, "I've been thinking of all that furniture of yours that's lying in storage."

Her sister looked up at her startled. "What about it?" she asked.

"There's so much of it you don't care for," Deborah answered quietly. "Why don't you let a part of it go? I mean the few pieces you've always disliked."

"For what purpose?" Edith inquired.

"Why, it seems such a pity not to have Hannah back in the house. She would make things so much easier."

Roger felt a glow of relief. "A capital plan!" he declared at once.

"It would be," Edith corrected him, "if I hadn't already made other plans." And then in a brisk, rather breathless tone: "You see I've made up my mind," she said, "to sell not only part but *all* my furniture —very soon—and a few other belongings as well—and use the money to put George and Elizabeth and little Bob back in the schools where they belong."

"Mother!" gasped Elizabeth, and then with a prolonged "Oh-h!" of delight she ran around to her mother's chair.

"But look here," George blurted worriedly, "I don't like it, mother; darned if I do! You're selling everything—just for school!"

"School is rather important, George," was Edith's tart rejoinder. "If you don't think so, ask your aunt."

"What do you think of it, auntie?" he asked.

The cloud that had come over Deborah's mobile features was lifted in an instant. "I think, George," she answered gently, "that you'd better let your mother do what she thinks best for you. It *will* make things easier here in the house," she added, to her sister, "but I wish you could have Hannah, too."

"Oh, I'll manage nicely now," said Edith. And with a slight smile of triumph, she resumed her dinner.

"The war won't last forever," muttered Roger, half to himself. He did not like Edith's scheme at all. "It's burning her bridges all at once for what isn't at all essential," he thought. But he would not tell her so.

Meanwhile Deborah glanced at the clock. "Oh, it's nearly eight o'clock. I must hurry or I'll be late," she said. "Good night, all—" And she left them.

Roger followed her into the hall. "What do you think of this?" he demanded.

Her reply was a tolerant shrug. "It's her own money, father——"

"All her money!" he rejoined. "Every dollar she has in the world!"

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"But I don't just see how it can be helped."

"Can't you talk to her—show her what folly it is?"

"Hardly," said Deborah, smiling. Now she had on her coat and hat and was turning to go. And her father scowled with annoyance. She was always going, he told himself, leaving him to handle her sister alone. He would like to go out himself in the evenings—yes, by George, this very night; it would act like a tonic on his mind. Just for a moment, standing there, he saw Cooper Union packed to the doors, he heard the ringing speeches, the cheers.

But no, it was not to be thought of. With this silent war going on in his house he knew he must stay neutral. Watchful waiting was his course. If he went out with Deborah, Edith would be distinctly hurt, and sitting all evening here alone she would draw still deeper into herself. And so it would be night after night, as it had been for many weeks. He would be cooped up at home while Deborah did all the running about. . . . In half the time it takes to tell it, Roger had worked himself into a state where he felt like a mighty badly used man.

"I wish you *would* speak to her," he said. "I wish you could manage to find time to be here more in the evenings. Edith worries so much and she's trying so hard. A little sympathy now and then——"

"But she doesn't seem to want any from me," said his daughter, a bit impatiently. "I know it's hard—of course it is. But what can I do? She won't let me help. And besides—there are other families, you know—thousands—really suffering—for the lack of all that we have here." She smiled and kissed him quickly. "Good night, dad dear. I've got to run."

And the door closed behind her.

CHAPTER TWENTY-EIGHT

Two Sorts of Mothers

AFTER dinner that night in the living-room the two older children studied their lessons and Edith sat mending a pair of rompers for little Tad. Presently Roger came out from his den with the evening paper in his hand, and sat down close beside her. He did this conscientiously almost every evening. With a sigh he opened his paper to read. Again there was silence in the room, and in this silence Roger's mind roamed far away across the sea.

For the front page of his paper was filled with the usual headlines, tidings which a year before would have made a man's heart jump into his throat, but which were getting commonplace now. Dead and wounded by the thousands, hideous atrocities, famine, bombs and shrapnel, submarines and floating mines—words once remote but now familiar, always there on the front page and penetrating into his soul, becoming a part of Roger Gale, so that never again when the war was done would he be the same man that he was before. For he had forever lost his faith in the sanity and steadiness of the great mind of humanity.

Roger had thought of mankind as mature, but there had come to him of late the same feeling he had had before in the bosom of his family. Mankind had suddenly unmasked and shown itself for what it was—still only a precocious child, with a terrible precocity. For its growth had been one-sided. Its strength was growing at a speed breathless and astounding. But its vision and its poise, its sense of human justice, of kindliness and tolerance and of generous brotherly love—these had been neglected and were being left behind. Vaguely he thought of its ships of steel, its railroads and its flaming mills, its miracles, its prodigies. And the picture rose in his mind of a child, standing there, of giant's size, with dangerous playthings in its hands and boastfully declaring:

"I can thunder over the earth, dive in the ocean, soar on the clouds! I can shiver to atoms a mountain, I can drench whole lands with blood! I can look up and laugh at God."

And Roger frowned as he read the news. What strange new century lay ahead? What convulsing throes of change? What was in store for his children? Tighter set his heavy jaw. "It shall be good," he told himself with a grim determination. "For them there shall be better things. Something great and splendid shall come out of it all at last. They will look back upon this time as I look on the French Revolution."

He tried to peer into that world to be, and he thought he saw something far ahead, dazzling, distant as the sun. But then with a sigh he returned to the news, and little by little his mind again was gripped and held by the most compelling of all appeals so far revealed in humanity's growth, the

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"OH, I WISH I COULD GO AND HEAR YOUR SPEECH!" SIGHED BETSY.

appeal of war to the mind of a man. He frowned as he read, but he read on. Why didn't England send over more men?

The clock struck nine.

"Now, George. Now, Elizabeth," Edith said. With the usual delay and reluctance the children brought their work to an end, kissed their mother, and went up to bed. And Edith continued sewing. Presently she smiled to herself. Little Tad had been so funny that day.

On the third page of his paper Roger's glance was arrested by a full-column story concerning Deborah's meeting that night. And as in a long interview he read here in the public print the same things she had told him at supper, he felt a little glow of pride. Yes, this daughter of his was a wonderful woman, living a big, useful life, taking a leading part in work which would certainly brighten the lives of millions of children still unborn. Again he felt the tonic of it. Here was a glimmer of hope in the world, here was an antidote to war. He finished the column and glanced up.

Edith was still sewing. He thought of her plan to sell all she possessed in order to put her children back in their expensive schools up-town.

"Why can't she save her money?" he thought. "God knows there's little enough of it left. But I can't tell her that. If I do, she'll sell everything, hand me the cash, and tell me she's sorry to be such a burden. She'll sit like a thunder-cloud in my house."

No, he could do nothing to stop her. And over the top of his paper her father shot a look at her of keen exasperation. Why risk everything she had for all these little frills and fads? Why must she cram her life so full of petty plans and worries and titty-tatty little jobs? For the Lord's sake, leave their clothes alone! And why these careful little rules for every minute of their day, for their washing, their dressing, their eating, their napping, their play, and the very air they breathed? He crumpled his paper impatiently.

She was always talking of being old-fashioned. Well, then, why not be that way? Let her live as her grandmother had, up there in the mountain farmhouse. *She* had not been so particular. With one hired girl she had thought herself lucky. And not only had she cooked and sewed, but she had spun and woven too, had churned, and made cheese and pickles and jam and quilts and even mattresses. Once in two months she had cut Roger's hair, and the rest of the time she had let him alone, except for something really worth while—a broken arm, for example, or church. She had stuck to essentials! . . . But Edith was not old-fashioned, nor was she alive to this modern age. In short, she was neither here nor there!

Then from the nursery above, her smallest boy was heard to cry. With a little breath of weariness quickly she rose and

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went up-stairs, and a few moments later to Roger's ears came a low, sweet, soothing lullaby. Years ago Edith had asked him to teach her some of his mother's cradle songs. And the one which she was singing up there to-night was a song he had heard when he was small, when the mountain storms had shrieked and beat upon the rattling old house, and he had been frightened and had cried out, and his mother had come to his bed in the dark. And as he listened to it now, from that deep well of sentiment which was part of Roger Gale rose memories that changed his mood, and with it his sense of proportion.

Here was motherhood of the genuine kind, not orating in Cooper Union in the name of every child in New York, but crooning low and tender, soothing one little child to sleep, one of the five she herself had borne, in agony, without complaint. How Edith had slaved and sacrificed, how bravely she had rallied after the death of her husband! He remembered her a few hours ago on that bed up-stairs, spent and in anguish, sobbing, alone. And remorse came over him.

Deborah's talk at dinner had twisted his thinking, he told himself. All right; that was Deborah's way of life. She had her enormous family and Edith had her small one, and in this hell of misery which war had spread all over the earth each mother was up in arms for her brood. And, by George, of the two he didn't know but what he preferred his own flesh and blood. All very noble, Miss Deborah, and very dramatic, to open your arms to all the children under the moon and get your name in the papers. But there was something pretty fine in just sitting at home and singing to one!

"All right, little mother, you go straight ahead," he declared with deep emotion. "This is war and panic and hard times. You're perfectly right to look after your own."

He would show Edith he did not begrudge her this use of her small property. And more than that, he would do what he could to take her out of her loneliness. How about reading aloud to her? He had been a capital reader during Judith's lifetime, for he had always enjoyed it so.

Roger rose and went to his shelves and began to look over the volumes there. Perhaps a book of travel—Stoddard's Lectures on Japan.

Meanwhile Edith came into the room, sat down, and took up her sewing. As she did so he turned and glanced at her, and she smiled brightly back at him. Yes, he thought, with a genial glow, from this night on he would do his part. He came back to his chair with a book in his hand, all ready to start the new evenings.

"FATHER," she said quietly. Her eyes were on the work in her lap.

"Yes, my child, what is it?"

"It's about John," she answered. And with a movement of alarm he looked at his daughter intently.

"What's the matter with John?" he inquired.

"He has tuberculosis," she said.

"He has no such thing," her father cried. "John has Pott's disease of the spine!"

"Yes, I know he has," she replied. "And I'm sorry for him, poor little lad. But in the last year," she added, "certain complications have come. And now he's tubercular as well."

"How do you know? He doesn't cough—his lungs are just as sound as yours or mine!"

"No, it's—" Edith pursed her lips. "It's different," she said softly.

"Who told you?" he demanded.

"Not Deborah," was the quick response. "She knew it, I'm certain, for I find that she's been having Mrs. Neale, the woman who comes in to wash, do John's *things* in a separate tub. I found her doing it yesterday, and she told me what Deborah had said."

"It's the first I've heard of it," Roger put in.

"I know it is," she answered. "For if you'd heard of it before, I don't believe you'd have been as ready as Deborah was, apparently, to risk infecting the children here." Edith's voice was gentle, slow and relentless. There was still a reflection in her eyes of the tenderness that had been there as she had soothed her child to sleep. "As time goes on, John is bound to get worse. The risk will be greater every week."

"Oh, pshaw!" cried her father. "No such thing! You're just scaring yourself over nothing at all!"

"Doctor Lake didn't think I was." Lake was the big child specialist in whose care Edith's children had been for years. "I

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talked to him to-day on the telephone, and he said we should get John out of the house."

Roger heartily damned Doctor Lake!

"It's easy to find a good home for the boy," Edith went on quietly, "close by, if you like—in some respectable family that will be only too thankful to take in a boarder."

"How about the danger to *that* family's children?" Roger asked malignantly.

There was a pause.

"Very well, father, do as you please. Take any risk you want to."

"I'm taking no risk," he retorted. "If there were any risk they would have told me—Allan and Deborah would, I mean."

"They wouldn't!" burst from Edith with a vehemence that startled him. "They'd take the same risk for my children they would for any street urchin in town! All children are the same in their eyes, and if you feel as they do——"

"I don't feel as they do!"

"Don't you? Then I'm telling you that Doctor Lake said there was very serious risk—every day this boy remains in the house!"

Roger rose angrily from his chair. "So you want to turn him out! To-night!"

"No, I want you to wait a few days until we can find him a decent home."

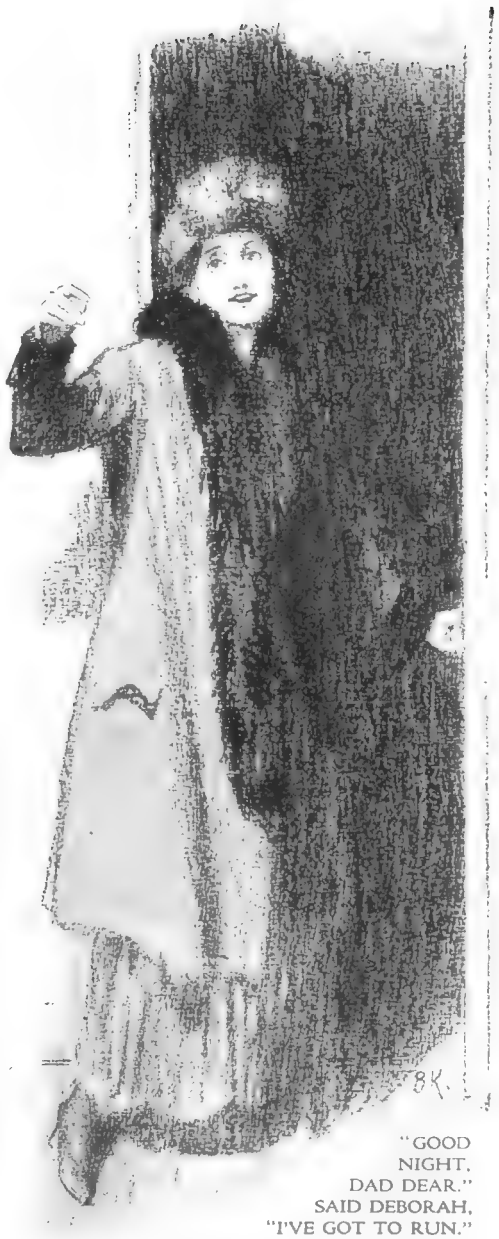
"All right; I won't do it!"

"Very well, father, it's your house, not mine."

For a few minutes longer she sat at her sewing, while her father walked the floor. Then abruptly she rose, her eyes brimming with tears, and went out of the room. And he heard a sob as she went up-stairs.

"Now she'll shut herself up with her children," he reflected savagely, "and hold the fort until I come to terms! Rather than risk a hair of their heads Edith would turn the whole world out-of-doors!" He thought of Deborah and he groaned. She would have to be told of this; and when she was, what a row there would be! For Johnny was one of *her* family. He glanced at the clock. She'd be coming home soon. Should he tell her? Not to-night! Just for one evening he'd had enough!

He picked up the book he had meant to read—Stoddard's Lectures on Japan. And Roger snorted wrathfully. By George, how *he'd* like to go to Japan—or to darkest Africa! Anywhere!



"GOOD NIGHT, DAD DEAR." SAID DEBORAH, "I'VE GOT TO RUN."

CHAPTER TWENTY-NINE

The Waiting Game Continues

BUT later in the evening, when Allan and Deborah came in, Roger, who in the meantime had had a good hour in Japan and was somewhat relaxed and soothed, decided at once that this was the time to tell her and have done with it. For Deborah was flushed with triumph—the meeting had

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been a huge success. Cooper Union had been packed to the walls, with an overflow meeting out on the street; thousands of dollars had been pledged and some big politicians had promised support; and men and women, rich and poor, had volunteered their services. She started to tell him about it, then noticed his troubled expression and asked him what was on his mind.

"Oh, nothing tremendous," Roger said. "I hate to be any damper to-night. I hadn't meant to tell you to-night, but I think I will now, for you look as though you could find a solution for anything."

"Then I must look like an idiot," his daughter said good-humoredly. "What is it?" she demanded.

"It's about John."

Her face changed. "Oh. Is he worse?"

"Edith thinks he is, and she says it's not safe."

"I see—she wants him out of the house. Tell me what she said to you." As he did so, she listened intently, and, turning to Allan at the end, "What do you say to this, Allan?" she asked. "Is there any real risk to the children?"

"A little," he responded. "As much as they take every day in the trolley going to school."

"They never go in the trolley," Deborah answered dryly. "They always go on the top of the 'bus." She was silent for a moment. "Well, there's no use discussing it. If Edith feels that way, John must go. The house won't be livable till he does."

Roger looked at her in surprise. He felt both relieved and disappointed. "John's only one of thousands to her," he told himself aggrievedly. "He isn't close to her; she hasn't room; she has a whole mass-meeting in her head. But I haven't, by George; I like the boy—and I'm the one who will have to tell him to pack up and leave the house! Isn't it the very devil how things all come back on me?"

"Look here, father," Deborah said, "suppose you let me manage this." And Roger's heavy visage cleared.

"You mean you'll tell him?"

"Yes," she replied, "and he'll understand it perfectly. I think he has been expecting it. I have, for a good many weeks," she added, with some bitterness. "And I know of a family that will be glad enough to take him in. I'll see that he's made comfortable. Only—" her face clouded.

"It has meant a lot to him being here," her father put in gruffly.

"Oh, John's used to getting hard knocks in this world." Her quiet voice grew hard and stern. "I wasn't thinking of John just now. What frightens me at times is Edith," she said slowly. "No, not just Edith—motherhood. I see it in so many mothers these days—in the women down-town, in their fight for their children against all other children on earth. It's the hardest thing we have to do—to try to make them see and feel outside of their own small tenement-homes—and help each other—pull together. They can't see it's their only chance! And all because of this mother-love! It's so blind sometimes, like an animal!" She broke off, and for a moment she seemed to be looking deep into herself. "And I suppose we're all like that, we women," she muttered, "when we marry and have children. If the pinch is ever hard enough——"

"*You* wouldn't be," said Allan. And a sudden sharp uneasiness came into Roger's mind.

"When are you two to be married?" he asked, without stopping to think. And at once he regretted his question. With a quick, impatient look at him, Allan bent over a book on the table.

"I don't know," Deborah answered. "Next spring, I hope." The frown was still upon her face.

"Don't make it too long," said her father bruskly. He left them and went up to bed.

Deborah sat motionless. She wished Allan would go, for she guessed what was coming and did not feel equal to it to-night.

All at once she felt tired and unnerved from her long, exciting evening. If only she could let go of herself and have a good cry! She locked her hands together and looked up at him with impatience. He was still at the table, his back was turned.

"Don't you *know* I love you?" she was thinking fiercely. "Can't you see it—haven't you seen it—growing, growing—day after day? But I don't want you here to-night! Why can't you see you must leave me alone? Now! This minute!"

He turned and came over in front of her, and stood there looking steadily down. "I wonder," he said slowly, "how well you understand yourself?"

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FOR A FEW MINUTES LONGER EDITH SAT AT HER SEWING. THEN ABRUPTLY SHE ROSE, HER EYES BRIMMING WITH TEARS.

"I think I do," she muttered. Then with a sudden twitch of her lips she looked quickly up at him. "Go on, Allan—let's talk it all over now if you must!"

"Not if you feel like that," he said.

At his tone of displeasure she caught his hand. "Yes, yes, I want to! Please!" she cried. "It's better—really! Believe me, it is!"

He hesitated a moment, his wide, generous mouth set hard, and then in a tone as sharp as hers he demanded: "Are you sure you'll marry me next spring? Are you sure you *hope* you will next spring? Are you sure this sister of yours in the house—on your nerves day and night, with this blind, narrow motherhood, this motherhood that frightens you—isn't frightening you too much?"

"No—a little—but not too much." Her deep, sweet voice was trembling. "You're the one who frightens me. If you only knew! When you come like this—with all you've done for me back of you——"

"Deborah! Don't be a fool!"

"Oh, I know you say you've done nothing, except what you have been glad to do! You love me like that! But it's just that love! Giving up all your practise little by little, all your reputation up-town—all for the sake of me, Allan, me!"

"Look here," he said roughly, gripping her hands. "I've given up nothing—nothing at all! Get that idea right out of your mind!"

"It's true, though——"

"It isn't! You're simply blind! You're just as narrow in your school as Edith is right here in her home! You live in a little world of your own, and you look upon my hospital as a mere annex to your schools! But in my world my friends all see your schools as an annex to my work, a source I have to draw on for cases for my clinic, a chance I've wanted all my life! Can't you understand," he cried, "that instead of your being in debt to me it's I that am in debt to you? You're a suffragist, eh, a feminist—whatever you want to call it! All right! So you want to be equal with man! Then for God's sake why not begin? *Feel equal!* I'm no annex to you, nor you to me! It has happened, thank God, that our work fits in—each with the other!"

He stopped and stared, seemed to shake himself, then walked the floor. And when he turned back his expression had changed.

"Look here, Deborah," he asked, with

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an appealing, humorous smile, "will you kindly tell me what I'm driving at?"

Deborah threw back her head and laughed, and her laughter thrilled with her relief. "How sure I feel now that I love him," she thought.

"You've proved I owe you nothing!" she cried. "And that men and women of our kind can work splendidly side by side, and never bother our poor little heads about anything else—even marriage!"

"We will, though!" he retorted. The next moment she was in his arms and he was kissing her many times. "Now, Deborah, listen to reason, child. Why can't you marry me right away?"

She smiled provokingly up at him. "Because," she said, "when I marry you I'm going to have you all to myself—for weeks and weeks as we planned before! And after that, with a wonderful start—and with the war over, work less hard and the world less dark and gloomy—we're going to find that at last we can live! But this winter it couldn't be like that. This winter we've got to go on with our work, and without any more silly worries or talk about whether or not we're in love. *For we are!*" Her upturned face was close to his, and for some moments nothing was said. "Well?" she asked. "Are you satisfied?"

"No. I want to get married." He pulled out his watch. "But it is now a quarter past one. And I'm your physician. Go straight to bed."

She stopped him a minute at the front door: "Are you sure, absolutely, that you understand?"

He told her he did. But as he walked home he reflected. How tense she had been in the way she had talked! Yes, the long strain was telling. "Why was she so anxious to get me out of the house," he asked, "when we were alone for the first time in days? And why, if she's really sure of her love, does she hate the idea that she's in my debt?"

He walked faster, for the night was cold. And there was a chill, too, in this long waiting game.

Roger heard Deborah come up to bed, and he wondered what they had been talking about. Of the topic he himself had broached—each other, love and marriage?

"Possibly—for a minute or two—not more," he reflected. "For don't forget there's work to discuss, there's that mass-meeting still on her mind. And God knows a woman's mind is never any child's play. But when you load a mass-meeting on top——"

Here he yawned long and noisily. His head ached, he felt sore and weak—"from the evening's entertainment my other daughter gave me." No, he was through, he had had enough. They could settle it all to suit themselves. Let Edith squander her money on frills, the more expensive the better. Let her turn poor Johnny out of the house, let her give full play to her motherhood. And if that scared Deborah out of marrying, let her stay single and die an old maid. He had worried enough for his family. He wanted a little peace in his house.

Drowsily he closed his eyes, and a picture came into his mind of the city as he had seen it only a few nights before. It had been so cool, so calm and still. At dusk he had been in the building of the great tower on Madison Square; and when he had finished his business there, on an impulse he had gone up to the top, and through a wide, low window had stood a few moments looking down. A soft, light snow was falling; and from high up in the storm, through the silent, whirling flakes, he had looked far down upon lights below, in groups and clusters, dancing lines, between tall, phantom buildings, all blurred and ghostly, faint, unreal. And from all that bustle and fever of life there had risen to him barely a sound. Between the city and the night he had felt the universe all about, and the town had seemed small and lonely; a little glow in the infinite dark, fulfilling its allotted place for its moment in eternity.

Suddenly from close over his head, like a brazen voice out of the sky, hard and deafening and clear, the great bell had boomed the hour. Then again the silence, and the cool, soft, whirling snow.

Like a dream it faded all away, and with a curious smile on his face presently Roger fell asleep.

CHAPTER THIRTY

Life Grows Simpler and More Quiet

AND now he felt the approach at last of another season of quiet, one of those uneventful times that come in family histories. As he washed and dressed for dinner, one

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night a little later, he thought with satisfaction, "How nicely things are smoothing out." His dressing for dinner, as a rule, consisted in changing his low wing collar and his large, round detachable cuffs, but to-night he changed his cravat as well, from a black to a pearl-gray one. He hoped the whole winter would be pearl-gray.

The little storm which Edith had raised over John's presence in the house had been safely swept away. Deborah had talked to John, and had moved him with his belongings to a comfortable sunny room in the small but neat apartment of a Scotch family near by. And John had been so sensible. "Oh, I'm fine, thank you," he had answered simply, when in the office Roger had asked him about his new home. So that incident was closed.

Already Edith was disinfecting John's old room to her heart's content, for George was to occupy it now. She was having the woodwork repainted and a new paper put on the walls. She had already purchased a small new rug and a bed and a bureau and one easy chair, and was making a pair of fresh, pretty curtains. All right, let her do it—if only there could be peace in the house.

With his cravat adjusted and his thick-curling silver hair trim from having just been cut by "Louis" over at the Brevoort, Roger went comfortably down to his dinner.

Edith greeted him with a smile. "Deborah's dining out," she said.

"All right," he replied, "so much the better. We'll go right in—I'm hungry. And we'll have the evening to ourselves. No big ideas nor problems. Eh, daughter?" He slipped his hand in hers, and she gave it a little affectionate squeeze. With John safely out of the way, and not only the health of her children but their proper schooling assured, Edith was herself again, placid, sweet, and kindly. And dinner that night was a cheerful meal. Later, in the living-room, as Roger contentedly lit his cigar, Edith gave an appreciative sniff,

"You do smoke such good cigars, father," she said, smiling over her needle. And glancing up at her daughter, "Betsy, dear," she added, "go and get your grandfather's evening paper."

"Yes, mother." The girl went out of the room.

In quiet perusal of the news he spent the first part of his evening. The war did not bother him to-night, for there had come a lull in the fighting, as though even war could know its place. And times were better over here. As, skipping all news from abroad, his eye roved over the pages for what his business depended upon, Roger began to find it now. The old familiar headlines were reappearing side by side—high-finance exposures, graft, the antics and didoes cut up by the sons and the young wives of millionaires; and after them in cheery succession the Yale-Harvard game, a new man for the Giants, a new college building for Seattle, a woman senator in Arizona, and in Chicago a "sporting mayor."

In brief, all over the U. S. A., men and women, old and new, had risen up to power, fame, notoriety, whatever you chose to call it. Men and women? Hardly. "Children" was the better word. But the thought did not trouble Roger to-night. He had instead a deep, thrilling sense of the youth, the wild exuberance, the boundless vigor in his native land. He could feel it rising once again. Life was soon to go on as before; people were growing hungry again to see the names of their countrymen back in the headlines where they belonged. And Roger's business was picking up. He was not sure of the figure of his deficit last week—he had always been vague on the book-keeping side—but he knew it was down considerably.

When Betsy and George had gone to bed, Roger put down his paper. "Look here, Edith," he proposed, "how'd you like me to read aloud while you sew?"

She looked up with a pleased little smile of surprise. "Why, father dear, I'd love it." At once, she bent over her needle again, so that if there was any awkwardness attending this small change in their lives it did not reveal itself in her pretty countenance. "What shall we read?" she affably asked.

"I've got a capital book," he replied. "It's about travel in Japan."

"I'd like nothing better," Edith replied. "I've always wanted to see Japan."

"All right, my dear, we'll take the first train."

And with a slight glow of pride in himself Roger took his book in hand. The experiment was a decided success. He read again the next night and the next, while Edith sat at her sewing. And so this hour's companionship, from nine to ten in the evening, became a regular custom—just one

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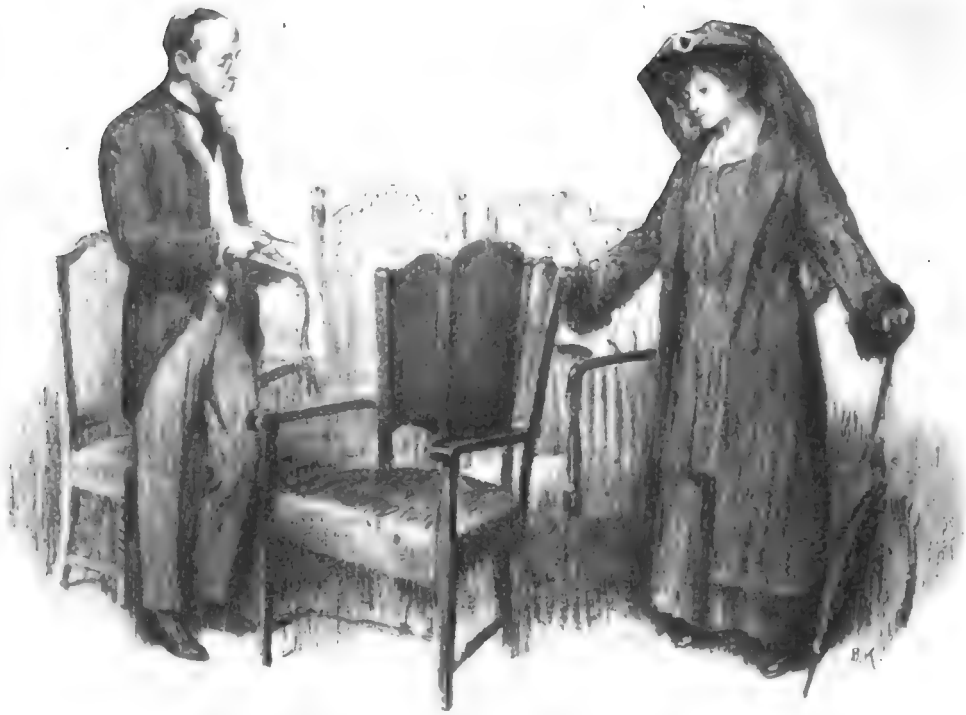

EDITH HAD PURCHASED A SMALL NEW RUG AND A BED AND A BUREAU AND ONE EASY CHAIR.

hour and no more, which Roger spent with his daughter intimately and pleasantly. Yes, life was certainly smoothing out.

Edith's three older children had been safely reinstated in school. And although at first, when deprived of their aid, she had found it almost impossible to keep her two small boys amused and give them besides the four hours a day of fresh air they required, she had soon met this trouble by the same simple process as before. Of her few possessions still unsold, she had disposed of nearly all, and with a small fund thus secured she had sent for Hannah to return. The house was running beautifully now.

Christmas, too, was drawing near. And though Roger knew that in Edith's heart was a cold dread of this season, she bravely kept all that to herself; and she set about so determinedly to make it a merry day for her brood, that her father, admiring her pluck, drew closer still to his daughter. He entered into her holiday plans and into all the conspiracies which were whispered about the house. Great secrets, anxious consultations, found in him a ready listener.

So passed three blessed quiet weeks, and he had high hopes for the winter.

The next instalment of *"His Family"* will appear in the March number.

On page 144 of *this* number, begins a new serial—"Long Live the King!" —by Mary Roberts Rinehart, the author of "K". A romance: adventure, love, intrigue, all centering about the Crown Prince in a troubled kingdom, written by one of the most popular novelists in America—"Long Live the King!" is a story *not* to miss.

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·H·S·V·U·S·

FOR THE SPREAD OF
THE WYO- MING IDEA

The Federal Government has given Captain Steever to the American High-School Boy.

WHEN these pages reach our readers Captain Steever will have begun his country-wide work of spreading the Wyoming idea. As the direct result of months of untiring effort on the part of EVERYBODY'S, the War Department has detailed Captain Steever, with a staff of officers as assistants, to establish the Wyoming plan in the schools of Chicago, Oak Park, Elgin, Rockford, Freeport, Highland Park and Waukegan, Illinois, and Kansas City, Missouri. Captain Steever's headquarters will be at the Culver Military Academy.

On this great mission Captain Steever will have behind him the enthusiastic support of some fifteen high schools which have already put his ideas to the test, as well as of hundreds of school and community leaders who are promoting the movement. And that the whole country welcomes his release for this work is brought home to us daily by dozens of such letters as the following:

Chicago, Illinois.

In an old number of your magazine I notice your statement that "Congress has quit," in so far as providing for adequate defense against war is concerned.

You are wrong. Congress has never even started to provide the country with proper defense, not even going to the extent of *encouraging* the schools that are willing to help train the boys in the art of war.

St. Thomas's Parochial School of this city has uniformed 120 of its boys with the uniforms of the United States soldier, and the writer has the honor of being the major of this battalion. He has written twice to the War Department trying to get them to give him some hints on how to make these more efficient and better citizens. The net result so far has been the sending of numerous pamphlets which do not answer the questions asked.

These boys range between the ages of nine and fourteen, and as the writer is an old experienced soldier, who has seen service in foreign countries, he has been able to whip these young boys into very good shape, but of course is constantly groping about for suggestions, etc. This Wyoming plan appeals to him, and he would like to secure further information to see if it is not possible to use a part of the plan in this school.

Any information that you may care to give will be greatly appreciated by

G. J. BONNIWELL,
Major St. Thomas's Cadets, Chicago, Illinois.

Vernon, Texas.

After receiving the data you sent, the Vernon School Board authorized affiliation of our cadet corps with the H. S. V. U. S. By commencing ten minutes earlier, cutting out the recess, and adding ten minutes to the morning session, an extra period has been provided for drill, which we have daily. We have two companies of boys and have also organized two companies of girls. The girls are getting the same exercises, squad, company, and battalion drill, are just as enthusiastic, and learn as readily as the boys. I am anxious to have Captain Steever's manual. I served in his company at the Citizens' Training Camp at Fort Sam Houston, and I know his book will be the last word for high-school training.

H. A. BAKER,
Principal Vernon High School.

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Douglas, Wyoming.

I notice with great interest the campaign which EVERYBODY'S has instituted to boost the H. S. V. U. S. I have been closely connected with the cadet movement for the past four years as principal of the Cheyenne High School, where the Wyoming idea was started by Captain E. Z. Steever.

In my opinion there has been no movement that has elicited more loyal support from students and parents than the movement of High School Cadets. It appeals to so many different phases of the life of the high-school boy. It emphasizes clean-mindedness, clean habits, cooperation, and discipline. The instinct of emulation is appealed to through wall-scaling, scholarship, and rifle competition. Familiarity is gained with simple drill movements, target practise, scouting, and camp science. I know of no better thing to prepare our coming citizens to be a type of men strong in mind and body and ready for any emergency, be it domestic or national.

In the Converse County High School, where the cadet movement has been in force for one year, we have enrolled 92 per cent. of our boys this year. We are anxious to help boost the cadet movement throughout the county. Therefore we wish to enroll as a member of the H. S. V. U. S.

Please send us insignia for forty-two boys, also enter us on the mailing list for any bulletins printed by the organization.

If we can be of any service to you in your campaign for more schools, we are at your service.

O. C. SCHWIERING,
Superintendent of Schools.

Americus, Georgia.

Before the movement of Captain Edgar Z. Steever had created the interest in the High School Volunteers in various portions of the country, the authorities of the High School of the city of Americus, Georgia, were considering the matter.

I am gratified to say that at the opening of the fall term, 1916, of that high school, the military feature was successfully organized; as far as I am informed, the first in the Southern States, although there are a number of military academies in that section.

The corps of the Americus High School now comprises two fully equipped companies uniformed in cadet gray and displaying great enthusiasm.

The Board of Education of the city has made this feature imperative upon all lads enrolled.

DR. LANSING BURROWS,
President Americus Board of Education.

To organize interest in the Wyoming system in each state and to spread it more effectively through personal work, we have asked for an active supporter in each state to act as a state leader for the movement. The following have volunteered and are glad to be called upon for information, literature, or advice by any interested person in their states:

E. D. Price, Superintendent City Schools, Enid, Oklahoma.
R. E. Hall, Miami, Florida.
A. T. Parks, Superintendent Pendleton Public Schools, Pendleton, Oregon.
Dr. M. A. Brawley, School Director, Frankfort, Kansas.
H. F. Woodward, P. O. Box 283, London, Kentucky.
H. W. Thielkeld, Director of Athletics, Fenton Public Schools, Fenton, Michigan.
L. D. Tucker, Clerk, School District No. 1, Scobey, Montana.
C. D. Jones, 421 North Sixth Street, Phœnix, Arizona.
W. A. Rogers, Y. M. C. A., Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.
Dr. Glenworth Sturgis, High School, Perth Amboy, New Jersey.
E. J. Kern, 7815 Grove Avenue, Webster Groves, Missouri.
C. M. Campbell, Jr., Public Schools, Washington, North Carolina.
M. J. Norrell, Postmaster, Santa Anna, Texas.
Russell B. Harrison, 708 Newton Claypool Building, Indianapolis, Indiana.
G. L. Bowles, Knoxville Board of Commerce, Knoxville, Tennessee.

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POLAND AND PROPHECY

By Virgil Jordan

NOT even the most fashionable prophet need hesitate to declare that a part, at least, of what the encyclopedias call "a former kingdom of Europe, whose territory is now included in Russia, Austria-Hungary, and Prussia" will be restored to some degree of independence at the end of this war. Whatever his part in the show, the "Knight Errant" of Europe is certain to be on the international stage to stay at the final Peace Congress.

The soothsayer's troubles begin, however, when he is asked: What does this free Poland mean to the future Europe? And why this sudden pious European interest in her?

For the new Poland is one of the master-clues to future European history, and to attempt to tell her ultimate significance is no seer's sinecure. Gazing into the crystal at the swirling mists of his own emotions, evoked by a Sienkiewicz romance or a Paderewski Polonaise, will not much help the prophet. His foresight will be surest if he sifts and balances a few cold facts of Poland's past and present such as these:

Whenever the Poles have been independent for any length of time, it has been because some of their neighbors desired it and the political balance of Europe required it. The Kaiser was not strikingly original when he said, in his proclamation of the New Kingdom of Poland, that "Polish wishes for national development of a Polish Kingdom should be fulfilled—*taking due consideration of the political conditions in Europe.*"

Notwithstanding all their reckless heroisms and their fiery oratory, the Poles themselves have never shown as much practical interest in their own freedom as their neighbors have, and not half so much as they have in the freedom of other nations. They have taken part in every great struggle for freedom and democratic government in modern times. The greatest of the Polish patriots, Thaddeus Kosciusko, was a brigadier-general in George Washington's army. But to the cause of democracy they always gave more blood than intelligence, and through ten centuries of almost continuous bloodshed for their country they did not once show that they were able successfully to govern themselves.

The chief reasons for this failure are in the Polish temperament itself. It is notoriously the most volatile, erratic, arrogant and, on occasion, tyrannical in Europe. This temperament has expressed itself in the thousand years of Polish history in every variety of blind impulse, from despotic government and bloody persecution to splendid chivalry and sublime self-sacrifice.

Down to a time when most other nations had won liberal constitutions through struggles in which Poles gave their lives, this Polish temperament clung to the most extreme type of feudal government in Europe. The constitution was based upon the unprecedented right of each noble individually to stop all legislation, break up the government, and form a rebel confederation. These great landed aristocrats held all the power, but were never able to stand together

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in any national crisis. They repeatedly took sides with invaders—down even to the great John Sobieski, who saved Europe from the Turks but could not save Poland from the Poles. They invited in foreign aid in every quarrel. When they attended their Diet they came with their individual armies and legislated with the sword.

They elected their kings, and when they did so they made it a public auction. As in any auction, the successful bidder usually regretted his good fortune and did not keep his prize long. On one occasion the candidates were the brother of the King of France, the Archduke of Austria, the King of Sweden, and Ivan the Terrible—Czar of Russia. They chose the brother of the King of France. He did not like the job, and shortly after the coronation climbed out of the castle during the night and rode back to Paris. One King died of grief on being elected, and others resigned their thrones and retired to Paris for consolation.

When, a hundred years ago, Russia gave Poland what was then the most liberal constitution in Europe, the most influential of the Poles, the great nobles, refused to take any share in it. Their pride of birth was wounded because the constitution gave the petty gentry a share in the government.

Altogether the attitude of the Polish temperament toward its own problems has never been better expressed than by that Polish exile who cried: "Die for Poland, yes; but live there, never!"

This temperament met its worst handicap and worst temptation in the great variety of races and creeds which constituted the Kingdom of Poland. In each of these her neighbors could always find ground for quarrel, and Poland herself always find ground for persecution. The champion of tolerance abroad, she, through her own intolerance at home, alienated Jews, Lithuanians, Ruthenians, from herself and from each other. When at the flood of her power, she had seated a king on the throne of Sweden and dragged a Czar of Russia prisoner through the streets of Warsaw she lost every gain through relentless oppression of her new subjects. Russian Poles, Prussian Poles, and Austrian Poles, though they have little to thank each of these countries for, have still less to thank Poland herself for in the way of tolerance.

That is why we find them to-day enlisted in three armies and quarreling as ever about the desirability of independence, autonomy under Russia, Prussia, or Austria, and as to whether an independent Poland could exist economically at all.

But set over against these centrifugal forces of Polish tradition and temperament the forces of European politics, and you may glimpse the future without the seer's assistance.

Whenever, for any reason, the West of Europe has stood on the defensive against the East, or vice versa, both sides have taken great interest in a strong, independent Kingdom of Poland. She earned the names of "The Buckler of Christendom" and "The Knight Errant of Europe" by standing as a bulwark of the West against Mongols, Tartars, and Turks. But much more has she stood as a wall between Cossacks, Swedes, Hungarians, Austrians, Russians, and Prussians.

Poland is an open plain whose natural defenses lie on her borders. When, therefore, her neighbors are at peace with each other, it has been convenient to divide Poland up and make her neighbors' borders meet on this peaceful plain. When they have been on guard it was always found desirable to set this fair battle-ground between them. The partitions of Poland began and ended with the friendship between Russia and Germany. This simple fact is the key to her future.

Both Western and Eastern Europe are now, in spite of themselves, trying to build up this strong and independent state between them under guise of this or that form of autonomy. They had begun to do it during the ten years before the war. Not because Poland is fertile and rich in mines, nor because of the few hundred thousand Poles either one might add to their armies. Their reason is deeper and perhaps more unconscious than that, and it will some day lead them to promise more than autonomy to the Poles.

Something of the same kind of reason has been behind every championing of the rights of small nations in history. It is the reason that now moves England, whose past interest in Poland has been casual, to say the least, to join with France and practically all western Europe in the sudden altruistic spree of polishing up "The Buckler of Christendom."

And the reason that seer knows who has looked into the heart of "Holy Russia!"

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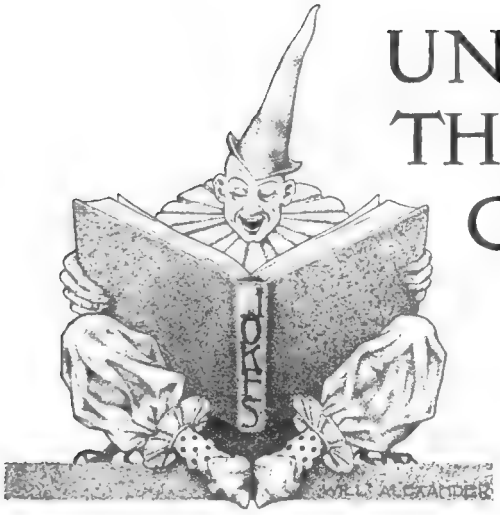

UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We will gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

Mrs. Peaseley's young hopeful had carried off the primary prize, and the other mothers were crowding around to congratulate her with the best grace they could summon.

"But don't let it make him conceited, dear," admonished one experienced parent.

"Oh, no, indeed," fluttered Mrs. Peaseley. "I always tell him it's not because he's so bright that he wins, but because the other children are so dull."

A humane society had secured a down-town show-window and filled it with attractive pictures of wild animals in their native haunts. A placard in the middle of the exhibit read:

"We were skinned to provide women with fashionable furs."

A man paused before the window, and his harassed expression for a moment gave place to one of sympathy. "I know just how you feel, old tops," he muttered. "So was I."

"What's wrong with the old iceman?" the young husband inquired, noting the change.

And his novice bride explained: "The new dealer says he'll give us colder ice for the same money."

The pretty girl of the party was bantering the genial bachelor on his reasons for remaining single.

"No-oo, I never was exactly *disappointed* in love," he meditated. "I was more what you might call discouraged. You see, when I was very young I became very much enamored of a young lady of my acquaintance; I was mortally afraid to tell her of my feeling, but at last I screwed up my courage to the proposing point. I said, 'Let's get married.'

"And she said, 'Good Lord! Who'd have us!' "

The master of the household had ordered that the maid should clean a coat of his with gasoline. The order was not carried out; so he asked his wife:

"Why won't this girl of ours clean my coat with gasoline?"

"Oh," said the wife, "ever since that chauffeur jilted her she hasn't been able to stand the odor of it."

An elderly farmer from the border of the country wandered into a town dry-goods store where a sale in nightshirts was in progress.

Picking up one of the garments, he gingerly loosened its folds, curiously inspecting it.

"Can I sell you a nightshirt?" asked the salesgirl.

"No," said the farmer, his articulation somewhat impeded by a "chew," "you couldn't sell *me* one, but they do say there's thousands that wear 'em."

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After her third day's attendance at school, Pauline was retailing at home stories of her classmates' naughtiness.

"That's bad," commented mamma. "Didn't the teacher have to correct *you*?"

"No," Pauline assured her. "She had to speak to all the class but me this afternoon."

"That's queer," remarked papa, a bit suspicious. "What did she say?"

"She said," reported Pauline, 'Now, children, we will all wait till Pauline is in order!' "

At Princeton they tell of a freshman who, as he blithely went his way whistling on the streets one day, was accosted by a classmate: "Whither away?"

"I'm going up to Doctor Smith's to be examined for appendicitis," said the other.

"Great Cæsar!" exclaimed the classmate. "You don't seem to be very much worried about it."

"Oh, no," said the freshman, "there won't be anything doing. I've never been able to pass an examination the first time, in all my fair young life."

One time when Whistler was walking about London with a friend, he was stopped by an unspeakably dirty street urchin who asked him for a penny.

"How old are you, my boy?" asked the artist.

"I'm seven, sir," replied the gamin.

"Oh, no, my lad, you must be more than seven years old."

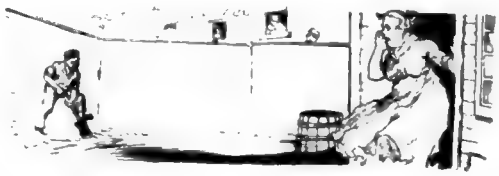
"Gar on!" answered the youngster pertly. "I ain't no more nor seven."

Whistler turned to his friend. "Do you really believe," he inquired anxiously, "that he could have got as dirty as that in seven years?"

A Harvard man tells this one:

"The train had just run off the track and plunged down a steep embankment. Engine, baggage-car, coaches, and sleepers were piled in terrible confusion. Smith, the famous half-back, lying at the bottom of the wreck, came partly to his senses. Three passenger-coaches were piled on top of him. A piece of pipe was coiled about his neck. The rim of one of the great driving-wheels of the engine rested on his face. His legs were pinned down by a heavy beam. A pillow had been forced against his mouth and nose. His arms were pressed against his sides, and he tried in vain to move. But willing hands were at work upon the wreck and at last Smith was dragged out. Looking round in a dazed sort of way at his rescuers, he asked:

" 'How many yards did we gain on that "down", boys?' "



Casey had been married only a week when he discovered that his wife, who had assumed control of household and larder, was inclined to be stingy.

He had been working in his small garden one afternoon when Wife came to the back door and called out in strident tones: "Terrence, come in to tay, toast, and foive eggs!"

Terrence dropped his spade in astonishment and ran into the kitchen. "Sure, ye're only kiddin' me," he said.

"No, Terrence," said the wife; "it's not ye; it's the neighbors I'm kiddin'."

A group of Northerners at a hotel in Louisville were poking fun at the partiality of Southerners for the titles of "Colonel," "Major," and "Judge."

"What is a colonel hereabouts?" asked one of the group, and there immediately followed a discussion. Finally a colored attendant was drawn in.

"Well, gents," said the negro, "dere's lots of ways to answer dat question. Ise knowed folks what was born kunnels—it jest run in de blood foh ginerations. An' Ise knowed folks what was jest app'inted to be kunnels. An' yit others what was made kunnels by bein' kind to niggehs. Why, gents, any man dat gives *me* a dollah is a kunnel to me hencefo'th foheveh!"

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Everybody's Magazine
PUBLISHED BY THE RIDGWAY COMPANY
JAMES H. GANNON, PRESIDENT GEORGE B. MALLON, SECY. & TREAS.
HOWARD WHEELER, EDITOR
SPRING & MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

KEEP POSTED

RADICAL, RADICAL OLD NEW YORK

WE ARE moved to admiration by the composure of three gentlemen who occasionally meet in the old-fashioned city of Albany, New York. These gentlemen are entrusted by the confiding and patriotic people of New York with the supreme power of taking at will every boy in the state between the ages of sixteen and nineteen, and making of him a strong, straight, healthy, and loyal young man. They are required to do this making of model young men at a cost of thirty cents per head, and at the risk of the said young men's lives.

The laws which give them this power are the most radical of the kind that have ever been passed by any state. Yet they do not impress these calm gentlemen in the least. In fact, they seem to be happily and wholly unaware that the citizens of New York, in legislature and in sentiment assembled last May, passed an act requiring "that on and after September 1, 1916, all boys over the age of sixteen and not over the age of nineteen, except boys exempted by the Military Training Commission, shall be given such military training as the Commission may prescribe."

These three cool and collected men are the Military Training Commission, here referred to. They do not at all like what this act requires them to do, but they keep their tumultuous feelings to themselves. Their composure is the more impressive because they have some justification for getting mad at the people of New York.

For one thing: they have been put in a position of very small comfort. They are not getting any salaries, and they are hardly having a good time.

Consider the Commission. Its chairman is Major-General O'Ryan of the New York National Guard. General O'Ryan is, naturally, much interested in the militia. He may, therefore, be excused for not being overjoyed at a plan which some day might result in setting his militia in the shade, and which might give it a great deal of extra and troublesome work to do, instructing the future citizen soldiery. Another member named by the law is Dr. John H. Finley, state commissioner of education. Dr. Finley is a man of very eminent literary, scholastic, poetical and pedestrian attainments. Nevertheless, he is frankly not enthusiastic about the idea of giving boys military training. He has declared, with radical abandon, that he is willing "to

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conscript every one for some service to the state, but he objects to putting the purely military end of this service over on the boys." It would seem, from this statement, that he would be an excellent man for a future radical legislature of New York to keep in mind. Just at present he occupies the conservative position of strongly objecting to this law.

Dr. George J. Fisher, the third member appointed especially by Governor Whitman, is secretary of the physical department of the International Committee, Young Men's Christian Association. It is fitting and proper, with the current habits of thought, that he should believe his interests to lie elsewhere.

Even if this radical feast were more to the commissioners' taste, you could not expect them to show great joy at the way it was served up to them. On the bill of fare they have noticed with considerable pleasure that the law has also permitted them to draw up a course of physical training for the whole state. Be it said that they have shown themselves willing to go to any lengths of indigestion among the gymnastical courses. They are quite ready to dragoon the kids into playing "Drop the Handkerchief," "Shadow Tag," or "Skin the Goat," but they are unwilling to risk the half-baked mess which the law set before them in regard to military training.

There are about 336,000 boys in schools and out of schools in New York state, between the ages of sixteen and nineteen. The Commission is invited to "drill and personally instruct them in the duties, and obligations of citizenship, and especially in habits, customs, and methods best adapted to develop and correct physical posture and bearing, mental and physical alertness, self-control, disciplined initiative, a sense of duty, and a spirit of cooperation in leadership." It is invited to do this by twenty minutes of physical training per day, and three hours of military training per week. It is invited to employ as instructors, a great number of special teachers besides officers of the New York Guard, all of whom shall be paid. It must establish, also, state military camps for training of from two to four weeks. And it must do all this on an appropriation of $100,000 or at the cost of thirty cents per boy.

It must use for these military camps—to make the funds reach—various fairgrounds throughout the state which are not already in use by traveling circuses and the like. Many of these are notoriously unsanitary and dangerous for camping-sites.

It must excuse from the pains and pleasures of all this, any boy who is working for his livelihood—unless he volunteers for it.

Here again, the believers in military training were too long on sentiment and too short on practical sense. They may possibly have been also short on sincerity. With a fundamentally cold and unsympathetic Commission to execute the law, New York may easily find herself in back of where she started from.

Yet, if the commission wished to, it could avoid the faults and conserve the enthusiasm of this law, by taking a few points from the tried and tested system of Wyoming.

There is a lobby in this Congress headed by a real member of royalty. She is Princess Kawananakoa of Hawaii. She has entered politics for the purpose of having one of the new battleships named Hawaii, which seems an unusually modest and reasonable desire for a feminine politician.

A BASHFUL BOOST FOR BIG BUSINESS

THE prodigious progressives who are beginning to suspect that in the past five years they bit off more Anti-Trust taffy than they could chew, are now to be seen looking about for some way to rid themselves inconspicuously of a part thereof. They are endeavoring quietly to slip that wall-motto eleventh commandment of progressive politics—the Sherman Act—behind the sofa when no one is looking; and in private they kick that houn' dog Clayton Act around shamefully.

Congress will help them ease their feelings a lot if, as is likely, it passes the bill, introduced last session by Representative Webb, which so "clarifies" the Sherman Act as to make "cooperation in export trade" a thoroughly praiseworthy, legal, and above all, Democratic principle.

President Wilson, after asking to be shown that this would not lead to unjust practises, has been so shown, and with unprofessorial directness recommends the legislation.

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The Federal Trade Commission did the showing. It has spent these two thought-compelling years of the war almost exclusively in study of our foreign trade. And this is the conclusion it has reached:

"That other nations enjoy marked advantages in foreign trade from superior facilities and more effective organizations.

"That doubt and fear as to legal restrictions prevent Americans from developing equally effective organizations for overseas business, and that the foreign trade of our manufacturers and producers, particularly of the smaller ones, suffers in consequence."

It therefore recommends immediate clarification of the law to permit Americans to cooperate for export trade.

Now the novelty of this is the spirit of frankness in which the President and his Trade Commission pitch overboard certain inconvenient principles and prejudices.

The President is a Democrat. It has always been the Republican theory, not the Democratic one, that the main duty of the Government is to protect the producer from foreign competition.

The Federal Trade Commission was created as the legal embodiment of all the Democratic Anti-Trust thunder and was planted four-square upon the Sherman Act.

But in both cases the spirit of frankness and "counsel" has prevailed.

After this much frankness, why not a little more? Why not "clarify" also the proposed clarification of the Anti-Trust Law? What, precisely, does this "cooperation in export trade" mean?

The word "cooperation," remember, is the creation of the remorseful Democratic trust-busters. The President is a connoisseur of words, and when the time was ripe he took down his dictionary to find a magic word which should have a less irritating sound than either "competition" or "combination." Behold then the "New Competition"—"that cult in which cooperators shall walk arm in arm with the newly established Federal Trade Commission and find lasting peace and rest from the Sherman Law."

In place of such ugly things as "trusts" and "price fixing" and the like, they speak only of "associations of competing manufacturers and dealers to lessen competition and advance prices, to discuss and disclose freely costs of production, work in hand, work in prospect, conditions, etc." Their meetings are to be kept on the level of the famous social dinners served à la Gary. We are to have nothing as raw as "price agreements," but henceforth only "stability of prices," "friendly competition," "careful bidding," "normal price levels," "reasonably constant prices," "intelligent competition," "standardization"—and so on, until the sheer poverty of our language bids halt.

Now, there is no valid objection whatever to this kind of "cooperation" in export trade, either from a Republican or a Democratic point of view. It is not likely to encourage surreptitious "cooperations" in the domestic market which may hurt the American consumer. As for the foreign consumer, he must look to his own Government for protection. Neither does it interest us whether this "cooperation" will involve unfair competition between American producers abroad. Both Republican and Democrat disclaim the intention of prohibiting unfair competition simply because it hurts the small producer. All that either of them wishes to be frank about is that all the throat surgery effects of "cooperation" shall be confined to persons not American.

Why, then lisp in girlish whispers, "cooperation in export trade," when we mean a free, frank rein to Big Business, yea, to combination in restraint of trade—*but outside the country?* The smaller manufacturers are not in the least thrilled by the prospect of "legalized cooperation" or the "new competition." The Federal Trade Commission discovered this when it asked, by circular letters, twenty-five to thirty thousand of them throughout the country how they felt about "cooperation."

It is *Big* Business that does twenty-five to thirty per cent. of its business abroad. It is only they who have the power to build up large export organizations with branch offices, warehouses, banks, etc. *They* have developed most of our foreign trade, and the smaller fry have merely followed in their wake. *They* felt most the loss of our foreign trade through the war, and *they* retain practically all that is left of our hold on foreign markets.

The smaller exporter uses and is satisfied with the commission house and the export merchant. He already has thereby all the benefits of real cooperation with no obligation to seek for synonyms. In Buenos Aires, for example, where we do more business than

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either Great Britain or Germany, forty-four business houses suffice to handle all the business of American dealers, importers and exporters, as well as the branch officers of manufacture. Britain and Germany, with all their encouragement of cooperation require, respectively, 183 and 299 houses.

But the final fillip to Democratic frankness is the fact that simple, old-fashioned cooperation between small manufacturers in export trade has for several years past been expressly exempted under the Clayton Act from Democratic displeasure.

The Rockefeller Foundation is building a million-dollar research plant in Peking. Let us hope that they will now disseminate the knowledge that the Chinese do not eat chop-suey.

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT

THE Turkey that will form the *pièce de résistance* at the treaty feast when this war ends will much resemble the carcass that usually appears on the table the Sunday after Thanksgiving. In the course of these two years' blood banquet Russia has already helped herself to considerable of the white meat in the form of some of the richest sections of Armenia. Thousands of Indian and French Mohammedans have volunteered to assist in a giblet sauce to make the tough old fowl go down the Allies' throats more easily, and she has parted with rather more than a wing in the shape of the new independent khediviate of Egypt formed, since the beginning of the war.

Now the kingdom of Arabia, just announced, leaves the feeble old bird with hardly a leg to stand on. The Prince of the Faithful, the Sultan of Sultans, is left to shiver on his throne in the City of Constantine. Of the Mantle of the Prophet which once clothed his shoulders there is hardly enough left to furnish a complete movie costume for Annette Kellermann.

The hold of Turkey, religious and otherwise, in all regions where she exerted an influence has inconspicuously but steadily diminished in the past decade. This is the real political significance of the diplomatic calling-cards which Shereef Abdullah, Minister of Foreign Affairs of the kingdom of Arabia, left at our door the other day, introducing the newcomer among nations.

They tell us that the new sovereign of the Arabian people, the Grand Shereef Hussein Ben Ali, has at length succeeded, after three centuries of subjection to Turkish rule, in throwing off the yoke of the Committee of Union and Progress of Constantinople, and from his capital in Mecca purposes to sow "the boon of instruction and justice throughout the Arabian kingdom."

It is a pity that we lack the means of returning this unexpected courtesy. To the State Department Abdullah and Hussein are names as distinguished as John Smith, and we have not even a consul or a diplomatic representative in Arabia to secure us an introduction.

And this introduction of an Arabian kingdom to the world has much more than a political significance. Arabia and Egypt are the cradles of the oldest recorded civilizations. We have become accustomed to consider them as dead—browsing-grounds of the archeologist, lands of the desert and the mummy.

Now these countries seem to feel that there may be, after all, some place for them in a world where nearly all the more youthful and cocksure nations have found nothing better to do than to repeat on a larger scale the futile story written in the crumbling ruins of their own ancient battle-fields. There is something ironical in the fact that when the greater part of the civilized world is at war a new kingdom devoted to instruction and justice should spring full grown from the Arabian desert and from the ashes of countless fruitless wars.

Perhaps these new stirrings in the primitive sands of the East are but the shades of the former imperialists who tried to bring the *kultur* of Mecca or the *kultur* of Thebes to the whole world on the edge of the sword, and who feel themselves peculiarly at home in this day. For from Arabia once grew a religious empire that laid its strong hand upon three continents and washed up to the very shoetops of Europe. It was the King of the Poles—another people who are hoping for a rejuvenation of their nationality—who turned back the tide of Arabian empire. Egypt likewise controlled by force of arms

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an even greater portion of the civilized world.

So far from destroying it, the war seems everywhere to have revived the spirit of nationalism.

And the slogan of "Arabia for the Arabians" is one that will bear scrutiny.

Here is a country as large as one-third of the United States, and among the oldest in the world. Most of Arabia is wholly unexplored and it is stocked with a race which has retained its strength and purity as no European race has. Disease is rare among them and illiteracy is practically unknown. When the Grand Shereef proclaims himself king of the Arabian race, it will be as if the Hebrew people had once more established themselves in Palestine and proclaimed a new David or another Solomon.

All of which raises fascinating questions. What will be the attitude of this new kingdom toward the Jews of Palestine and the Zionist movement? More interesting still—what tales could a modern Scheherezade possibly tell the Vizier to save her life, after he has seen the aeroplanes of the British at Kut-el-Amara, or the P. & O. liners coaling under the arc-lights at Aden?

The latest monopolistic octopus is the Dress Suit Trust, with its headquarters in New York. It has been able to force the cost of "open-faced" clothes up to the war level of $2.00 an evening, because they are now classed among the necessities of life. The days when a striped sweater, checked trousers, and checked cap pulled low down over the eyes were considered the proper garb for an evening party have gone never to return.

MAX LINDER—THE CHARLIE CHAPLIN DE LUXE

Rire! I durn ye, Rire!

MR. LINDER is the most popular movie comedian of Europe and Asia and Africa and Australia. That is, he is the acknowledged funny man of four continents. He has just come here for the first time. For the first time, the great American public—that is, the fifty million Americans who go to the movies, the others may be ignored—is going to be formally presented to him.

And still no one has yet been flabbergasted by the jaw-dropping importance of this apparently simple fact. Our Chautauqua lecturers will not call our attention to it next summer. The Chicago movie company that brought him over naturally thought and spoke only of the "figure" it cost them to do it—not of its subtle significance. The great American public—that is, those who read the photoplay magazines—the rest may be ignored—was spiflicated by the forty-six trunks into which Mr. Linder was compelled by the exigencies of war travel to cram his modest wardrobe, and these forty-six trunks concealed the fact of Mr. Linder himself from the awestruck eye of the A. P. entirely.

Mr. Linder himself at the moment of landing was not conscious of his intrinsic importance for American *kultur*. He happened to be most acutely conscious of the loss of a certain pair of red silk pajamas which disappeared during a panic at sea. The panic was due to a collision and not to the pajamas. Yet neither the public nor Mr. Linder appreciated the true portentousness for us of those forty-six trunks and those red pajamas. Both, being the key to Mr. Linder, are the key to the situation which makes this funny man of Europe a most solemn and serious matter for us.

Foreign professors of anthropology have been quarreling for years over our position in the racial scale. They have tried to fix our cephalic index number in respect to flat or long-headedness by studying Emerson, Bill Tweed, Bill Bryan, Roosevelt, Rockefeller, or Ford, thereby only causing the chests of such slighted races as the Australian bushmen to expand. They have neglected to regard men like Charlie Chaplin with equal seriousness, and Charlie is of course, in several senses, the dearest symbol of American *kultur*.

Hence the cruel misunderstanding of American character by the Berlin *Lokal-Anzeiger* and the London *Times* and hundreds of other foreign papers, which print advertisements of the Linder hat, the Linder tie and the Linder pajamas, and find Mr. Linder the height of hilariousness.

It was one of Linder's own compatriots—a great French philosopher—who asserted that you can tell a nation's cranial capacity by how and what it laughs at. The monkey measurers of Europe must therefore fix their eyes on the faces of the movie millions

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of America. The complete answer to their anthropometrical investigations depends upon this: Will we laugh at Linder or won't we laugh at Linder? And this is why:

The battered derbies, baggy trousers, and torn coats of Charlie, his willingness to sleep in a box-car, sport in a sewer, or use any one's tooth-brush if necessary, and his shyness regarding firearms, have hitherto so eloquently expressed us that our professors, pickpockets, millionaires and pacifists have laughed together over him.

Mr. Linder — note the formality — does not possess a single derby with a speck of dust on it, or a pair of trousers which does not fit to a millimetre. A mere derby would look crestfallen among his collection of several dozen silk stovepipes. Those forty-six trunks represent the minimum of negligée required—so he imagines—for his work in America. In Europe Mr. Linder is moved by an unconquerable necessity to change his suit each time he circumnavigates a block. Here he consents to suffer in the same garments a while longer.

Mr. Linder writes with the greatest care his own scenarios, selects with the most exclusive taste the types of blonde beauty he demands to work with, sees with personal particularness to the scenic sets which his special staff of carpenters builds for him. He dislikes greatly to step outside the drawing-room in his pursuit of the comic, and while he is in it every detail of that drawing-room must be in perfect taste.

In short, Mr. Linder's attitude toward his art is symbolized by the red silk pajamas. And this is so by reason of his training. Since he was twelve he has attended schools of art and music and dramatic conservatories in France. At the age of nineteen he was playing Molière and Rostand. He is not, nevertheless, afraid of guns, and will get his clothes muddy for a reason good enough. He entered the French army as a volunteer when the war broke out, and was shot in the lung at the battle of the Aisne. It was on a hospital bed at Contreville that Mr. George K. Spoor of Chicago induced him to put us to the trial by laughter.

Chaplin has only a tie trade-mark to his discredit. Linder has given name to a dozen things besides fashions, and has his own cinema theatre in Paris. In England, where they call a man fastidious in dress a "knut"—not pronounced like the American reflection upon sanity—Linder is affectionately called the "super-knut." But he finds his most devoted admirers among those who have never seen a dress-suit, everywhere from the furred fellows of the steppes and the slippered sons of China to the dew-clad natives of the Congo and the lonely wives of the Oriental lords who peer at his salon antics from enclosed women's sections of the movie theatre in Aden, and in some way pass a merry hour. And even those very bushmen of Australia have been known to laugh over Linder and look blank over Chaplin.

Therefore it is, that to laugh or not to laugh at Linder is a coming question for the conscientious!

During the next four years four of the nine Supreme Court Justices, including the Chief Justice, will have attained the ages of 72, 76, 78, 80. Three have already passed, and one will soon reach, the age of voluntary retirement. Having already appointed three members, President Wilson may, therefore, before 1921 have named an actual majority of the Supreme Court.

THAT INTERESTING, INEVITABLE INCOME TAX

HOW conveniently conversational it would be to know precisely how large an income tax that Geoffrey Alcibiades Jones man pays. If you knew the tax you'd know the income, and if you knew the income, you'd know what the tax ought to be. In either case it would increase your social leverage prodigiously and let a great many cats out of a great many bags. And these things always gladden the hearts of men and women.

It was not precisely this human interest, however, that moved our statesmen in the last session of Congress to exchange warm and unparliamentary words over the proposal to make the income-tax returns public. It was rather the interest on the Government bonds they were thinking of. Some of them believed that our income tax was not yielding as much as it would if there were not so many Geoffrey Joneses in the country who are ashamed of being thought millionaires. Others considered that an individual's millionaireness was a matter as personal as his religion and should be as

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strictly veiled from the vulgar public gaze.

In many cases it is known to be identical with his religion but not so loudly professed. Last year, for example, Mr. Basil M. Manly, formerly Director of Research and Investigation of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations, presented figures to the House Committee on Expenditure in the Treasury Department to show that the income-tax should yield four hundred millions a year! In 1915 it yielded $80,190,000, and in 1916 $124,867,000, this including both corporation and individual incomes. He cited one case in which the court records in a transfer tax suit showed evasions amounting to half a million.

Secretary McAdoo, however, thinks the American millionaire somewhat of a myth. "There are," says he, "without doubt, wholesale evasions of the law throughout the country, but they can not possibly amount to the enormous sum charged."

Perhaps not. The temptation to appear poor is apparently quite strong. Last year only 336,653 persons came to the rescue of the national finances to the extent of $67,943,594.63 in individual income taxes. Only one hundred and twenty of these paid taxes on an income of a million or over, and seventy-four of these latter lived in New York state. It is truly a sad reflection that so few of us are able to assist our great and good Government in its many expenses in this thoughtful way.

This anonymous patriotism may show a sudden increase when tax returns are opened to the public. The present law guards them zealously, with heavy penalties for any one who lifts the veil of modesty from the extent of his own or any one else's public devotion.

Senator Husting of Wisconsin led a fight for utter nudity of the tax returns which lasted all one night in the last session of Congress. The economic Anthony Comstocks won by a margin of 32 to 26. Among them were du Pont, Penrose, Smoot, Taggart. All of the Progressive senators voted for the Husting amendment, and some of the shell-back conservatives like Brady, Fall, and Smith of South Carolina.

The dance of the income veils was then carried into the House. There Representative Lindbergh of Minnesota, a Westerner whom nothing could shock, forced the Conference Committee to so amend the Revenue Bill as to give the President full power to make income-tax returns public. Unless the President does the unveiling himself before long, several senators assure us that they are going to make a desperate slash at it themselves in this session.

On the best of psychological grounds these senators should find their warmest supporters among the unmarried women, both with and without incomes. There were 22,916 of them who 'fessed up to large incomes last year, and they don't care who knows it.

While several live European races are trying to extinguish each other, Cato Sells, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, has been working hard to save a dying race from extinction; and in 1916, for the first time since they came to know their white brothers, the birth-rate of the Indians in the United States exceeded the death-rate.

THE NEW FREEDOM AND THE JAIL

IT IS sometimes necessary to remember that the history of penology is not so much the story of society's battle against crime, as the story of society's battle against herself—of her struggle to discover the best way to deal in the light of conscience with the criminal.

In long and hard road, where do we stand now? The Municipal Court of Chicago, which deals with about 125,000 such cases each year, is in some position to judge of the present status of our ideas regarding crime.

This court says that "while we have made in this country more experiments designed to reduce the volume of delinquency than any other country, everywhere there is skepticism and a sense of futility with respect to the way the law deals with delinquents. With more machinery for converting and punishing the lawbreaker than ever before, we find the supply increasing in a rising curve." Why?

"The only difficulty and responsibility of the judge has hitherto been to ascertain guilt. Under this old system of blind enforcement of the law one offender was known to have been sentenced two hundred times. A judge is compelled now to consider the essential character of the convicted person.

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He knows that most criminals make their first acquaintance with crime before the age of twenty-one. He must try to understand the mental and physical abnormalities of the victim, the relative importance of inherited characteristics and environment, and guess how this inscrutable human complex is going to react to one of several possible treatments.

"The old idea that punishment is a deterrent is obsolete. We know that hanging did not prevent petty larceny, and we have abandoned the policy of frightfulness in punishment."

"It is becoming clear that the delinquent is a menace to society, not because of his acts but because of himself."

These sentiments coming from a modern court are signs of the times. In eight states capital punishment has already been abolished, and two national organizations against it are meeting with every encouragement. In 1915 more than fifty per cent. of the lawbreakers in Massachusetts were put on probation instead of in jail. During the same year the prison population of Massachusetts was one-third less than it was in 1898, while the number of persons put on probation was almost exactly double the number put on probation in 1909. To-day forty-four of the forty-eight states have established probation in some form. And the figures show that seventy-five per cent. of those given a chance to redeem themselves in this way come through.

Formerly in Massachusetts if a man did not support his family he was put in jail, while the family was left to be provided for at public expense. To-day he is given a job and his wages are put under the supervision of a probation officer. During 1915 the probation officers in Massachusetts collected $221,000 from such men.

The National Committee on Prisons has found that more than half of the ex-convicts for whom they found jobs stuck at them. The Prisoners' Relief Society found jobs for 3000 men in the past two years, and ninety per cent. of them have made good. More than ten thousand industrial and commercial organizations have agreed to give positions to ex-convicts recommended by this society. Recently a dinner was given in New York to bring these big employers of labor and some ex-convicts together for an interchange of views. There were sixty-five at the dinner, and one-fourth of them had served their time in prison.

Probation, parole and industrial education are only some of the expressions of the new attitude that is taking shape. This attitude is far from being confined to official organized sources. It is one thing to trust a man who has had a taste of prison life. It is another to be able to curb the spirit of revenge when a trusted employee has taken advantage of you individually. In 1913, a comparatively dull business year, trusted clerks, cashiers, and employees of all kinds stole forty million dollars from their employers so far as is actually recorded. Only two per cent. of these embezzlers were prosecuted at law. Some of these were allowed to establish rival businesses and eventually made restitution out of the profits, and nearly all of the cases were dealt with by employers in a like spirit of understanding and cooperation.

There is still a long way to go. We have hardly yet mastered the attitude toward the criminal which conceives him as a sick man. Thousands of lawbreakers who are such by reason of mental defect are still sent to jails, houses of correction, state reformatories, or penitentiaries. These are filled with various types of mental defectives, many of whom are not suspected of being such, and no special provision is being made for them.

The Municipal Court of Chicago says: "The sentence of probation or the like is doomed to failure in the case of the defective —which has served to throw a cloud upon the entire probation scheme and its possibilities." That's why this court and several others in large cities have established a psychological laboratory as a part of the mechanism of justice. But this latest judicial instrument is confessedly new and clumsy, considering the deep, delicate, and ancient problems it faces.

We are learning how to cure the sick criminal, though, and we are going a step further. We are beginning to guess that the criminal may be not so much an enemy of, as a sufferer *from*, society.

The Federal Government has done as much as it legally can against Child Labor by prohibiting from Interstate Commerce the products of mines, factories, and mills, employing children. There are still nearly two million working children who are *not* protected by this law. The National Child Labor Day, January 28th, is as good a day as any on which to remember this.

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